THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1929

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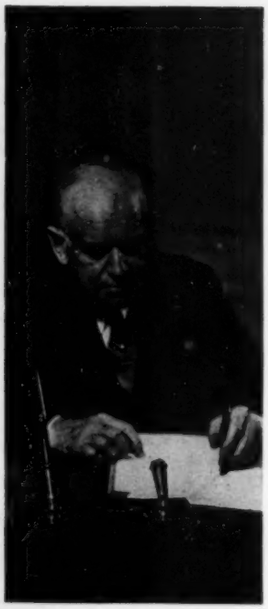

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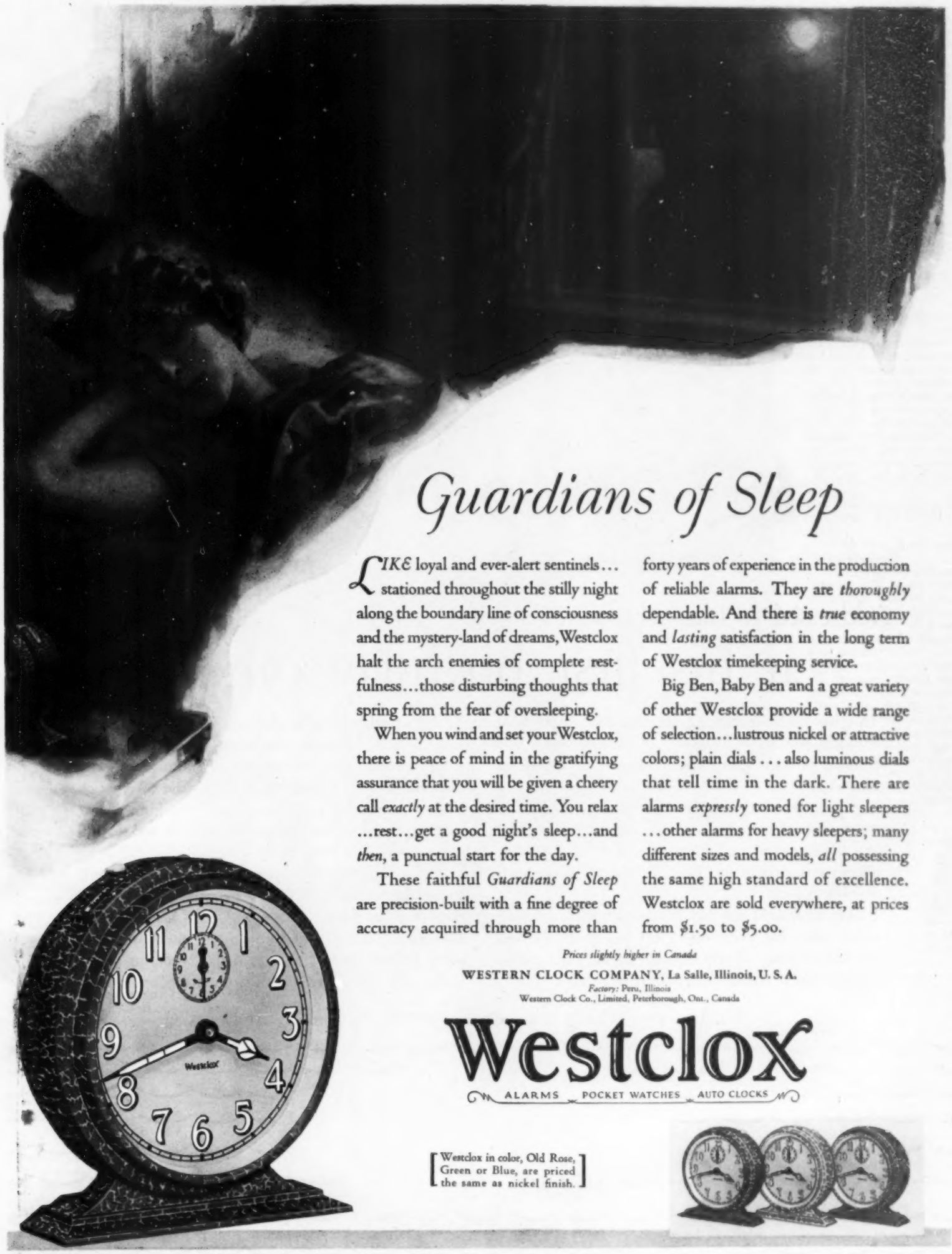

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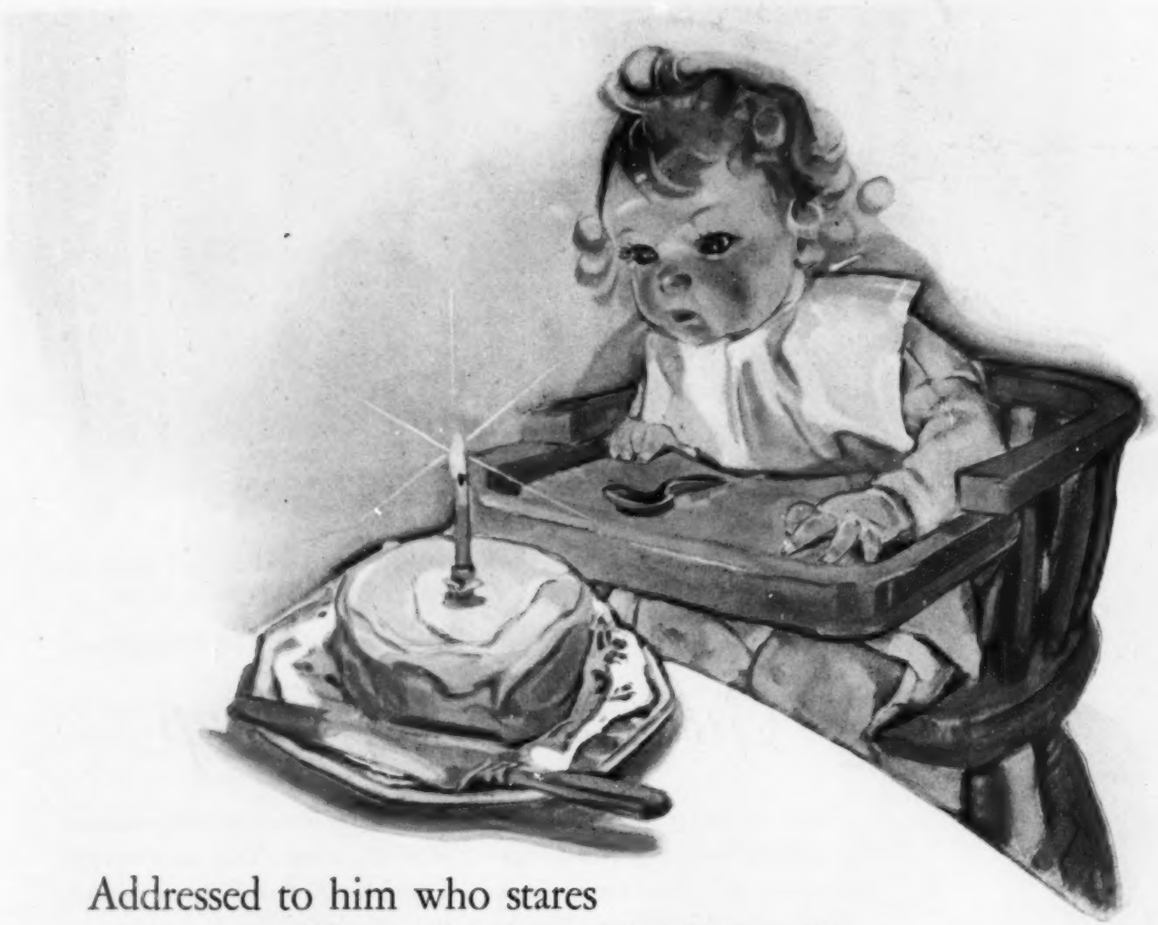

Addressed to him who stares

at his first birthday candle

This *has* been an exciting year for you! And what wonders you have achieved . . . several teeth and a fuzzle of hair and a dauntless pair of exploring knees.

And today, one year after your formal introduction to father, we'll warrant you are blowing excited bubbles at a flaming pink candle! (Never mind that no one offers you a piece of *your* birthday cake. That's a touch of life's irony.)

May we remind you that in this past year's dizzying whirl, there has been one calm but none the less glorious certainty? Every day, sure as the clock ticked around, you've had an Ivory bath!

So let us whisper this word in your ear: *You have a wise mother.* For she has introduced you to a lifelong friendship with as fine and pure a soap as money can buy. This is because she treasures the silken comfort of your small pink skin. And she knows, too, that a bath would be a dreadful bore for you—without a milk-white Ivory boat!

P. S.—Surely mother knows your bands and shirts should be washed in Ivory's bland suds too—to keep them soft as pussy's ears—to protect your sensitive skin from the touch of garments cleansed by strong soap. Surely the doctor who said, "Ivory for baby's bath," advised "Ivory for his clothes, too!"

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Frederick S. Bigelow, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
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IMPROMPTU

By HAROLD MacGRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A BILLOW of reddish dust rolled over the roadster as it came to a sudden halt. It was not a smart machine. One had only two guesses about it. Either its owner had purchased it second-hand or he could not afford to buy a new one. The rumble seat in the rear had been thrown back. The foot space held a suitcase, a tin box and an aluminum rod case. All over the great North Woods there would be cars similar to this in appearance, luggage and ownership.

The young man at the wheel leaned back and contemplated the stream. It had everything—white water, pools smooth and rippled, deadfalls which reached halfway across the stream, big granite bowlders and, above all, music. The run had been chanting lovely symphonies since the beginning of the new time, and countless trout had died of old age on the bottoms.

"Lord, what a trout run!" the young man cried out.

He had caught glimpses of the stream for the past half hour; but here was a vista. He saw the stream clearly through an arcade of lordly pines, and it drew him irresistibly. The floor of this natural arcade was richly carpeted with reddish-brown needles, with here and there a pattern in vivid green. An Ispahan worthy of Shah Abbas.

A blue jay flickered across the opening. From far above a crow called. A squirrel peeked from a hole in an oak. A chipmunk was busily engaged digging into the pine needles. A hedgehog waddled toward the stream.

"The Forty Thieves!"

The young man chuckled. Every living thing in this forest was a thief—a natural-born thief. What I want, I take. Eternal warfare. And back yonder, in the great cities of the earth, they were abolishing war on paper. The chuckle developed into laughter, not without a quality of irony. The predatory instinct, the dominant human instinct. Roll up the other way, said the visionist to the Niagara! A man must live; and so long as he must, to prey upon others was obligatory. Predatores—an insect which devoured others and was itself devoured. It was lawful that one insect should devour another, because man hadn't written anything to the contrary.

"Do You Know the King of Belgium?" She Could Not Resist Asking. His Nonchalance Was a Trifle Over the Line of Her Patience

The pioneer, when confronted by a colossal obstacle, does not laugh, but clamps his teeth grimly and proceeds to overcome the obstacle. The adventurer, confronted by an obstacle, laughs before he starts to overcome it. There is a sharp cleavage between the two, for their obstacles are not comparable. One dreams of cities where there are none and proceeds to create them. The other must find the poles, the highest peak, the virgin jungle, go where no other man has gone, do what no other man has done, just for the fun of it.

"Thieves on land and cannibals in the water! Life!"

"Caw, caw, caw!" answered the crows.

The young man glanced upward. "No doubt you are perfectly correct. But you must admit that people are more likely to accept me as a bird of paradise than as your brother."

His wrist watch informed the young man that it was five o'clock in the afternoon. The sky was cloudless, but that did not matter, since there was no sunlight on the stream or on the forest floor. Only the tops of the pines were in the waning sunshine, resembling points of flame. The air was delicious with the perfumes of the saps. Just the right time.

Plus-fours, golf stockings and sport shoes. The young man laughed again. Why not! Who the devil cared? If he did what probably no one had done before—wade this stream dressed as he was, sartorially correct for any golf course. A game he did not play because anybody could play it and nearly everybody did! Without opening the side door he vaulted to the road, and made a grimace of pain. That shin of his! Very well.

He sat down at the side of the road and rolled down his stocking, revealing an ugly bruise along the shin. In the middle of the bruise was a ragged horizontal cut, fresh. A horse could not have landed a more effective kick, save that the iron shoe of a horse would have broken the shin bone. He liberally daubed the wound with an aromatic salve, then pulled up the stocking carefully. He was going fishing. He was a fool, he had always been one, but nevertheless it was a great business, so long as you were no man's fool.

He stood up and listened. Such sounds as he heard were native to the woods. He had perhaps twelve hours' leeway; that would be enough. He was going fishing. He had brought along rod and tackle for that very purpose. He would have been a fool if he hadn't. Good camouflage.

He strapped his wrist watch to the broad ribbon which ran around his pearl-gray fedora. From his hip pocket he brought forth a small automatic pistol. This he transferred to the left upper pocket of his Norfolk jacket. Keep your watch and your powder dry. Next, from the little pocket at the top of his trousers, he took out a small rubber pouch. Now, where the devil would he put this? For if water got to it he was done. Good. He would hang it around his neck. But first, a reassuring look. Presently upon his palm lay a crystal, perfectly transparent, yet vaguely blue as the sky. Lovely and mysterious fires leaped forth. It was the size of a pecan nut and of similar shape. A stone which, it was evident, had never known any metal setting.

"Clever," thought the young man grimly. "As clever a job, probably, as ever was conceived and executed."

He shook his head as if there was something in all this perplexing beyond measure. Knots came into his jaws and his handsome blue eyes grew hard and bitter and relentless.

Things began to happen to the diamond. It disappeared magically and reappeared. Intelligence would know what was happening to the stone—remarkable legerdemain—but no human eye could fix upon the point where the stone disappeared or reappeared. Lean strong hands they were, well kept, with nails cut almost to the quick; a fighting hand or a musicianly hand, or both.

The music of the water began to call him away from his somber thoughts. He returned the diamond to its waterproof casing. Then he got out his fishing tackle. But first he snipped off enough line to make a loop around his neck. With this he secured the rubber casing and drew the loop over his head. It took him about ten minutes to rig a beautiful five-ounce rod, with backbone enough to handle a moderate salmon or muskellunge.

"Now, then, Mr. Salvelinus Fontinalis!"

"Caw, caw!" cried the crows.

They were always about—crows. He had seen them in Darjeeling, in the Sudan, all over Europe and Asia. In drawing-rooms too—not so raucous but just as thievish.

"Hang it all!"—with a reckless laugh.

Carrying the rod carefully extended before him, he made his way to the water and stepped boldly into it. His shin stung for a moment, followed by cool relief. He began to whip the air to limber up. When he concluded that his wrist was acting properly he launched the flies upon that part of the stream which ran darkly under the bending alders on the far side. Three casts convinced him that there was nothing in that inviting spot. Above him was a large bowlder. He cast upstream just beyond the bowlder, skittering the flies. There was a splash. The line flew into the air behind him.

"Not so good," he murmured.

The next cast, however, rewarded him. He reeled the captive to his side, stooped and, with his hand under water, freed the trout, which was small.

He moved downstream, whipping this spot and that, wherever instinct told him there would be trout. Twice he got caught in the alders, but each time he laughed. He nearly went under, however, as he freed the flies the second time. Fun! Up to his vest pockets once. He had a good deal of difficulty with his feet—the rubber soles would not grip substantially the moss-covered stones. All in the game, though. This was fishing.

He was reminded of an episode in the Ardennes two years ago. On a wager he had waded a stream in his dinner clothes, ten o'clock at night, in the rain. Fool, yes; but it was fun being that kind of fool.

All he wanted was a three-pounder; a fight, chances in favor of the trout, and no moral problem to vindicate. Over three pounds, trout were generally logy. Only the salmon or the muskellunge knew the fighting worth of each pound he possessed.

He waded perhaps three-quarters of a mile down the stream, hunting for the spot. Occasionally he sighed aloud as some lovely vista opened unexpectedly before him! Ha! There it was—the delectable spot. If there wasn't an old golliwhopper in that pool, there wouldn't be one in the stream anywhere else. A regular Bastille of a place!

The young man had by now forgotten time and place, the brilliant, the loaded pistol, the desperate project which had brought him into this paradisaical wilderness. By the color of the water he judged the pool to be anywhere from six to ten feet deep, and fast. You could not cast a fly from the shore, for the height and thickness of the alders; you had to stand in water which tried to buckle your knees. Across the stream, touching both sides, lay a giant pine, storm-riven, bleakly gray—a natural bridge. But that wasn't all. Many gaunt limbs reached into the water, draped with dead grass and branches from other trees; in one place the stream was clogged by a fence post in a snarl of barbed wire. You might hook your trout, but to keep him in the clear—that would be a real fisherman's job.

The Difference Between the Human Hand and the Automaton Was Easily Distinguishable. Even to the Man Peering Into the Window

The young man fiddled about for a substantial footing and, having found it, made a cast. Nothing happened. Fussing over flies would be useless; the trout in this stream would take anything, provided they were hungry. And it was evident that they weren't hungry, for he had had indifferent luck so far. He would give the pool ten minutes' time; then he would toddle back to the car.

Snugging the rod under his arm, he got out his pipe, primed and fired it. Then he made his second cast, lightly skittering the flies against the current. There followed a mighty upheaval of water, a living silver arch, and a plop which sounded like a stone striking the water. The line zoomed and the rod bent. The young man's teeth clicked against his pipestem. The gorgeous moment of which every fisherman dreams had arrived.

Of course there were exceptions to all rules. Once in a while you hooked a monster who was still pulling down a million in gate money. The young man understood perfectly that he was in the ring with the Gene Tunney of this neck of the woods. Lord!

As one prize fighter outthinks the other, so the absorbed fisherman outthought the trout, who straightway made for the entanglements. No go. He crossed to the middle of the stream and shot at the fence post. No. He whirled, leaped, returned to the bottom of the pool, rose and darted toward the fisherman's legs. No go.

Now then on the right bank of the stream there appeared a girl. Perhaps it would be more exact to say a young woman. She wore laced boots to her knees, which were partly hidden under a cream-colored linen skirt. She wore a coat of the same material, a white silk shirt and a flowing green tie. She was hatless, and her wind-tossed hair was as ruddily brown as the pine needles under her boots. To get on, it is necessary for some women to be beautiful. This young woman had no need of beauty—beauty of the Bougereau type. Some women are born queens who never come to thrones. Her hands stuffed in her pockets, she stood imperially. She would think and act imperially, naturally. Her lips were vividly red. Her eyes were deep blue and calm. But both lips and eyes gave testimony of interest and amusement. Beautiful women and imperial women are not generally humorous, but when they are, watch out.

She had been on the point of calling out to the fisherman, when she observed that he carried neither net nor creel. She decided to see the play through because she was normally curious. She knew this pool, the very best in a fifteen-mile run. And he had discovered it instinctively. Fishing in a golf suit, without net or creel! A real sportsman; he would be worth watching. There wasn't the least doubt of it; he had hooked Old-Timer, whom she had lost ten times if once. True, she had never let him make the entanglements. But when he had turned and rushed at her!

No ordinary poacher, this; almost handsome, though a bit lantern-jawed. Nonchalant. Poacher though he was, she liked the way he kept his pipe going, with a battle of this caliber on his hands. He knew what had happened to him; he recognized the surrounding perils. Nonchalant outwardly, yes; but she knew very well that he was boiling with excitement inside. He wouldn't have been human else. Of course in the end he would lose; not even Saint Peter himself could have landed Old-Timer without a net. Already she had learned something—the way to hold the rod when Old-Timer lunged toward you. Arm's length above the head. But could she maintain her balance at the same time? More than once her knees had buckled and she had had to turn and wade to save herself from a good ducking.

There was a swarm of black flies, but the fisherman seemed to be immune.

She sighed with envy. No use lying to herself. It took more than skill; it took muscles of iron; and no woman had any right to be as strong as this good-looking poacher. What queer streak of impatience had impelled him to wade the stream in a golf suit?

Every lunge and leap and twist of Old-Timer was adroitly met. By and by he turned on his side, beaten.

"He's done it," whispered the lone spectator.

Slowly the young man began to reel in. He knew these big game fish; they generally had second wind, and if you weren't exceedingly careful you lost out. He was in the act of reaching for the trout when she spoke:

"Beautifully done! But for all that, this is private property, and I must ask you to let the trout go."

The fisherman all but lost his balance, so greatly was he surprised. His jaws opened and his pipe fell into the water. He made a desperate but futile effort to save it, but it bobbed under the pine and vanished.

"Hang it all," he said whimsically; "that was the best pipe I ever had!"

II

HER face remained grave, but laughter bubbled into her throat perilously. For a poacher, the young man had marked peculiarities. He had been surprised, but there was no evidence of abashment. He coolly reached down to the trout and freed it from the hook with a flip of the wrist.

A barbless hook! He had caught and beaten Old-Timer with a barbless hook. Insult to injury! She had been witness to the unbelievable!

She felt compelled to ask, "Was that a barbless hook?"

"Yes. What's the use of killing things if you don't want them to eat? I did not mean to poach," he declared. "I saw no posted signs."

She pointed to the pine near which she stood.

He laughed. "Never saw it. Big as all outdoors, and I never saw it! I saw only the pool. There he goes!" he added as the trout slowly righted himself majestically, then sank. "He's tired; not particularly hurt."

"You came from the road?"

"Yes. I had my tackle and simply had to give the stream a try. I'm sorry."

Sorry, indeed! She knew that he wasn't the least bit sorry. In fact, he seemed to be very well pleased with himself.

"The trail to the highway is just beyond that posted sign on the other side."

He followed the direction of her finger and again burst into laughter. "Two of them!"

"I advise you to hurry," she said. "You will find it very cold presently."

"Thanks. How far is this stream posted?" he wanted to know.

"Five miles above this pine and ten miles below."

"The King of Belgium cannot boast of such a trout run."

"Do you know the King of Belgium?" she could not resist asking. His nonchalance was a trifle over the line of her patience. A dig or two wouldn't hurt him.

But he did not respond. He loosed the leader and wound it around his hat. He reeled in the line, disjointed the rod, waded to shore, stamped and shook himself and turned. The black flies still swarmed about his head indignantly.

"You've been very sporting about it," he said, lifting his hat. "But I would do the same thing over again, under like circumstances. Evidently you're a fisherman too. You know how it is. When you beat a big fellow like that you like witnesses. I can always tell the story now, knowing that there is, somewhere on earth, a reliable witness who can vouch for my truthfulness. But who never will."

"Oh, I shall tell the story"—icily.

"You will? Well, that will be sporting of you."

"And I shall add that I never in all my life met a more coolly impudent poacher."

"Impudent? Why, I thought I was very polite. I might have lost that fish, and then you would have heard something."

What a stunning young woman! She looked like the Winged Victory restored. Who had been the sculptor? He had forgotten. But if the shade of Praxiteles —— None of that! No woman in this picture. He plunged inland in search of the trail, which he found readily enough, being versed in all lores of the open.

Fool. But this bit of tomfoolery had turned out beautifully. He had beaten the biggest trout in the stream under the very eyes of Diana herself. But what would they think of him when they saw that he was wet to his vest pockets? He chuckled. He took off his hat and looked at the dial of the watch. Quarter after six. An hour and three-quarters to reach his destination and change for dinner. Well, there wouldn't be any women about, only men; so his condition was nothing to worry about.

The girl was right, though—he would be infernally cold and uncomfortable by the time he reached the Hood camp. He strode over the padded trail, no longer mindful of atmospheric effects but of the purpose which had brought him into this wilderness. He had waded the stream primarily because it had called to him irresistibly; secondarily, to cool his blood. There must be no sudden impulses tonight; he must follow his schedule absolutely. He would be among men who would be watching one another after the manner of strange but well-bred dogs. He himself would be a fox in dog's clothing; and if they scented him out —— Well, there would always be that thunderbolt up his sleeve. But he was determined never to use this except in dire necessity.

None of them knew him personally, only by reputation. There was always the possibility of nothing being done tonight. It was on the knees of the gods. Step by step he had built up to this day; yet he knew that, because he was no superman, he had erred somewhere along the line. Where the weak link in the chain lay he could not guess. This hidden menace bothered him. If the gods denied him luck the game was up.

Why the devil must he meet such a girl at such a time? The picture of her would stick because the frame had been so unusual. Yet he was frank enough to admit that her face would have stood out in a crowd of feminine faces. It was beautiful, but its beauty was the antithesis of the accepted type. Verbally he could not have explained what he meant. She was beautiful; but he, a man never at loss for phrases, found himself inarticulate and beggared in words. A kind of beauty he couldn't find terms for.

He found his car where he had left it. There was gas enough to carry him two hundred miles. He climbed in lumbersomely, growling. He was cold and presently the wind would make him a good deal colder. The girl might laugh over the thought of his sartorial predicament, but she would always remember that he could have thrust his finger through the trout's gill.

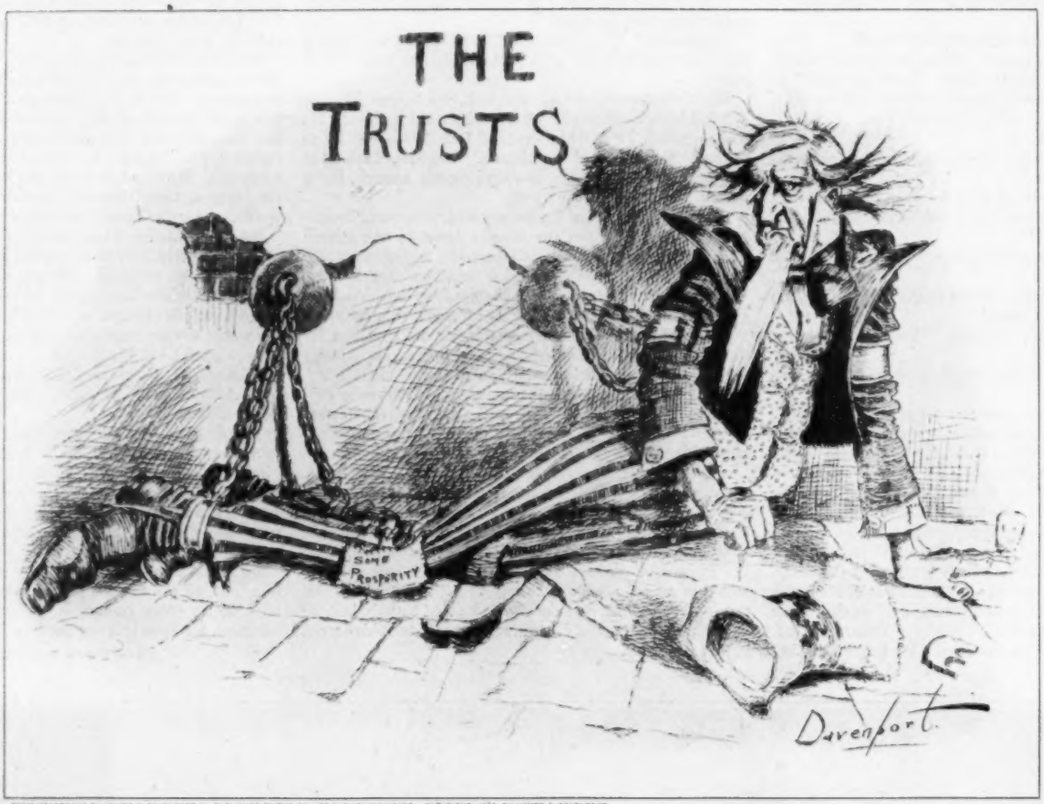
All aboard! He started the car and went humming up the road in a cloud of dust. Presently the road veered north, then east.

There would be Van Cleve from Amsterdam, MacFarlane from London, Descamps from Paris, Morgan and himself from New York. Middle-aged men, who knew the history of every known gem. Great adventurers whose integrity was as impregnable as the Gibraltar, with the exception of Berks—himself—whose reputation was somewhat speckled by rumor. Who would sell out a client if there would be profit and security in the act. Unscrupulous, but, all the same, a great adventurer. And he would have to lay these rumors in the dust by his impeccable manners, his knowledge of the lore, his clear conception of

(Continued on Page 98)

Never Again Would He Judge a Man by What He Had Heard About Him. This Young Fellow Was a Thoroughbred

TRUSTS AGAIN—By Albert W. Atwood



FROM "CARTOONS BY HOMER C. DAVENPORT." PUBLISHED BY THE DEWITT PUBLISHING HOUSE. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY HOMER C. DAVENPORT

"How Long Can He Stand It?" A Newspaper Attack on the Trusts in the Late Nineties

RUNNING through all the fabric of modern economic society as if it were a persistent thread is the problem of public policy toward the efforts of business men to expand their operations. However misguided these men may be, they put forth in the aggregate a mighty stream of energy. Upon this bear down laws, restrictions, prosecutions and court decisions. The resulting relationship might be described as the trust problem, although this is a rather narrow term to apply to such a deep and abiding issue of life.

Yet no other phrase is so easily understood. So I use it rather apologetically to say that the trust problem is one which recurs again and again. True enough, at the moment people have lost much of their fear of big business. But this very fact accentuates the issue. For there is an insistent demand on the part of business interests for modification or repeal of the antitrust laws.

There are those who say that these laws shackle economic progress. Beyond question, they fill business men with apprehension, and there is uncertainty as to the legality of everyday business practices. Many phases of economic conduct, however sound, are in danger of being ultimately decided as illegal by the courts. Such laws, say those who oppose them, were passed years ago in response to a public clamor which has long since been forgotten.

Yet, while this is a widely prevailing viewpoint, there are other voices crying loudly for even more drastic restrictions. Certainly, if precedent is any guide, the current outburst of merger activity is to be followed by such demands. Not only have the extraordinary combination tendencies of the past few years excited interest in the whole problem, but the feverish rush with which giant holding companies have been coming into full-blown existence must surely stimulate proposals and, possibly, new legislation of doubtful wisdom.

Merely at the Threshold

THE Sherman Antitrust Law was passed thirty-nine years ago, because the people were in a rage. Why, demand the opponents of this law, should special pieces of legislation enacted in periods of anger or controversy keep on operating when the need has passed? But on July Fourth of this year Governor Roosevelt of New York asked in a speech whether "we must reconsider the whole problem of liberty" because of the power mergers which are being effected. Anyone can imagine what the late William J. Bryan would say if he were alive, in regard to the orgy of holding-company development now under way. One need express no opinion either way concerning the wisdom of such operations to realize the possible danger of another outburst of public fury. Three years ago, Abram F. Myers, an assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States, in addressing the House Committee on Appropriations, said:

"Notwithstanding all the years of legislation on trusts and all the years of endeavor in enforcing antitrust laws, I think it must be recognized that we are just on the threshold of the problem."

Mr. Myers was right in a deeper sense than the mere words signify, for when we speak of the difficulties of framing and putting into effect a sound public policy toward large combinations of capital, it is merely another way of saying that in industrial life there are two eternally opposing principles—freedom and authority. Always there are impetuous extremists who demand either unlimited independence or unlimited unity. It matters not what course is followed, at one extreme or between, someone is sure to get hurt, for any policy means restraint for some and license for others.

But what alone matters is the public welfare. How may it best be served? Do we want competition or trusts and monopoly? Utterly unbridled competition means waste, instability, possible control by the most unscrupulous, and even ultimate anarchy, which no sane person really desires. But does not complete monopoly mean inflexibility and a dead stagnation? At what intermediate stage are human needs best served? Both from the point of view of public welfare and from that of business enterprise itself, how far is the urge to merge a healthy omen? Should public policy encourage or discourage such a tendency?

Of business questions at once more insistent, practical and comprehensive than those, I have yet to hear. But that very fact makes clarity essential. We must define our terms and know what we are talking about every minute. What, for example, does the word "trust" mean? No word is used so loosely in everyday speech, or so confusingly. It means different things to different people. If we dislike a big corporation, especially if it represents a merger or consolidation, we refer to it as a "trust," and the word carries an implication of wrongdoing. A business man who does not like the methods of a large corporate competitor looks upon it as a trust. Those running the company do not think of it in that light. Much depends upon whose ox is gored. If it is my corporation it is big business; if it is yours it is a trust.

Historically speaking, the movement toward what might be called capitalistic combination in this country has presented three distinct phases: First came the pools and trade agreements toward the end of the last century. These did not submerge corporate identities, and took their commonest form in the selling agency.

Then came the trust movement, or problem, strictly speaking, lasting up to about 1903. The Standard Oil Company in 1882 reorganized itself into a trust, employing a common legal device of ancient lineage. We all know what it is to place property or funds in trust. A trust in that sense is an interest held by one person or corporation, such as a trust company, for the benefit of another. Following this idea, an organization may be formed to control several corporations through the device of having the stockholders of the various companies transfer their stock to a board of trustees, who in turn issue to the stockholders certificates which show that while they have parted with their stock and its voting power, they still retain all rights to dividends and profits.

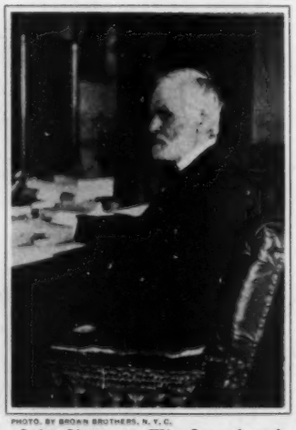


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

John Sherman, Who Introduced the First Antitrust Bill

The Meaning of "Trust"

THE courts of Ohio condemned the Standard Oil Trust in 1892, but the sweeping, wholesale combination movement of which it was a symptom continued unabated under other legal forms, and the name "trust" persists to this very day, although great combinations and monopolies no longer employ this particular legal device. The word "trust" is still used as a synonym of monopoly, although the remote and temporary derivation is meaningless now.

But to continue the narrative, we are at present in the third phase or characteristic form of capitalistic combination—this time of mergers and consolidations which are not necessarily trusts in the monopolistic or opprobrious sense, although they may in some cases be such. Possibly we are entering the fourth phase—that of the holding company—for, though holding companies were used in the second and third phases, it was not to the same extent as now. What the present holding-company phase means we do not know as yet. It is a story for the future.

The greatest confusion of thought, it should be repeated and emphasized, comes from identifying any large

combination with a trust. We hear much talk these days of a power trust, but what does the phrase mean? Does it mean any large combination? The essential of a trust, or would-be trust, is that it have or seek substantial control over prices—in other words, monopolize or attempt to monopolize its own line of business. To be adjudged a trust legally or in the economic sense, it need not have absolute or perfect monopoly. There may be sufficient control without complete monopoly.

Clearly mere size does not make a trust or monopoly; although, obviously, a very large corporation is more likely to be one than a small corporation. In the same way, the mere fact that production is on a large scale does not constitute the producer a trust; nor does the fact that many corporations have been merged into one render the resulting unit necessarily a trust, although most trusts have been the result of merger or consolidation. It takes no profound analysis to realize that the essence of monopoly is the proportion controlled.

Nor does the act of monopoly, of being a trust, arise from the legal form of organization. A holding company is not legal if used for an illegal object. Everybody knows in a general way the difference between a holding company and a merger or consolidation. Either of the latter represents union in one corporate body of previously separate identities, and stands for an operating unit, in contrast to the holding company, which ordinarily is not an operating unit at all. Until 1900 the single corporation was most popular, then for a few years the holding company was used, but the Supreme Court knocked it hard in the Northern Securities case. Then industry went back to the other type. The American Tobacco Company was reorganized to own property rather than the stocks of other companies, but was adjudged illegal just the same in 1911. But so was the Standard Oil, which was a security-holding company, although the illegality did not lie in the form of corporate organization.

Nor is the trust problem concerned with all monopolies, although monopoly is the essence of it. The rare personal ability of a Paderewski does not come under this head, exclusive though the gift may be. Then there are legal monopolies conferred by patent and copyright, and the post office, which is monopolized by so many governments, or monopolies like those of liquor and tobacco, which certain governments enjoy.

A Blow at Monopolies

WITH these simple but necessary facts made clear, it may be said that the trust problem centers around and in a sense starts with the Sherman Antitrust Act, which was signed by President Harrison July 2, 1890, after considerable debate. Countless persons have denounced the law without ever having read or seen it. It is extremely brief, and provides that every contract, combination and conspiracy of an interstate nature in restraint of trade is illegal, and that every person who shall monopolize, or attempt to monopolize, or combine or conspire with others to monopolize any part of trade or commerce among the states is guilty of a misdemeanor. Thus the essence of the act is to outlaw restraints of trade, monopolies and attempts at monopolies.

If ever there was a downright, forthright law, here it is. There are no shades or gradations in it. It makes no distinction between restraints of trade for good and those for bad ends. It does not take motives or intent into account. Neither the consequences of a contract in restraint of trade nor the methods employed by the parties involved are considered.

From time to time a few specific industries have been exempted from the provisions of the law, but it still applies to the great bulk of the country's business, and the law itself, for all practical purposes, stands today as it was written in the first place.

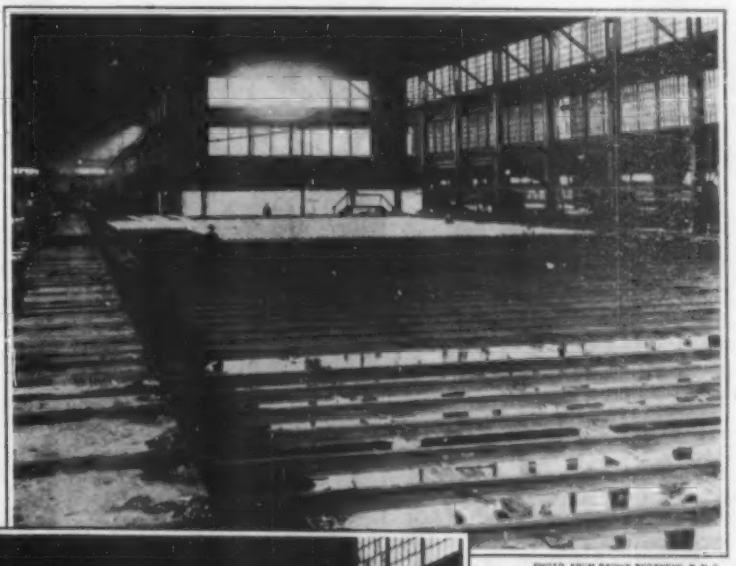


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

From Ingot to Rail. A Hot Bed in a Rail Mill

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Workers in a Pittsburgh Rail Mill Rolling Rails

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Birth of Chewing Gum. Boiling Chicle in the Mexican Jungle

integrated units were thrust in with others with little regard to efficiency and economy. The public became frightened. Then, as now, it was feared that the small independent business unit would disappear and that the country would be ruled by a few enormous monopolies. There was dread lest all the wealth of the country should be concentrated in a few unscrupulous hands.

Most of these fears were unfounded, as subsequent events proved. Economic law would have taken pretty good care of the situation in course of time. But the fears were real, whether well grounded or not, and people did not have the patience to wait for natural forces to work themselves out. Besides, many of the new combinations employed ruthless methods. They practiced extortion and oppression, their trails being "marked by the bleached bones of competitors."

From Early Days

BUT the Sherman Act was not derived from the inner consciousness of Congress, nor was it in its essence new, as so many people suppose. It was new only in being placed on the Federal statute books. States already had somewhat similar laws, the substance of which had the same origin as the new Federal act—namely, the common law. Provisions against restraint of trade, conspiracies and monopolies go back to the days of Charles I, and were aimed originally at royal grants and exclusive privileges. The gist of the offense was the getting together, the agreement, the conspiracy. There has never been any law against the growth of a single concern, and, indeed, even the Sherman Act does not prohibit mergers as such. It does not say that business shall be conducted in the smallest possible units.

What the law does say in the baldest and most unmistakable language is that any contract or combination in restraint of trade is illegal. This means, of course, any restraint which stifles or obstructs competition. Whether there can be any sizable merger or consolidation without this feature is what business men, lawyers, government officials and courts have been spending much of their time fighting over for more than a quarter of a century. For the most part, in the early years the courts interpreted the law literally as meaning the power to fix prices, suppress competition, and the like, rather than the results. It was the existence of power, as indicated by contracts, combinations and agreements, and not the consequences, which

No one can understand the Sherman Act without recalling the conditions under which it was passed. The trust movement was in full swing. Promoters, hastily putting together great combinations of competing companies, were seeking to dominate a half, three-quarters, or even 80 to 90 per cent of a given trade. In some cases prosperous, self-sufficient and already fully

(Continued on Page 189)

NICE GIRL

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

She Laughed as George Came Back to Her, and Looked Up Into His Face

THE matter in hand was geology, which, if certain authorities are to be trusted, "is that branch of science which treats of the earth comprehensively, as a subject of research and study." But let us not be hoodwinked by such an apparent ease of definition. Geology is also that branch of science which, in Mr. Stuart Faulkner's case, caused him to give up six weeks of precious summer, to rise six mornings a week at seven, that eight o'clock might find him cooped in a Columbia classroom listening to Professor Rauffenstrauchenfinger's endless drone anent banded gneiss, basal Wasatch conglomerate, overturned and nearly recumbent anticlines, concretions in clay, calcareous tufa, and sundry, without which—as the Romans had it—nothing. Further, it was that branch of science which compelled him, from nine to ten, to pound at little trays full of assorted gravel and to look at the pieces under a microscope meanwhile he filled a notebook with doubtful information gleaned. But still further—and most crying indignity of all—it was that branch of science which compelled him to spend three hours every Saturday afternoon tramping Westchester, the Palisades, the Orange Mountains and Spuyten Duyvil, hammer in hand and notebook in pocket, trailing a nondescript crew of fellow summer-school students whose one joy was to discover a dike or a fault or a tiny snail shell in a layer of sandstone.

On this particular Saturday afternoon, during a lull in the activities, he rolled on his elbow and stared long at the geological paragon beside him. She wore a smock of unbleached linen. Her hair, parted neatly in the center, was unbobbed and brought over her ears to a tight little knot at the back of her neck. Her low-heeled brogues and woolen stockings would not have been unpleasing on the golf links, but on a geology field trip they cried loud witness to the fact that their wearer was an earnest seeker after truth. She had a case in her pencil pocket that held her glasses—large affairs with gray horn rims which she used for reading—and a notebook across her knees stating on its cover label that she was Alice Hathaway, '30, of the University of Iowa.

Mr. Faulkner was a gentleman of prejudices, which is a young man's sacred privilege. For a moment he let his thoughts ramble lazily, as one does on boring train journeys. Obviously Miss Hathaway was what her Aunt Irene would call a nice, wholesome, old-fashioned girl. He would bet that at nine years of age Miss Hathaway had cried her heart out because the measles of her younger sister had broken in upon her perfect record of attendance at the Bethany M. E. Sunday school. He would bet further that at twelve Miss Hathaway had skipped from 6B to 7B and written an essay on Early American Patriots—Their Trials and Glory that had won the Iowa Coöperative League's prize of fifty dollars and a trip to Our Nation's Capital. He would bet that at twenty-two Miss Hathaway would be a doctor of philosophy and would marry a Y. M. C. A. man named Weevil, who would take her to China to help him purvey righteousness to the heathen.

And lastly, having a mild distrust for all colleges situated west of Hamilton, New York, he would bet that the latest crack at Iowa was "Twenty-three—skidoo," that the undergraduates wore turtle-necked sweaters and peg-top trousers, and that the yell was:

Rah, rah, rah,
Siss, Boom, Ah-h,
Ioway, Ioway,
Rah, rah, rah!

Nevertheless, he launched his campaign most carefully.

"You like geology, don't you?"

"I think it's fascinating."

He considered that for a moment.

"Yes," he said, "I can see how it must be if one has a scientific turn of mind." His hands moved in a gesture of resignation. "Unfortunately the scientific was left out of my make-up, I'm afraid. For me the green trees, the lush meadows, the chattering of brooks over their pebbles, without any thought of inquiring into their substance."

"But why did you register, then?"

He sighed. "Necessity, my dear girl—cruel necessity. I need the points for my science requirements. It was a choice of coming here or taking analyt. at school in the fall. You have science requirements, don't you—at Iowa?"

"Oh, yes, but I completed mine sophomore year. I'm just taking geology again because I like it."

"Taking it again?"

"Yes, indeed. I had it this past year."

"Did you pass?"

"Of course I passed."

Mr. Faulkner thought, "You would!" Mr. Faulkner said, "I see. Then you really have no reason for being in summer school?"

"But why not be in summer school?" she asked. "It's so much fun here, with the dances and the state-club parties and the picnics and the tours to points of interest, and the courses you take just keep you busy enough to occupy your spare time."

"But don't you think it is morally wrong to use the necessity of others as a means of amusement for yourself?"

"But maybe I can help you," she offered. "I'd be awfully glad to."

"I'm afraid"—he shook his head—"that I am past help. It's not that I can't do the stuff; it's simply that I've let things drag along because I've got no interest in it. My notebook is practically empty."

"I could lend you mine."

"And these infernal period classifications—if I only had them skidded out in chart form to memorize."

"I have them graphed out."

"And the field trips—I never seem to find anything to bring to Rauffey's attention."

She reached in her pocket and pulled out a stone which she handed him.

"I was going to classify that myself. It's either a piece of argillite or a phyllite. Take it to him and ask him which one it is. It's outside of the course and it will show him you are interested."

"You are very kind to take this trouble for a poor dud like me."

"Oh, cheer up," she said. "There's a dance tonight—the Kansas Club is giving it in Earl Hall."

The trap clicked in his face, but he dodged it deftly. "Is there? I'd like to go, but I promised to go to see a friend of mine; he's very sick. As a matter of fact, he's in St. Luke's Hospital. As a matter of fact, he's not expected to get well."

Mr. Faulkner Sank Back Dejectedly Into the Shadows

"Oh, that's too bad. Of course, you can't come in that case. But never mind, the Iowa Club is having one next Saturday. If you'd like to go I can get you an invitation, or if I just ask you, that will be enough."

He smiled sadly. "I usually spend the week-ends at home. Some other time perhaps—but Saturday night."

"They have them all the time," she said brightly. "There's another on Monday."

The situation was becoming desperate, but he fought it like a retiarius, dodging her thrusts with nimble grace.

"We'll keep that open"—he smiled—"and anyway, my chapter here is giving an affair in a week or so, and ——"

"Oh, I'd love to come. I've never been inside any of the fraternity houses here."

"It's just the summer gang," he apologized. "There are only three of the regular chapter. The rest are from all over the lot. You probably wouldn't like it."

"Oh, I'm sure I'd love it. Out at Iowa the frat dances are wonderful."

He winced at the contraction. "I'm sure they must be. . . . You're sure this is either argillite or a phyllite, are you?" He fingered the stone.

"Yes, indeedy."

"Well, I'll try it on. And if I could have your notebook before Thursday's quiz ——"

"Come around tonight if you want to. I'm in ——"

"Oh, I wouldn't like to bother you. Tomorrow after class will be soon enough."

The members of the field trip were getting up and gathering their tools about them for the trip back. Mr. Faulkner rose wearily and held out his hand to assist Miss Hathaway to her feet. This situation was going to be delicate, but he doubted not that he could manage the thing. After all, just because a girl loaned you her charts and notebooks, was that any reason why you should dance with her? Was that any reason for you to suffer the indignity of attending a state shirt-sleeve dance, to be trodden upon by giggling corn-fed maidens and vapid young high-school teachers who enjoyed being in summer school? Most emphatically not. She had offered her help and he had accepted. Was it fair now for her to imply a bargain? He could see himself dragging her to a dance at the house—in smock and brogues probably, or maybe a pink party dress with a sash and strapped patent-leather slippers—losing irrecoverable prestige in the eyes of Brother George Bancroft MacAllister of the regular chapter, who despised all summer scholars the more viciously because he himself was incarcerated in their midst over a small matter of spherical trigonometry. If he did such a thing he would be forever classed with the outlanders on the third floor—the Sniper, a brother from the Weehogan Aggie chapter who wore checked waistcoats and smoked cigars with the bands on, who, as Brother MacAllister insisted, was taking a Ph.D. in Barber Shop Management, sixteen summers with nine more to go; with Cream-Puff Cuthbert from Allahoomie College, Allahoomie, Pennsylvania, who wore a rolled-collar coat sweater with a second-team letter for badminton or checkers—and wore it on the street!—with the Moocher, from the Tattertoople Male and Female Collegiate Seminary Chapter, who could not sleep a wink until he had been to Coney Island. Not Stuart Faulkner—better a thousand flunks. Some of this he told to Brother MacAllister.

"Zounds," said that gentleman, "but you shouldn't have mentioned the house dance."

"Well, nothing was settled, and I thought it might fall through."

"Nevertheless, it was dangerous—but think nothing of it. I have a wretch next to me in trig. who has very kindly offered to do all the work for me. She likes dances, too, but I fixed it up by telling her I was a Quaker and couldn't dance. Just be adamant about it and remember that these people who go to summer school for the fun of it enjoy helping folks in their work. It's sort of a crowning glory for them. You are really doing this pineapple of yours a big favor already."

But Mr. Faulkner's conscience was troubled. Not only did he borrow Miss Hathaway's notebook to copy out its meat in his own but when she gave the typewritten sheets to him she said:

"You may keep them. You see, I take rough notes, and then I copy them in longhand for my own book, and after that, for practice, I write them out in polished form on my typewriter."

"Do you?" he said. "Well, you're very kind," and forthwith he threw away his own inadequate jottings and clipped her neat, comprehensive data into his cover. From time to time she gave him supplementary sheets, and when Rauffey called for the books, Mr. Faulkner's mark shot to B+. From time to time, also, she provided him with specimens to take to Rauffey, in the approved manner of undergraduates, and to ask his opinion on them. In her neat lettering, he now had a chart tacked to the wall of his room, cross indexed by periods, with a clever alphabetical list of subjects under each period. In other words, geology was most painlessly sewed up for him in the method known, in chemistry, as dry.

But the dance menace closed in upon him more tightly. Rather more clumsily than before, he dodged the next two shirt-sleeve dances she offered him, but lost heavily on his own house dance.

"Your house dance is Friday, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, bent over a tray of alkalic feldspar and off his guard completely.

"I'm holding it open," she said.

"Good girl," and as he looked up hurriedly he knew he was snared, barring a complete stand up. "Unless," he said, "I break a leg."

She laughed. "You won't. Are you really having Joe Ingraham's Midnight Songsters?"

He nodded.

"I'll bet it will be the best dance of the summer."

"I guess it will."

He took it up seriously with George MacAllister that afternoon.

"Listen, Mac. You remember last year at the convention in Philadelphia, when Mongoose Sloan and I got you away from that cop who wanted to pinch you for throwing chairs out of the windows of the Bellevue-Stratford—well, now is your chance to show your appreciation. You've got to call this dance off."

"Gee, Stu, we can't. The orchestra's hired and we're getting in free because we're on the committee, and, besides, the boys on the top floor would hold one anyway. After all, they're brothers in the bond and they've paid their rent. Why don't you bring this wretch of yours? You never can tell. She might look all right under artificial lights. My Cro-Magnon in trig. has turned out pretty good. She's a cartoon in the classroom, but I looked in on

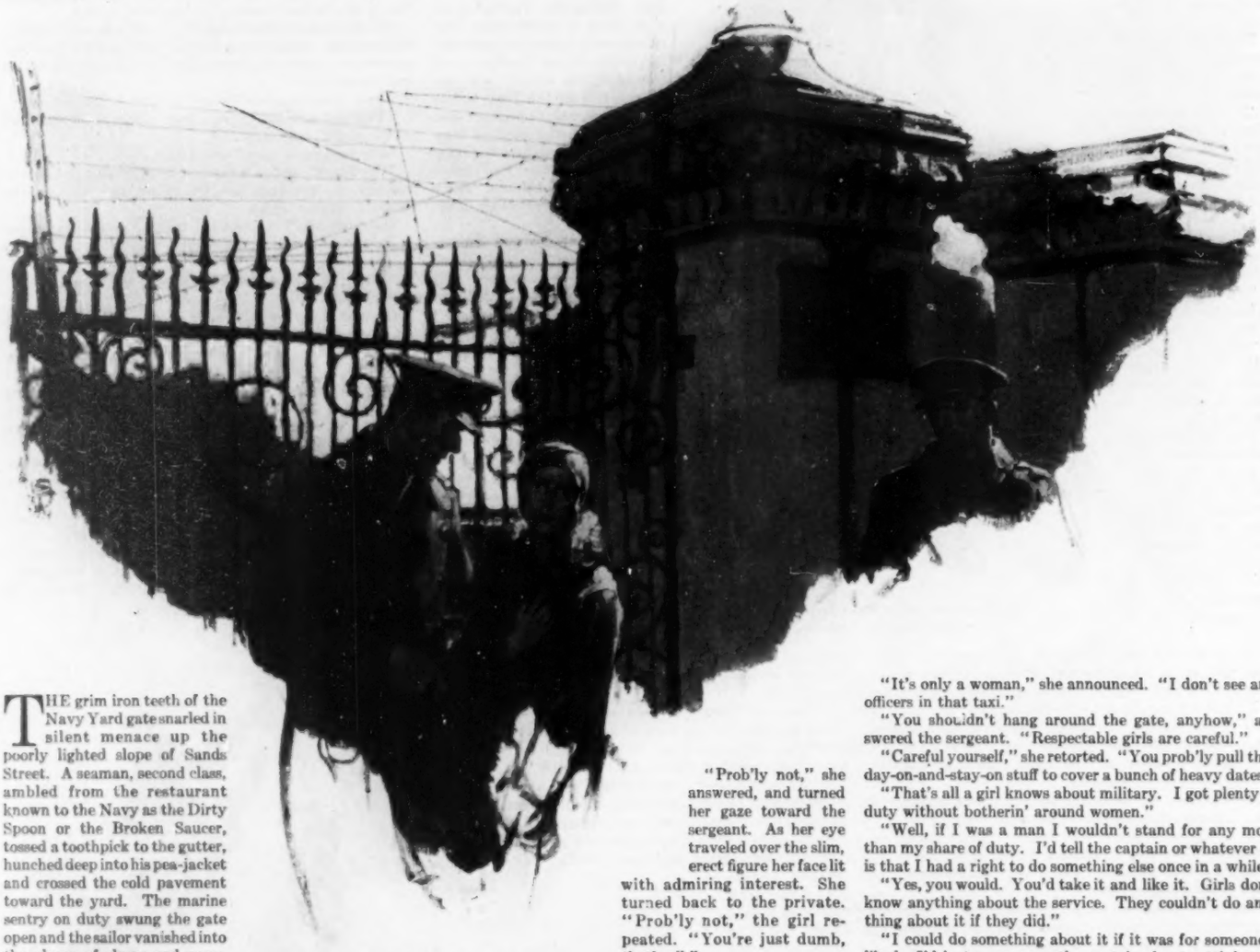
(Continued on Page 116)

He Launched His Campaign Most Carefully. "You Like Geology, Don't You?" "I Think it's Fascinating"

NAVY YARD GATE

By Everett H. Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER



THE grim iron teeth of the Navy Yard gate snarled in silent menace up the poorly lighted slope of Sands Street. A seaman, second class, ambled from the restaurant known to the Navy as the Dirty Spoon or the Broken Saucer, tossed a toothpick to the gutter, hunched deep into his pea-jacket and crossed the cold pavement toward the yard. The marine sentry on duty swung the gate open and the sailor vanished into the gloom of shops and warehouses that separate ships at dock from the Navy Yard wall. The sergeant of the guard, tall, slim and studiously blasé, appeared from nowhere and shifted his chewing tobacco to frown thoughtfully at the sentry.

"What're your orders?" he asked vaguely, in the disinterested tone of a tired waitress' "tea, coffee 'r milk?"

"My post is at the Sands Street gate ——" began the sentry like a little boy reciting schoolroom prose. He droned monotonously through his special and general orders.

"Awright," commended the sergeant when the sentry had finished. "Everything O. K.?" He moved toward the gate and stood, thumbs hooked in belt, to gaze out at the nearly deserted street.

"Yeah," answered the private. He unconsciously mimicked the sergeant's pose as he, too, turned to stare through the bars. "Nice-lookin' dame," he remarked conversationally. A girl had stopped on the opposite corner. She looked about her uncertainly. The sergeant took in the neat, bargain-sale coat and the helmetlike felt hat, along with the superbly filled stockings that claimed most of his companion's attention.

"Know her?" he asked.

"Naw," said the private, "but I will in a minute. She's comin' over."

The girl crossed the street. She looked carefully at the two marines as she mounted the curb.

"Lookin' for someone, sister?" asked the sentry, smoothing his overcoat and becoming suddenly alert.

The girl appraised him a moment. "You wouldn't be in my way if I was," she retorted. "I can see right through you."

"Yeah? Guess I ain't so thick then."

"Not Me. And I Ain't Goin' to Be. I Wouldn't Even Take a Girl Out to a Movie, Let Alone Marry One. Now Beat It. Here Comes a Taxi. May be an Officer in It"

"Prob'ly not," she answered, and turned her gaze toward the sergeant. As her eye traveled over the slim, erect figure her face lit with admiring interest. She turned back to the private. "Prob'ly not," the girl repeated. "You're just dumb, that's all."

"I may be dumb," returned the sentry, resenting her interest in the sergeant, "but I ain't mute. I'll be off duty tomorrow."

The sergeant turned his steady gaze on the speaker. "That'll be about all," he said in level tones. "Shove off and make your regular trip."

"Does he have to do everything you say?" asked the girl naïvely as the sentry moved reluctantly out of earshot.

"He better. . . . You lookin' for anyone?"

"No. Just lookin'."

"What d'you see?"

"An eyeful." She grinned timidly, as though uncertain of the effect this remark might have. "What do you see?"

"Dunno yet," he grunted, and then took the sting out of the implication by smiling slightly. "Who d'you know here?"

"No one," she replied. "I'm just passing. You off duty tomorrow too?"

"Not me," he replied, frowning. "They're short of sergeants. Duty's day on and stay on. Four days to this stretch. No use for girls anyhow."

"Is that so? I bet you got plenty."

"Yeah? That's all women know about anything."

"Then you're married."

"Not me. And I ain't goin' to be. I wouldn't even take a girl out to a movie, let alone marry one. Now beat it. Here comes a taxi. May be an officer in it." He turned away as the sentry approached to open the heavy grille for the cab, which passed through and stopped before a tiny office from which the corporal of the guard appeared and began to question the occupant of the cab. The girl at the gate had merely stepped aside. She returned now to continue the conversation.

"It's only a woman," she announced. "I don't see any officers in that taxi."

"You shouldn't hang around the gate, anyhow," answered the sergeant. "Respectable girls are careful."

"Careful yourself," she retorted. "You prob'ly pull that day-on-and-stay-on stuff to cover a bunch of heavy dates."

"That's all a girl knows about military. I got plenty of duty without botherin' around women."

"Well, if I was a man I wouldn't stand for any more than my share of duty. I'd tell the captain or whatever he is that I had a right to do something else once in a while."

"Yes, you would. You'd take it and like it. Girls don't know anything about the service. They couldn't do anything about it if they did."

"I could do something about it if it was for someone I liked. I'd just as soon see the captain about gettin' more time off for you, for instance."

"Much good it would do you. I told you I never take girls out."

"Not even if they should help you with your duty?"

"That's a hot one. What could a girl do to help? Sponge your good times off someone else."

"Oh, you know everything."

The sentry returned to interrupt the argument. "Sergeant," he announced, "the corporal says the lady in the taxi wants to go down to see Commander Selwin on the Montana. Her name's Miss Alice Payne. Commander says a guest of his by that name's due, but he don't want to come up and escort her through the yard."

"I better take care of that myself," said the sergeant. "You better weigh anchor, kid," he told the wistful figure outside the gate. "I gotta go." He strode to the idling taxicab and touched his cap to the fur-bedecked occupant. "Very sorry, miss, but you'll have to wait till I get this straightened out."

The lady in the cab replied rather sharply. "I'm Miss Alice Payne," she complained. "I'm sure when you give my name to Commander Selwin he'll tell you to let me go right to the ship. We're from adjacent homes in Baltimore, and he would not care to have me sit here in the cold after I have come all this way to see him. Please hurry."

"Yes, ma'am." The sergeant touched his cap again and entered the corporal of the guard's sanctum.

"The lady," said the corporal, jerking his thumb toward the door, "came down to see Commander Selwin on the Montana. Commander says O. K. on the phone, but reg'lations requires a officer to escort his guest through the yard, an' the commander don't want to come up. Wants to send up for her."

"I'll talk to him," replied the sergeant, picking up the phone. "Sergeant of the guard speaking," he said.

"Sergeant," said the voice at the other end, "this is Commander Selwin. The lady at the gate is my guest. I'll vouch for her. Send her down to the ship."

"Sorry, sir. Regulations require an officer to escort any guest at night."

"I know," the voice replied; "but it's near midnight and I've a lot of guests here now and can't leave them. Send her down. I'll be responsible."

"No, sir. Navy Yard orders. You'll have to come up, sir."

"Listen, sergeant"—the voice assumed a slightly pleading note—"this doesn't mean a thing to you. I know the lady, known her all my life, and nothing in the yard is in any danger from her. Tell you what I'll do. I'll send one of the officer of the deck's messengers up to escort her."

"Regulations specify an officer, sir."

"Certainly, but you know as well as I do that guests come in here all the time with no escort but a messenger. You know what ship this messenger will be from, and he'll be in uniform and on duty. You won't need to worry."

"Sorry, sir."

The voice became quite friendly and confidential: "Sergeant, you know who I am and you know that my word is as good as any regulations. Now, man to man, forgetting all rank, I want to ask you if you would be willing to do me a favor on a personal, friendly basis."

"Yes, sir. But this is duty."

"Forget the duty and let's talk like two human beings. As an exceptional favor to me, personally, will you be friendly for a minute and see that my guest gets down here?"

"That makes it hard, sir, when the commander talks like that. I'd like to, sir, but ——"

"That's the stuff, sergeant," the voice triumphantly interrupted. "I knew you would. I'll send the messenger right up and we'll put the whole thing on a personal basis and forget it."

"Just a minute, sir. Don't hang up," stuttered the sergeant. "I was just goin' to say that I'd like to accommodate ——"

"That's all right, sergeant—that's all right. Don't say a word. I'll take care of everything. You haven't a worry in the world. And I appreciate your consideration of my personal needs. Good-by." He hung up.

The sergeant wiped the sweat from his forehead and turned to the corporal. "I guess I let him talk me out of something," he sighed. "Well, Steve Brodie an' me. . . . Corporal, when that messenger comes up, send him back with the lady and the taxi." He walked out.

"Escort comin' right up, ma'am," he told the impatient Miss Payne.

"Please have him hurry," she snapped. "I'm leaving town tomorrow and I'm not at all used to being made to wait for men and their silly rules."

"Yes, ma'am." The sergeant saluted and turned away. "What a sour pill she turned out to be," he muttered under his breath. "I'll bet nobody argues long with her, not even the commander." His eye caught sight of the wistful figure outside, still holding on to the bars of the big gate. He strode toward her. "You here yet?" he snorted.

She giggled, not at all flustered by the sergeant's stern disapproval. "Isn't she funny?" she chirped, indicating the imperious Miss Payne. She gathered the flimsy coat around her neck in imitation of the lady's furs. "I'm sure when you give my name to the President he'll let me right into the White House," she mocked.

"Knock it off," grunted the sergeant with a nervous glance over his shoulder. "She'll hear you."

The girl outside paid no attention. "I have to go back to Baltimore tomorrow," she continued in icy and surprisingly cultivated tones, "and I'm not used to being made to wait for marines and their silly duties."

The sergeant chuckled in spite of himself. "You're good, kid—you're good," he applauded. "You even got the tone of voice right. But for Pete's sake don't say it so loud. You'll get me in Dutch."

The girl became instantly contrite and patted the sergeant's hand. "She can't hear. I was watchin' her and I could tell if she started to pin back her ears. But I didn't mean to make you feel nervous. I wouldn't get you in trouble for anything. Just the opposite; I'd do anything to get you out of trouble."

"It's all right. I know you wouldn't—that is, you wouldn't mean to. But women and duty don't mix. I don't feel healthy when there's anyone around, so you better hike before I bark at you."

"Can't you get off tomorrow?"

"What for? I don't even want to."

"Aw, please. Go ask your captain."

"Captain, hell! It's Colonel Huff, the toughest old codger that ever signed an order. I see myself askin' him for special liberty. Thinks Semper Fidelis means 'Lock him up.'" He paused. "Besides, I ain't goin' anywhere."

"Come on. I'll ask your old colonel for you."

"You!" snorted the sergeant. "I told you that women don't know anything about military. An' I told you, too, that I didn't have any use for girls. That still goes. Here comes the messenger for that taxi. You better make knots. So long." He strode away, questioned the neatly uniformed sailor from the Montana and, when the taxi had disappeared, moved off into the darkness without a single glance at the forlorn little figure that gazed through the grille until all hope of his coming back had vanished.

At ten minutes before nine the next morning the sergeant of the guard strode down a long corridor, past the door marked Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, and entered an adjacent door labeled Sergeant Major. He passed the sergeant major's desk and grinned at a special-duty sergeant who paused in his vigorous typewriting long enough to grin back.

"Comin' off?" queried the special-duty sergeant.

"Just in time to meet myself goin' back on," answered the other. "Who's the new officer of the day?"

Before any answer could be given, heavy footsteps sounded in the corridor. Conversation abruptly ceased. Typewriters clattered into a crescendo of action. The sergeant major rose and disappeared. The heavy footsteps echoed through the thin partition between the two offices and ended with a dull thud which clearly indicated the planting of Colonel Huff's six-feet-something of bone and muscle in the swivel chair behind a barren expanse of oaken desk. The sergeant major's brisk footsteps also vibrated the partition. There was the slap of three inches of correspondence hitting the oaken desk.

"Good morning, sir," said the sergeant major dutifully.

"Huh," answered the colonel, with an emphasis that drove the sergeant major precipitately through the doorway, where he nearly collided with an insolently nonchalant naval officer who was entering.

"Pardon me, sir," apologized the sergeant major, taking in three gold stripes on the officer's sleeve and a self-satisfied smirk on the face above. He fled to his own office. "There's hell to pay," he confided in a heavy whisper. "Selwin's got something on the Old Man and he's just come in to spring it."

The sergeant of the guard's face went white. He moved nervously closer to the partition, teeth set and fists knotted. His tensed brain easily translated every sound in the next room into a vivid picture. The naval officer had sauntered in toward the colonel and dropped comfortably into a chair at one end of the desk.

"How's the big bayonet-and-blood man, colonel?" he asked.

The colonel shot one of his favorite looks of contempt at the visitor, saw it bounce harmlessly from a serene and

(Continued on Page 80)

"Why Do You Assume Authority to Revise Orders That I Issue and That the Admiral in Command of the Yard Approves?"

A FRENCH GARDENER

By LEON SAUVÉ, as Told to Brenda Ueland

PHOTO BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE, INC., N. Y. C.

A Yew Tree Used to Beautify a French Well

I WAS born in France in the little hamlet on the estate of the Comte de Madre. The Château d'Angerville la Rivière was the name of his castle. Henri II had lived there, and Henri IV, and so had the great Prince de Condé. It now belongs, I believe, to the Duc de Longueville.

My father's house was of stone, though it had only a dirt floor, and it faced the entrance to the park and the graystone walls that bounded all the Comte de Madre's three thousand acres, that were high enough to keep in all the bounding stags and deer and the wild boars that filled his forests. My father was head gardener on this place, with fifteen or twenty men under him. And my grandfather also had been a boss gardener, and so had members of our line for more than five hundred years; as long, I will bet, as the lines of Valois and Bourbons have been kings.

This grandfather lived to be one hundred and eight. Do you remember how Metchnikof found such old people in France? Well, grandfather had been a hussar under Napoleon, and one of those apparently indestructible survivors of the ghastly retreat from Moscow, and many times there would be twenty or thirty children around, listening to his stories of Napoleon and the glorious days of France. And if the audience excited him enough, he would go and put on his hussar's uniform and get his huge curved saber and hack the air with it to make us see how he cut down the Cossacks and the Austrians.

Young Louis' Folly

WHAT made him live so long? I suppose because he drank plenty of good wine, because he got up at four o'clock in the morning and ate some bread and cheese, and drank a bottle of good wine, and then worked hard until nine or ten o'clock at night, and had only a little shred of meat for his dinner about once a week. My grandmother, his wife, lived to be ninety-eight. One day she came in the house with a huge bundle of grass for the rabbits on her head—a load that would stagger a man. I remember how she came in vigorously, balancing this load, and then sank down and was dead; her life was extinguished like a lamp without oil. Yes, the trouble with Americans is that they eat too much ice cream and don't work hard enough.

My mother had twelve children, and of these, my father chose me to be the gardener. As an American boy learns about George Washington, I learned about the greatest gardener who ever lived—André Lenôtre.

When a Frenchman thinks of the Garden of Eden, I suppose he thinks of Versailles. When the young Louis XIV was growing up and beginning to throw off the control of his tutors and advisers and to assert his power as king, he became jealous of the beautiful gardens of his minister, Fouquet, and wanted to outdo him. He chose Versailles as the place for it.

This was considered the greatest folly. Versailles had been an obscure hunting lodge of his father, Louis XIII. The land around there was dull, unwooded—a quagmire. There were no natural beauties at all. Some thought the king chose it out of perverse willfulness or foolish sentimentality, because he had lived there with his first mistress, the young and gentle Louise de la Vallière. But it is more likely that it was Lenôtre, his gardener, who selected Versailles, because there Lenôtre found the things he liked to work with—horizon, space, blue and gray distance and light.

PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

A Rustic Bridge in the Petit Trianon Park at Versailles

Lenôtre was only the son of a poor gardener, and all his life he never presumed to be anything more than an honest workingman. Yet probably no one in the world ever had a greater sense of grandeur. Never before has a garden been designed with such boldness, dignity and originality. The underbrush was cleared out. Enormous basins were hollowed out in the low-lying places and filled with sheets of water in marble-rimmed basins. The Grand Canal came into existence where before there had been only a marshy plain, and this was one of the greatest pieces of hydraulic engineering that the world had ever known—great mirrors of water in which were tremblingly reflected the lines of the palace. Venice sent a flotilla of brilliant gondolas to skim over this surface like multicolored dragon flies.

A King and His Gardener

LENÔTRE composed with water. Sometimes he would leave it untroubled to reflect the groves and statues; sometimes he would agitate it till its sparkle glittered above the geometrical, embroidered flower beds; and sometimes he would pour it like thick, melted glass over marble steps. And in telling about French gardens it is absolutely necessary to tell of Lenôtre, because he it was who created that kind of garden which has been known ever since as the French garden.

But, of course, my father told me about Lenôtre chiefly because he was one of the best men that ever lived; just as a doctor might tell his little boy about the character of Pasteur.

He would tell me how court life at that time was all spitefulness and treachery, and yet Lenôtre passed through it all the length of his life, as honest and rustic and innocent as a man can be. He never committed any of the sins of which men in his position are guilty. He worked for private men as conscientiously as he worked for the king; he never schemed against his fellow architects; he never stole the public money or hired ghosts for whose designs he took credit, as Mansart did, who was the architect of the palace of Versailles.

"The Pope in those days," my father used to narrate solemnly, "asked Louis XIV to lend Lenôtre to him for a few months to make some gardens at Rome. When Lenôtre was given his first audience with the Pope,

PHOTO, BY BURTON HOLMES, FROM EWING GALLOWAY

A Side View of Malmaison, the Palace of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine

instead of falling on his knees, he hurried to the Pope with delight and affection on his face, and kissed him on both cheeks and cried out, 'Eh! You have a beautiful countenance and how happy I am to see you!' Those around the Pope were frightened and horrified. They thought it was an affront. But the Pope liked it because he saw that Lenôtre was both innocent and honest, and after that he could never do enough for him."

As for Louis XIV, he loved Lenôtre better than anyone in his entire court. Saint-Simon, in his memoirs, tells how the old king and his old gardener used to roll around the gardens of Versailles in their bath chairs, talking as volubly and freely as brothers. And the king wanted to make a nobleman of him and to give him a coat of arms. But Lenôtre refused. "Because," he said, "I have one already—two snails on a cabbage."

He lived to be eighty-eight, and until the very end was in perfect health, his intellect and his genius and his honesty as strong and bright as ever.

"Where can you find a good life like that?" my father would say.

Cities of Verdure

WHEN I was eighteen I made what we call the "*ronde de France*." This was the grand tour of a young gardener, in which he would travel all over France, stopping in different towns at what we called "the mother"—"*la mère du jardinier*"—which was a station run by the national organizations of gardeners where a young journeyman could get lodging and also a temporary job in the neighborhood. In this way a young fellow saw the gardens and vineyards all over France, and so his education was rounded out.

Now the gardens in France, after Lenôtre, were architectural. People extended their houses into their gardens, and you can see this from the names they gave parts of their gardens—*salons, sal de bal, théâtre d'eau*—open-air drawing-rooms, ballrooms, and so on.

The big gardens in the old style, like Chantilly and Versailles, were sort of cities of verdure. The walks and squares were manned with statues of marble and gilded lead; the hedges were imitations of walls, adorned with pilasters, niches, windows and doors. All detached trees were shaped into obelisks, pyramids and vases, and all the recesses in the thickets—*bosquets*—had the names of temples or theaters. Lakes and rivers were confined by quays of stone and made to flow in geometric order.

The flower beds, or *parterres*, were always laid out in geometrical patterns—circles lozenges, rectangles. "Knots" these were called, and all would be edged with box and divided from one another by hard gravel paths. There would be hundreds of flowers in pots planted in the borders, and these could be changed every day or twice a day, if the owner of the garden insisted upon so much variety.

Sometimes this *parterre* where flowers grew would be encompassed on all four sides by a stately arched hedge, and over every arch, framed upon carpenter's work, there would be a little turret with a belly in it, large enough to receive a cage of birds.

Then many big gardens had labyrinths; though, as the Englishman said when he saw the one at Chantilly:

"It is the only complete labyrinth I have seen, and I have no inclination to see another. A labyrinth in gardens is what a rebus is in poetry."

Topiary work, which is the art of trimming hedges, took many years to learn. We cut vases, birds, elephants—all sorts of monsters—out of boxwood, yew and privet. The yew hedges were wonderful, a dark, mournful green, often twenty feet thick, and clipped in innumerable ways, from arched gateways to cats chasing birds along the top. As for boxwood, of which there was so much in France, it is fast going out of France into America, all carefully packed in crates. About thirty years ago American nurserymen began buying our boxwood, until now a poor peasant who is fortunate enough to have a large bush in his yard can sell it for two or three thousand dollars. But this is not surprising when you realize that boxwood about ten feet high is about five hundred years old. And because it

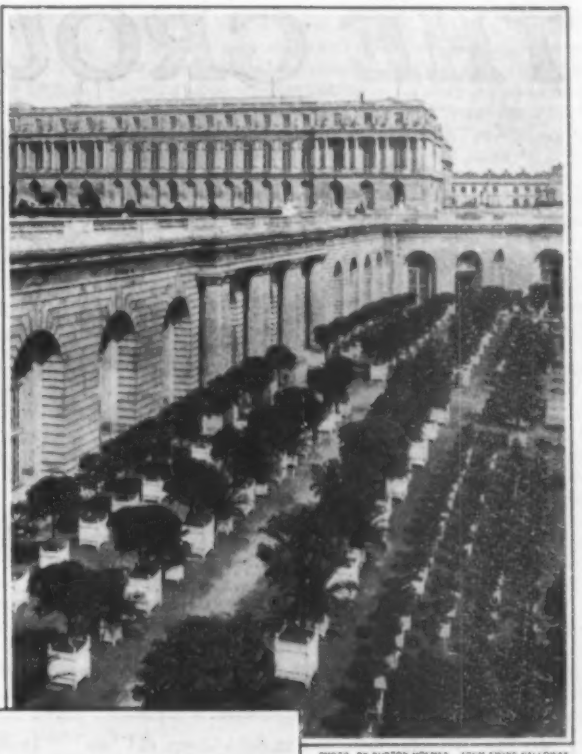


PHOTO. BY BURTON HOLMES. FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Shrubbery Under Cultivation at Versailles

is so old and has seen so many hundreds of years, so many generations quietly pass, there is an idea that a boxwood garden is haunted. At one place we hated to go into the boxwood garden, especially on a wild moonlight night, because one was sure to hear a ghostly child crying.

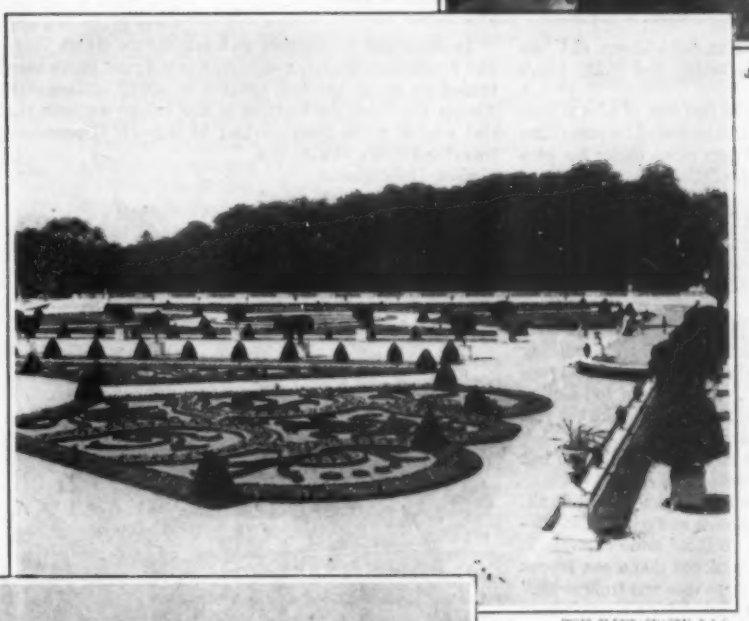


PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Splendid Example of the Formal French Garden as Conceived by Lenôtre

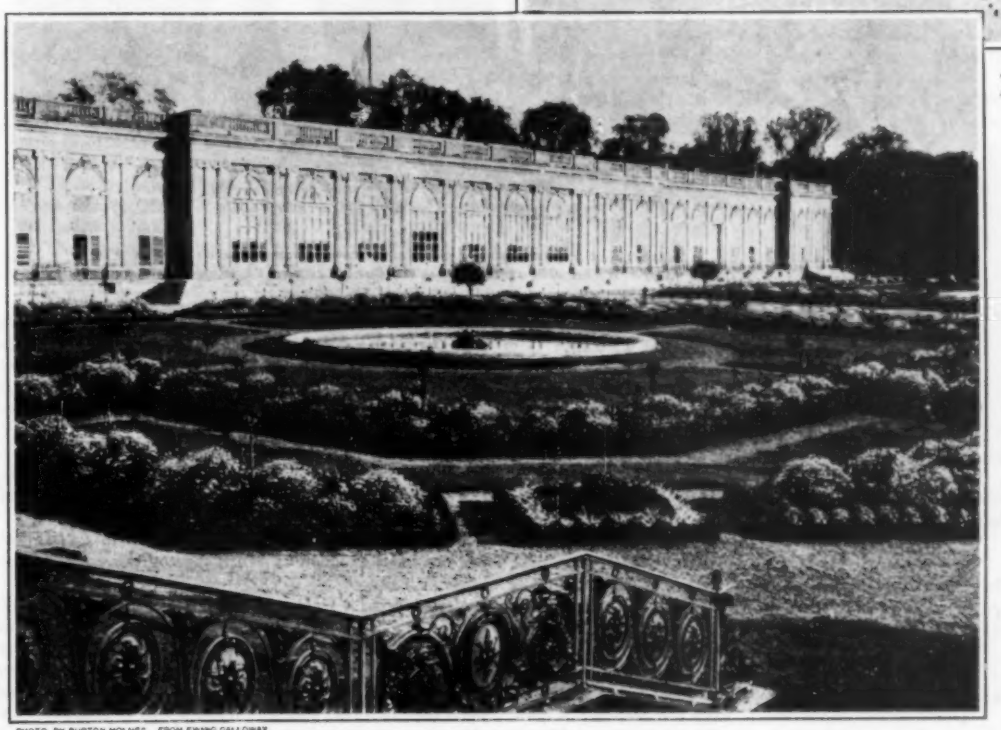


PHOTO. BY BURTON HOLMES. FROM EWING GALLOWAY

The Grand Trianon in its Elaborate Floral Setting

Cursed With Luck

AFTER my tour of France I went to Paris and got a job planting trees on the fortifications. The trees there were dying out rapidly from some mysterious malady, so the government opened a contest to gardeners, offering, as a prize, to make the man who turned in the best report the boss of the job. One night we were throwing dice and having coffee at a little restaurant near these fortifications and I won everything. No one else had a chance and everyone crowded around to marvel at my luck.

"You lucky devil!" one fellow said. "You are so lucky that you'll win the contest too." He had hardly spoken when the news came that I had won the contest. I was eighteen, but I was made the boss of sixty men. I felt like Alexander the Great.

Today a boy goes to school until he is eighteen or twenty and he takes it easy and plays football and baseball and thinks it is up to the school to teach him all he has to know in his life. He relaxes and feels it is his teachers' fault if he turns out to be a poor lawyer or doctor or mechanic or gardener. Forty years ago, in France, a workingman's son left school at eleven; but he knew that he would never learn anything more unless he learned it all himself, by his own efforts. This made a man put up a struggle. I know that I worked all day at my job, ten hours and more, and nights I would study books on gardening and architecture, and learned how to make topographical maps. Holidays I would go out to Versailles and the Trianons and to Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine lived, and there I would talk and argue with gardeners of all kinds—French and English and German and Austrian.

The eighteenth century was the golden age of professional gardeners. They all copied the great Lenôtre, but of course they could not equal him, and so, presently, a

(Continued on Page 154)

THE GROUND UP

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"See Anything?" He Asks, Putting Me in Position for a Look

SO YOU'RE going to become an eight-fifteen, eh?" remarks Norfleet. "Whose bright and shiny idea's this? Yours?"

"Not exactly," I returns. "I'm just sort of related to it by marriage. Olivia's been hot and bothered for some time about living in the country. Wants to sit under her own succotash tree and hear the dandelions roar. Anyhow, I'm tired paying rent."

"You'll get just as tired filing down the teeth of a couple of mortgages. Where're you figuring on digging in?"

"Probably out Long Island way," says I. "We're going shopping this afternoon for front feet—that is, if we can find a real-estate man."

"Better take a bevy of bloodhounds and a search warrant along," recommends Norfleet. "There's nothing scarcer on Long Island than real-estate agents, unless possibly it's two-legged ducks. . . . What are you aiming to do—throw together some laths and stucco like the rest of the saps out in the suburbs and ——"

"What," I cuts in, "do you suggest we build the hut of—precious stones and hand-carved ivory?"

"If you must go rural," says Dan, "don't build at all. Get yourself an abandoned farmhouse and remodel it. Besides being the smart thing to do these anno dominis, it won't put nearly the bee on the bank roll that a new layout would and you'll have something to fuss and frolic with."

"That may be oke," I comes back, "for a bimbo whose mind runs to breakfast nooks, early Americana and Italian piazzas, but not for me. I don't know the difference between a mansard roof and a Duncan Phyfe highboy, and that's but the scant half of it."

"Leave it to me, feller," advises Norfleet. "I have a pretty taste in such matters as architecture and interior decoration."

"Yeah?" says I. "Where'd you acquire it—buying Grand Rapids period stuff for your Bronx walk-up?"

"I'm just naturally artistic," admits Dan frankly. "Know what they used to say about me in Shamokin, don't you?"

"No," I tells him, "but then I make it a rule never to pay attention to anything I hear in Shamokin or in double Walla, Washington. If I were you, though, I wouldn't worry. They probably can't prove it."

"They used to say"—scowls Norfleet—"that a touch from me turned an abattoir into a boudoir."

"Sure," I interrupts, "and a glue factory into a Washington society girl. I knew a guy like that once. He could take a mere infant and twenty-one years and turn the combination into a voter."

"What," inquires the missis, entering at this point, "are you two talking about that's fit for refined ears?"

"The boy friend here," says I, "suggests that we track down a reckless, abandoned farmhouse and reform it into a country manse. I've been waiting for you to see what we think of it."

"An idea not without merit," decides Olivia unanimously. "Remember the Heyworths' place in Westchester? Well, that was just a tumble-down log cabin when Alice and Joe took it over."

"The old lean-to's certainly got snooty since then," I observes, recalling the eight master bed museums and the Etruscan-tiled-bath auditoriums in the château. "What's left of the original shack—a couple of knot holes?"

"It's all there," returns the wife.

"Sure," says I. "Just like an old speedometer that's been jacked up to have a new car run under it. However, it's all jake with me. You're the gal who's going to permeate the premises. Come on. We'll buzz out to Mrs. Long's island and take a look at some shake-downs."

Accompanied by Norfleet we heads for the North Shore and Muchmore Manor, a wide spot in the road that's been touted to us as the last syllable in spiffy settlements. Among the other gas stations in the village we finds the real estater we've been advised to see—H. Grammercy Swafford—We Sell No Houses, Only Homes.

"I've got just what you want," he opens up briskly.

"That's lovely," says Olivia, "but how do you know what we want?"

"You have that abandoned farmhouse look," replies Swafford.

"As distinguished," I explains, "from that light-housekeeping-rooms-over-a-garage look. As a matter of fact, we're here to rent part of your office for an airport."

"The Craddock property," goes on H. Grammercy, "is the best buy in the Manor. Five acres, a ten-room house ——"

"An abandoned house?" inquires the missis.

"Abandoned!" exclaims Swafford. "Why, my dear lady, you can't even get through the weeds without a guide. The place," he adds enthusiastically, "is utterly hopeless."

"Adorable!" beams Olivia. "Show it to us."

"Just a minute," I horns in. "We're after a home, not a congressional district. What'll we do with five acres?"

"Don't worry about that," says the real-estate man. "Four of 'em are perfectly worthless—just a clutter of rocks and scrub trees. Even the remaining one's no great shakes."

"What are you trying to do?" I demands. "Sell me a half interest in a Yonkers grocery store? I thought you started out with the idea that the Craddock deadfall was a swell buy."

"I did," returns Swafford, "and it is, very largely on account of its unattractiveness. That gives remodeling plenty of scope. You should always begin an undertaking of this nature by viewing with alarm and finish it by pointing with pride."

"I hope," remarks the missis, "that you're even flattering the property. I just love to take run-down things and make something of 'em." And she smiles sweetly upon me.

"Where," I asks, "is this Craddock place, outside of being the traditional five minutes from the station?"

"Down by the bay," answers Swafford, "and a good half hour from here in anybody's buzz wagon, if you can get through. The last time I went over the road it was terrible."

"That," says I, "makes everything just perfect. I'm going to be disappointed, though, if there isn't a public garbage incinerator or a rendering plant adjoining the house."

"There isn't," he comes back, "but I can promise you nearly everything else in the way of drawbacks."

And the boy makes good. Of all the run-down ramshackles, the Craddock hacienda's the worst ever. It was probably a pretty fine Colonial house about the time that wampum was money, but now it's just a heap of weather-beaten sags almost hidden from the highway by a barricade of brush and scrofulous trees. It must have been painted last when Pontiac was a papoose.

"Don't Let a Few Hanging Shutters and Loose Boards Throw You Off. When About to Remodel, Consider the Cake, Not the Icing"

"How delightfully desolate," murmurs Olivia.

"Right down your alley," contributes Norfleet. "You can do things with this—a pergola here, a sun porch there ——"

"Sun porch, your ear muffs!" I interrupts. "If you were to hang as much as a bird cage on this relic it'd collapse into slivers."

"Pardon me if I seem to speak well of the place," says Swafford, "but you're all wet there. What the ancestors built stays built. The walls and floors and ceilings of this house are just as good as they were the day they were hand-hewn into it. Don't let a few hanging shutters and loose boards throw you off. When about to remodel, consider the cake, not the icing."

Inside, the shack appears sufficiently sturdy, with rooms large enough to accommodate a couple of parallels of latitude. What's lacking in bathing and heating arrangements is made up by leaks in the roof and by fireplaces apparently intended for barbecues, but it's all a big rave with Olivia. That's enough to make it a complaisant shrug with me.

"How many lakhs of rupees," I inquires of Swaf, "are you asking for this doddering dump?"

"For fifteen thousand new dollar bills," says he, "you can have it wrapped up and delivered at the servants' entrance. The land alone'd be worth that if it was under water and adjacent to a leper settlement."

"Maybe," I comes back, "but less than an hour ago I was assured by a reputable real-estate man named Swafford that the acreage was utterly worthless."

"It is, in its present state," admits H. Grammercy, "but have you stopped to consider what a little landscaping will do for it?"

"No," says I. "I've been too busy considering what a little water and less heat'd do for hell. Assuming that I take the antique off your hands for a slow note of ten grand, what do you figure it'll take to turn this débris into a dovecot?"

"Assuming that I'd accept the ten grand," replies Swafford, "it'd all depend on how far you'd want to go in remodeling."

"Not nearly so far as far," I assures him. "The bank roll's been ailing lately and it's allowed to take only short walks."

"Well," says he, "I'm no architect, but my guess is that another ten grand'd make the place shipshape. Of course, that wouldn't cover an alabaster swimming pool or a string of matched greenhouses ——"

"Never mind them," I cuts in. "Will it cover the leaks in the roof?"

"For that much money," opines Swafford, "you could keep out the Deluge."

"Better buy," advises Dan. "Any kind of new layout in this section of the island'd set you back at least thirty thousand. Even if this job flays you for fifteen, you'll be ahead of the game."

"Is anybody ever ahead of this game?" I asks Swaf.

"I've done pretty well," says he.

II

WE SPENDS the rest of the day friaking the fens of Long Island for vintage residences, but we finds nothing as good as the Craddock property—or rather as bad. Olivia's got herself so wound up in the remodeling gag that nothing will suit her but a place she can do from the ground up. By nightfall Swafford has a negotiable specimen of my handwriting.

"I suppose," says I on the way home, "that the next thing for me to do is to sell myself down the river to an architect."

"Architect!" exclaims Norfleet. "Who's going to live in the house—you or an architect?"

"Correct me if I'm wrong," I comes back diffidently, "but don't all building operations open up with an architect hymning The Blue Print Blues?"

"Not an operation of this sort," returns Dan. "It's having things done according to your own peculiar ideas that gives modernizing its kick. Why waste important jack on a Beaux Arts baby who'd probably talk you into a Petit Trianon or a Byzantine mosque? You've got the framework ——"

"Yeh," I interrupts, "but practically no peculiar ideas. Personally I'm for turning the whole job over to some chappie who knows his joists and having him drop me a line when he's finished."

"But I'm not," declares Olivia. "We're neither building a henhouse nor a cattle shed. I want a dwelling that'll reflect my personality, one that'll be part of me in each stick and stone ——"

"Go to it, milady," says I. "Stake me out a rainproof spot for a flop and you can park your personality even in the kitchen sink, as long as you stay within the appropriation."

"If I were you folks," suggests Norfleet, "I'd get the roof and a couple of rooms fixed up right away. Then you can move in and be Johnny-at-the-rat-hole while the remodeling ——"

"Not this Nordic," I snaps. "I have no desire whatever to spend the summer tripping over loose lumber on the way to get a can of something to eat standing up against a paper-hanger's ladder. I don't object to camping out, but I do object to camping in."

"Objection noted," remarks Olivia, "and ignored. How do you expect to have things done your way if you're not on top of the job? Alice Heyworth tells me she never left her place for an hour while the work was going on. She was afraid if she turned her back they'd slip in inferior material."

"And, of course," says I, "she'd have noticed it in a split second if they had. That's where I'd shine—detecting the difference between a piece of quarter-sawed maple planking of Grade AA and a piece that was just Grade A plus."

"You can always call on me in a pinch," volunteers Dan generously. "May I add that the public library also is full of information on the subject? Get yourself a book ——"

"Sure," I cuts in. "I can just see a daguerreotype of myself soft-shoeing after a tuck pointer or a plumber's apprentice with a book in my hand, checking up on their tucks and plumbs."

The suggestion of books, however, puts an idea between Olivia's ears, and the town apartment's soon a clutter of printed matter ranging from the Babylonian account of the erection of the Tower of Babel to government bulletins on cornstalk mats as wall fillers for deadening the next-door neighbor's saxophone. Anything and everything touching upon or appertaining to building is just so much edible fish in the missis' net. She even brings home books on Character Building and Building For The Future, one of 'em printed by the Y.M.C.A. and the other by a life-insurance company.

"What would you say to a Queen Anne façade?" inquires the wife after a tour through early English architecture.

"Probably something inane about the weather," I replies. "Will you tell me why you're getting yourself all a-twitter over façades and tapestries and deer parks? Just how far do you think ten thousand iron men'll go in fixing up the Craddock place?"

"Judiciously expended," comes back Olivia, "much may be done with ——"

"Judiciously expended," says I, "we'll be lucky if we can just prop the house up and get it calked for that. In your pursuit of the niceties you're overlooking the necessities such as painting and plumbing and heating and lighting. What about clearing that trackless jungle in the front yard? What about ——"

"Mere details," she sniffs. "A couple of thousand should take care of them. Even if they should eat up the whole ten, I've a wonderful plan for getting the other things."

"What's that?" I asks.

"We'll simply spend some more money," announces Olivia shrewdly.

"That's certainly a novel idea," says I, "but, while your brain's functioning so superbly, would you mind developing a wonderful idea for getting the said 'some more'?"

"I detest women," she returns with some depth of feeling, "who interfere in their husband's business. Even if it costs us twice as much as you'd figured to improve Atlasta Home—how do you like the name I made up?"

"Not bad," says I, "but if you have your fell way with the bank roll I think we'd better call it Over the Hill."

"Hill?" repeats the missis. "Where's the hill?"

"It's not visible until you get to it," I tells her, "but you can see it plainly from the poorhouse porch."

The following Saturday we drift out to Muchmore Manor with Norfleet and take a building contractor, one Mike McCaffrey, into our secret. That bozo snatches a quick look at Atlasta and immediately begins heaving wet blankets about the premises.

"You'll need a new roof to begin with," says he, "and of course, a complete paint job. The plumbing's all shot and most of the woodwork's in bad shape. Then you'll need a lot of clearing and grading and ——"

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A Peal of Laughter Cuts Me Short

THE CENSOR

By GILBERT SELDES

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

A RETURN bout in the great indoor sport of fighting for and against the censorship is scheduled for November or December. The spring tryouts—an annual event—resulted in a draw. In the spring the censor is always the challenger; he has gone through a hard winter suppressing books and closing down theaters and cutting films, and, refreshed by his exertions, he sends up to state legislatures the sort of bills he would like to see made into laws. In New York his Clean Books Bill was thrown out. In Massachusetts his enemies stole a march on him and offered a revision of the law—the present law being strict enough to please the censor there—and the revision failed. In the same state, however, a book which New York tried to frown down was allowed to circulate freely, so no definite victory for either side can be claimed. In the autumn and winter, the peak of the publishing and producing season, the anti-censorship challenge is issued and earnest workers for freedom bring out self-censorship plans and play juries, and sign petitions—all of which keep the pot boiling until spring comes round again with its annual literary relay races and dramatic pole vaulting at the state capitols.

It is a pretty good show, but the fact that it has been going on not for ten or twenty years, as some people imagine, but for nearly as many centuries, ought to suggest that the two opponents aren't making any special effort to understand each other. For the most part the censorious say or imply that the artists are deliberately trying to corrupt public morals; and the artists and their liberal friends reply that the censor has a nasty mind and is an enemy of art and beauty. In great bursts of generosity someone occasionally concedes either the possible innocence of an artist, who is then accused of ignorance; or the sincerity of the censor, who is then called an emotional moron, afflicted with almost unspeakable vices; a sincere hypocrite, in fact.

A few years ago, during one of the worst crises of the censorship agitation, the Theatre Guild of New York convened a mass meeting; very little was said in defense of the censorship, but it was understood that at the end of the discussion, Miss Theresa Helburn, executive of the Guild, would propose a new type of self-censorship which might save the theater. Before she spoke, Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, the thoughtful and brilliant dramatic critic of The Nation, rose and said—I quote from the radio—"I don't know what Miss Helburn's plan is, but whatever it is, I am against it." And he made the entirely rational point that if the theatrical producers were going to establish any sort of censorship over themselves, even if the censors were a committee of their own number, they were admitting the entire principle of the censorship; they were only asking for a more intelligent, or more liberal, or more favorable application of the principle.

In Black and White

ABOUT an attitude like this, you can say that you think it entirely wrong-headed, but at least it is thorough. The majority of opponents of the censor are not so consistent; most of them break down at smutty post cards, only a few were really happy when they had to defend the dull and ignoble plays closed down in New York in the last few years. They dislike the censor, but they spend their time indicating only his minor faults; they prove that what is indecent in Chicago may be pure in Duluth, that Ibsen raised a storm in England half a century ago and is now considered pretty pale, or that some of the freely read classics are far filthier than the modern books which are suppressed. They note that in the late 1880's, Henry Vizetelly, who published the works of Zola, was prosecuted and jailed, and that four years later Zola himself was guest of honor at a banquet at which the Lord Mayor of London was present. And without exception they remark that the printed text of any suppressed play can be bought for two dollars or rented for twenty-five cents from a circulating library.

Some of these points suggest that the critics of the censor are not only refusing to understand his motives but actually are trying to obscure their own. For instance, the accusation that the censor is secretly a lover of dirt may be true, but it is as relevant as the fact that George Bernard Shaw, who believes in an equal wage for all people, is pretty canny about his private fortune; it is no more to the point than the notorious inability of believers in the brotherhood of man to get along with their own brothers or with their fellow men. The circumstance that the translation of a book is barred while the original, in French or Latin, is let alone does not mean that the censor thinks English a peculiarly smutty language; it means that he is protecting the majority from contagion. The critics say that the censor is illogical when he winks—or as they say, leers—at nakedness on the musical-comedy stage and sends policemen to shut down a serious play dealing with sexual aberrations; the censor is, however, perfectly logical on his own premise—which is that the effect of a play is the decisive factor.

The trickiest of these various points against the censor is the one comparing the book of a play and the play itself. On the surface it seems absurd for the censor to say that words read in a library are innocent when the same words spoken from a stage are destructive of decency. Yet the liberal critics of the censor are the very ones who should have been the first to recognize how right he is. Liberals generally pride themselves on being abreast of the times or a little ahead of them. They know the latest theories and use them as bludgeons against the hard-shelled conservatives. Yet of two outstanding developments in psychology in the last few decades, the liberals have chosen one—psychoanalysis—as a weapon against the censor, and have with enthusiasm refused even to mention the other—the psychology of the crowd. In a long, able and documented study of obscenity and the censor entitled To the Pure, Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, the authors, give the subject very little beyond the sentence: "The effect of mob psychology is felt when the play is performed to a full house," but they do not suggest what that effect is and how it changes the entire character of the play in question. They do quote G. K. Chesterton, who says that an offensive book may be closed with a snap, but to escape from an offensive play you have to crawl over half a dozen knees before you get to the freedom of the aisle. But Le Bon, McDougall, Conway, and even Freud, on the subject of crowd psychology, do not appear in their index.

There are a dozen established psychologists famous for their work in trying to discover why a crowd acts as it does. They differ in their attitude; some being aristocrats who consider all masses of people as mobs of yelping curs, capable only of lynching and low emotions, while others bring themselves to the point of saying that the presence of a crowd may bring a man to leap into the water to save a drowning child—which he would never do when alone. But all of them agree in one respect: They know that the moment a man gets into a crowd he falls under the spell of a new emotion. He then becomes, as they say, suggestible.

When a Man Gets Into a Mob

A THOUSAND people listen to a speech and interrupt with laughter and applause; nine hundred and ninety of them, each one hearing the same words privately from the speaker, with no one else about, would nod agreement, offer criticism, and perhaps smile from time to time. A hundred and eighty separate men hear The Star-Spangled Banner and reluctantly heave themselves to their feet; form them into a company of soldiers and they snap to a fixed attitude and experience an entirely new thrill. The five thousand inhabitants of a small town are each in his or her own way mild and gentle and rather indifferent to other people; tell them separately that Mr. Blank is a scoundrel and Mrs. Blank is starving and they will shake their heads over the one and contribute a quarter to the other; take them as a mass meeting and they are capable of mobbing Mr. Blank and subscribing dollars for every cent they give privately.

The psychologists have worked out many ingenious reasons for this crowd effect which do not concern us here. Whatever the reasons, common experience knows the facts: When the average man goes into a crowd he lets his intelligence go home for a rest, and gives himself up to his feelings; he stops being critical and is ready to believe almost anything. And the audience at a theater is not a crowd by accident; it is partly a crowd before it becomes

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DINTY AT THE BAT

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT IS a grand sight, an eye-filling spectacle, when Babe Herman Ruth saunters to the plate, a smile half hidden in his jowls alongside a plug of tobacco, and him swinging five bats all ready to murder the ball, with three men on the bags and the terrified pitcher unable to give him an intentional pass.

It's an even grander sight, it is, when the felly larrups the leather a terrible clout, nearly falling down, and sends it sailing over the heads of the awe-stricken outfielders and into the far-away bleachers; the three men ahead coming in with the runs while Babe Herman Ruth goes dog-trotting around the bases, touching his cap at first, at second and at third, and taking it off, actually, when he crosses home plate.

A man watches Babe Herman Ruth gallivant and kanoodle, and tells himself with tears in his eyes that never was there in baseball a lad like this before; that it will be long and long until the likes of him will be seen again; that he is worth every dime of the seventy thousand dollars he is paid every season, and that any decent thought must father the wish that his trust fund gets bigger and bigger, and even bigger than that.

Well, it may be true that Babe Herman Ruth is a great ball player, and it may be also true that he earns the money he gets, and it certainly is pardonable to be wishing for an increase in the size of his trust fund, but centuries ago in Ireland there lived a felly named Dinty MacCool, and the way in which MacCool played ball was so marvelous, so remarkable and so brilliant that the exploits of Babe Herman Ruth become as nothing at all in comparison.

Ireland to England to America

MACCOOL, to state the truth without a softening word, invented the game. He formed the first team. He hit the first home run. He stole the first base; he often stole first, in fact. He made the first double play, unassisted. And, unless everybody in Ireland is a liar, he was the first man to call an umpire a dubious name.

Dinty started the sport in Ireland with King Brian Boru, King O'Conor of Cuspidure and Honest Paddy McPhungus. At the outset only the four of them played, and, such gadabouts they were, the game was then called Rounders, in honor of the players. Later on, however, MacCool learned to count up to nine, but no further, and at once put nine men on the team and made the length of a contest nine innings.

After he taught the Irish all about it—and that was a job, you can bet, with everybody wanting to be at bat all the time—he traipsed over to Britain and introduced the game there; whence, during the War of 1812, when a couple of left-handed shortstops were smuggled into Virginia, it came to America.

Dinty's team was known as the Irish Giants. Himself he was the pitcher, and people called him Big Train, Bullet Dinty, The Great MacCool and Iron Man. Boru caught, Cuspidure played first, McPhungus was on second, My Lord Sligo covered the shortfield, Michael Fenian cavorted at third, and in the outfield were Dillon, Donlin and Doolin, three heavy hitters. Napper Tandy was relief pitcher, but the felly was not ever used at all, because Dinty never got tired.

Utility men were Sweeney, Murphy and Cassidy, not to mention a lad named Nick Altrock who, they say, is still playing.

MacCool formed a Big League and a Little League, and took a felly named Killarney Lakes McLandis and put him in charge of both. This McLandis had won great renown some years before by fining the British Government twenty-nine million farthings, he being at the time a judge on the bench; and though the British Government got out of paying the fine, McLandis was universally regarded as a grand man thereafter.

He liked to conduct investigations and issue statements and have his picture taken, and these characteristics, Dinty figured, made him an ideal choice for the job he had. McLandis was known as the Czar of Rounders, and he ruled with a wand of willow.

There were eight teams in the Big League and eight hundred and eight in the Little League. Players would play in the Little League first, and then would go up to the Big League, where, if they were smart, and kotowed enough, they were allowed to stay, but if they were dumb and refused to kotow, back they would go to the Little League, and McLandis would give them hell.

The Irish Giants won the Big League pennant every year. MacCool was invincible on the mound, and when he came to bat he hit the ball so far and so hard they called him The Sultan of Swat.

It became obvious that the Giants would never be beaten in Ireland, and MacCool determined to go to Britain and see King Arthur.

He found the king seated on his grand throne in Camelot, dispensing justice with one hand and feeding pie into his face with the other.

"Your Honor," says Dinty, giving the king a grand bow, "the fellys in Ireland are playing a game, and we need a team to beat. Now why shouldn't you be after forming a team over here, and we can play for the championship of the western world?"

"'Ow do you ply this 'ere gime?" asks Arthur.

"Well, Your Honor, we play it with a bat and a ball."

"With such a bise thing as a ball?" asks the king.

Dinty thought quickly. He didn't want to tell Arthur that the game was called Rounders because himself and Boru and Cuspidure and McPhungus had sown wild oats all over Ireland, and so he says, "You've guessed the name of the pastime, Your Honor, so you have."

"And 'ow is that?" asks the king.

"We call it baseball," says Dinty.

"Biseball?" asks the king.

"Right," says Dinty.

"What a larf," says the king. "Bizeball! Himagine that! Stroike me pink! Biseball! And what is the nime of your team, if a nime it 'as?"

"The Irish Giants," says Dinty.

Knights of the Dinner-Table

"HI MUST larf once more," says the king. "The Hirish Giants! 'Ow pecoolier! Why, don't you know, Mr. MacCool, that the Knights of the Table Round are halways whipping giants? Certainly, Mr. MacCool, we'll form a team and ply you!"

And with that he turned to a page standing by, and said, "Call the knights for a conference."

The page went out into the courtyard and through the halls and corridors, crying "Call for Sir Lancelot! Call for Sir Galahad! Call for Sirs Bors, Gawaine, Ewaine, Mordred, Tristram and Kay!" And in a little while he returned and reported to Arthur that not a knight could be found.

"Ring the stew bell," says Arthur.

The page rang the stew bell, and in a trice, a jiffy and a split second the room was filled with knights!

"Now," says Arthur when all the knights were squatting around the table, "we're about to form a biseball team, to ply the Hirish Giants, and we must 'ave a nime! Come, come, what shall we call our team?"

Sir Lancelot raised his hand.

"Sire," he says, "let's call it The English Muffins."

"Lousy," says the king.

Sir Kay raised his hand.

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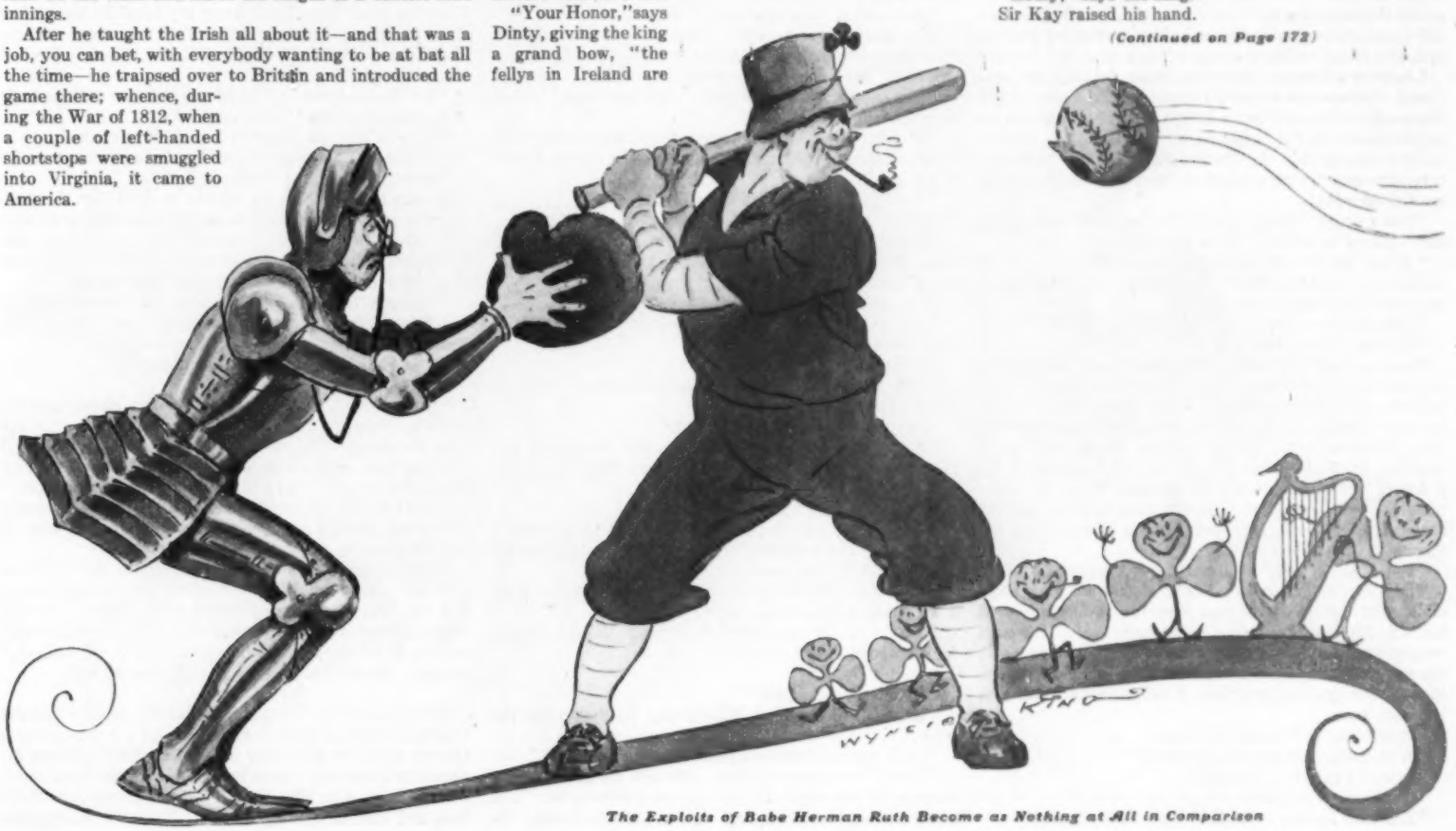


The Exploits of Babe Herman Ruth Become as Nothing at All in Comparison

ST. LOUIS AND THE LAMB

Again Lifting the Diamond, He Dropped it Into the Second Bottle, Where Again it Floated. "You See? The Diamond is Still Lighter Than the Liquid"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

BE A LITTLE sensible. Trust your neighbor, but do not give him a check made out in blank. Accept his word, but weigh it by your own knowledge. He may be honestly mistaken, and what of it? No harm has been done.

Los Angeles is a long way from Chicago, but pearls will be pearls and women will lose them.

When Donovan, jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity, which had insured the pearls, took down the telephone receiver that evening, he trusted his neighbor. Anyone can call up a hotel room. But when he began weighing what he heard he added ordinary common horse sense to his trust.

The message was not about the pearls, for they had been found. The speaker asked if Donovan could look at a few diamonds for him, not in the future, but yet that night; no matter how late, but before he went to bed. The request was not strange, but the Chicago man noted the rapid-fire utterance and the unresonant yet eruptive hardness of its leveled-off vowels.

"Not a dealer," he decided. "He isn't quite sure who I am." Aloud he asked: "Who is it talking?"

"Who? Me?" He felt rather than heard the note of hesitation. "Johnny Bullen on the line. You don't know me, but I don't know you either."

"John Bullen, of Nevada? The mining man?"

"Mining. Sure. You said it."

Donovan had long known of Bullen through his Mohave Desert friends. He had even visited Bullen's mine and helped insure a pair of Bullen's rubies, acquired in London by Bullen's wife. Bullen, as he knew, had begun his business life as a small storekeeper, up behind the borax country. His fortune had arrived through his grubstaking a desert prospector. Later he had bought out the man. Since then his income had increased until it all but reached seven figures, as everyone knew in the Mohave, and his income tax made him writhe.

"I've heard of you," replied Donovan cautiously.

There was no reason why Bullen should not have these oddities of speech, except that Donovan had not pictured him so. He had the feeling, again indefinable, that such mannerisms did not fit the outdoor life. A man living in the open does not have a chance to talk much to others. Fluency springs from practice. A voluble man is likely to be a city man.

"How about it?" asked the other.

"Would Monday morning answer?"

"I don't hear you. Tonight."

"Oh, hardly tonight!"

"I'm little Johnny Sudden. Now! This minute!"

"Another engagement," said Donovan. "Monday will have to do."

"Monday is out," replied the other. "Another engagement myself. How about nine o'clock?"

"Engaged all evening," said Donovan.

His engagement was with O'Day, his immediate chief in Redelos Indemnity, on the Coast with him, but he did not say that. Both men had avoided publicity.

"Sign me for the janitor shift," said the voice. "When does this show break up?"

"Monday," repeated Donovan. "Nobody can tell much about a diamond by lamplight, and besides, eleven o'clock is too late."

"We'll come then," said the voice.

"We?" asked Donovan.

"A man from St. Louis is with me, see? Just me and him. He imported the stones, see? I want you to check up on him. I'm buying from him, see?"

"Oh, get some dealer to help you!"

"Not so good. A dealer would gum up the works. This bird won't go near any dealer."

"Why not?" asked Donovan.

"This is a curb proposition," said the other. "I don't know why, but he won't."

"In that case, why come to me?"

"That's me does that, see? He makes me a price, but the diamonds has to be right or no sale. They say you're good. Me, I come from Missouri."

"St. Louis also?" asked Donovan.

He asked the question more from whim than to receive an answer. The immediate reply was a sound like an indrawn breath. After a moment he heard:

"I ask you. If it was just a couple carats I wouldn't say a word, but a hundred grand is real money."

"You're paying out a hundred thousand dollars at night for diamonds, Mr. Bullen?"

"Didn't I say it?"

"By check, may I ask?"

"He wants bills, see? That's why he makes me the price."

"I ask you as a business man if that's quite wise."

"Sure, if he shows me clean. He lays his goods on the table, see?" Donovan did not reply, and he went on: "I'm all for making the splash, see? And so is the little lady. He makes me a price like an auctioneer to the dummy, if I can pay him in cash money before he leaves town."

"A price very much below market?"

"You said it."

"When he could just as well sell them openly for more?"

"I don't go to other people's funerals."

"But why should he do it? What reason does he give?"

"This bird imports diamonds himself, see? Why should I ask too many questions? Over the Mexican line? How should I know? I'm easy satisfied if I buy cheap enough. Me, I'd buy the S. P. Railroad if the owners offered it cheap enough."

"What would you do if I told you I'd have nothing to do with your diamonds?" Donovan asked.

"If I can't get an expert, I buy them anyhow."

"Is this St. Louis man willing for me to see the stones?"

"Sure. I told him I am fixing it."

It may be that Donovan wished to do Bullen the service, or it may be he wished to see the diamonds, or he may have had other reasons. Suddenly he surrendered. But had the other man known him well he would have noticed that the announcement was made in softer tones.

"You win," he said. "Bring your man to my room in one hour. My engagement can stand over. Room 811. You needn't bother to call me. Come right up."

"Just yourself? Nobody else butting in?"

"No one will interrupt us."

"In one hour," replied the other, with a gleam upon his unresonant vowels like that of light upon water—"in one hour we are showing you a bunch of diamonds what will put your eyes out, all matched perfect, and if you don't say the same thing yourself I will blow them out of the window."

"And I did not ask him how far he had to come," thought Donovan, after he had hung up. "How very careless of me. He may be staying in this hotel."

Later he glanced down the hotel register, having a few minutes to spare, but it did not contain the name of Bullen. But this was after he had talked with O'Day. He also made a private arrangement with the switchboard girl with respect to his telephone connection. "Only for tonight," he said. He did not wish to be disturbed by calls.

O'Day's room lay across the end of the corridor farthest removed from Donovan's door. Except for the corridor, the two were not physically connected. Like the room assigned to Donovan, it contained the usual hotel furniture—a bed, chairs, a writing desk, a wall telephone just above this, and various lighting fixtures. The desk was lighted

not only by bracket lamps to the left but by a droplight. The furniture included also a modern radio receiver in a console. It stood beside the desk.

Donovan, pacing nervously up and down the room, had been pulling smoke from his black pipe until the ceiling lay banked with visible questions and answers.

"Anyhow, they're showing you the diamonds," said O'Day judicially. "You have to start from that fact."

"Yes, I'm to see them."

"You're not apt to be fooled by the stones themselves. They will either be straight diamonds or you will know they are not."

"I ought to know it, colonel."

"Straight diamonds, let us say, and you pass on them in the customer's presence. What is to hinder the salesman from switching later to paste? That could be done easily."

"I don't see how," said Donovan.

"Duplicate stones. A clumsy gesture somewhere. Any crook could do that much sleight of hand."

"The sleight of hand, yes. But where would the crook get real diamonds important enough to be shown? Such stones are worth too much money."

"He might have stolen them," said O'Day.

"In that case, why bother with the paste? Besides, the amount involved is too large. Such a theft would be known to the trade. He wouldn't dare take such stones to an expert."

"Has he been doing so?"

"Not quite my point," said Donovan. "If these stones were stolen they must have been stolen from somebody. They include matched diamonds of considerable size, according to Bullen. What owner has lost diamonds of that importance? Diamonds are stolen every day, but in commercial lots easy to dispose of."

"You may pull it off," said O'Day, "but you're taking big chances."

"I know it." Donovan crossed to the desk and emptied his pipe dismissingly into the ash tray. "Now let's have a look at this radio thing. I can make it work myself, just for tonight, but I may have some questions to ask."

Taking down the telephone receiver, he asked the switchboard girl to give him the manager of the hotel.

"Donovan talking, from Colonel O'Day's room. . . . That's it. I want to borrow your electrician. Fix it up for me, can't you, Bruner? Room 821. . . . No, not the lights. Radio. I'm giving a stunt party to amuse the chief while I'm away. . . . That isn't quite the trouble. The thing works now, after a fashion, but not as I want it to. I'll explain to your man what is needed."

He turned to O'Day. "Did that sound hard? The man will be sent up. That insures you the program. Now for someone for company. How would Leith do?"

Leith was a private detective who had helped them recover a stolen necklace the summer before. Both Donovan and O'Day liked him. He was quick to grasp ideas.

"It's your party," O'Day grumbled. "If the radio doesn't work we shan't need anyone for company."

"If. But it will."

Again Donovan took down the receiver.

Groping for his pipe, he tried to fill the bowl with one hand, and then, only partially successful, he stood with his burned thumb pressed upon the tobacco until his call should be completed.

"Leith," he began, after giving his name, "how would you like to drop in at the Peer Gynt Hotel for a talk with Colonel O'Day? At once. . . . That's it. And, Leith! Dig up a couple of good men to come with you—interesting fellows, like Crawford and Jones—you know. Room 821. I have another engagement myself, but the chief will be there."

Turning to O'Day, he said: "Leith it is, and two others. He thinks he can get here in half an hour. Will three be enough?"

"You're giving the party," said O'Day.

"So I am. Let it ride at three. Now let's see your machine."

Donovan's movements up to now had been leisurely and unhurried, but a glance at his watch awakened him suddenly into swifter action. Laying aside his pipe he gave his quickened attention to the radio.

"Easy," he announced after a moment. "Same model as the one in my room. I want a length of copper wire."

"Never use it," said O'Day.

"You use it oftener than you imagine. The telephone company will lend me the wire."

Even as he spoke he had whipped out his knife. The next moment he leaned over the desk and slashed off the twisted strands leading to the telephone receiver.

"But, Donovan!" cried O'Day.

"You don't need the telephone, colonel. I do need the wire. I haven't the time to send out for it, even if the stores were open. See? I strip the ends, so, and run them into the box, so. This one attaches upon this post, this other upon this. I don't have to change a thing—just use the connections provided. I'll show you how to run the thing."

"Show the hotel man."

"Both of you."

But when the house electrician knocked at the door three minutes later, Donovan was thinking about something else.

"Oh, it's you! Come in. You're just in time; I have a question to ask about this wiring. Do you see these twisted wires running from this plug?"

"They're the power wires for the radio there."

"Yes. I want to ask you what would happen if I cut through the insulation with my knife."

"You'd blow the fuse," replied the other. "You would if you cut through both at once. It would make a short circuit. You might get a shock yourself."

"Blow a fuse. What effect would that have?"

"It would put out your lights. Other lights too."

"The entire floor?"

"This hotel has funny wi-ing," said the electrician. "The circuits don't run in a block. This room is 821. The next room wouldn't be affected—just the rooms in the circuit. Room 826 would get it, and 816 and 811 and 806."

"I'd like to try it, just to see," said Donovan.

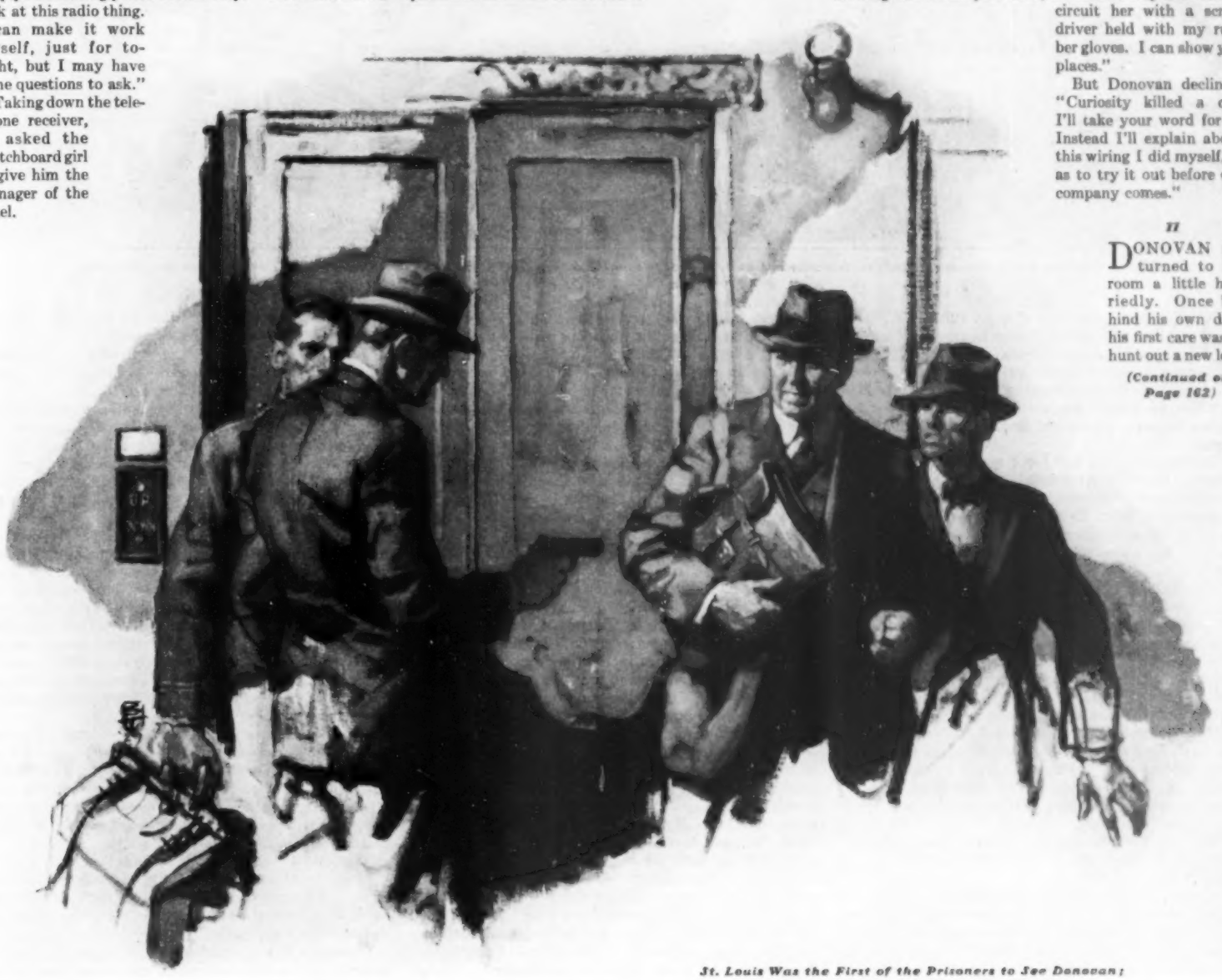
"You'd see," replied the other, grinning. "If it's just blowing out a fuse you want, the easiest way is to short-circuit her with a screw driver held with my rubber gloves. I can show you places."

But Donovan declined. "Curiosity killed a cat. I'll take your word for it. Instead I'll explain about this wiring I did myself, so as to try it out before our company comes."

II

DONOVAN returned to his room a little hurriedly. Once behind his own door his first care was to hunt out a new lead

(Continued on Page 162)

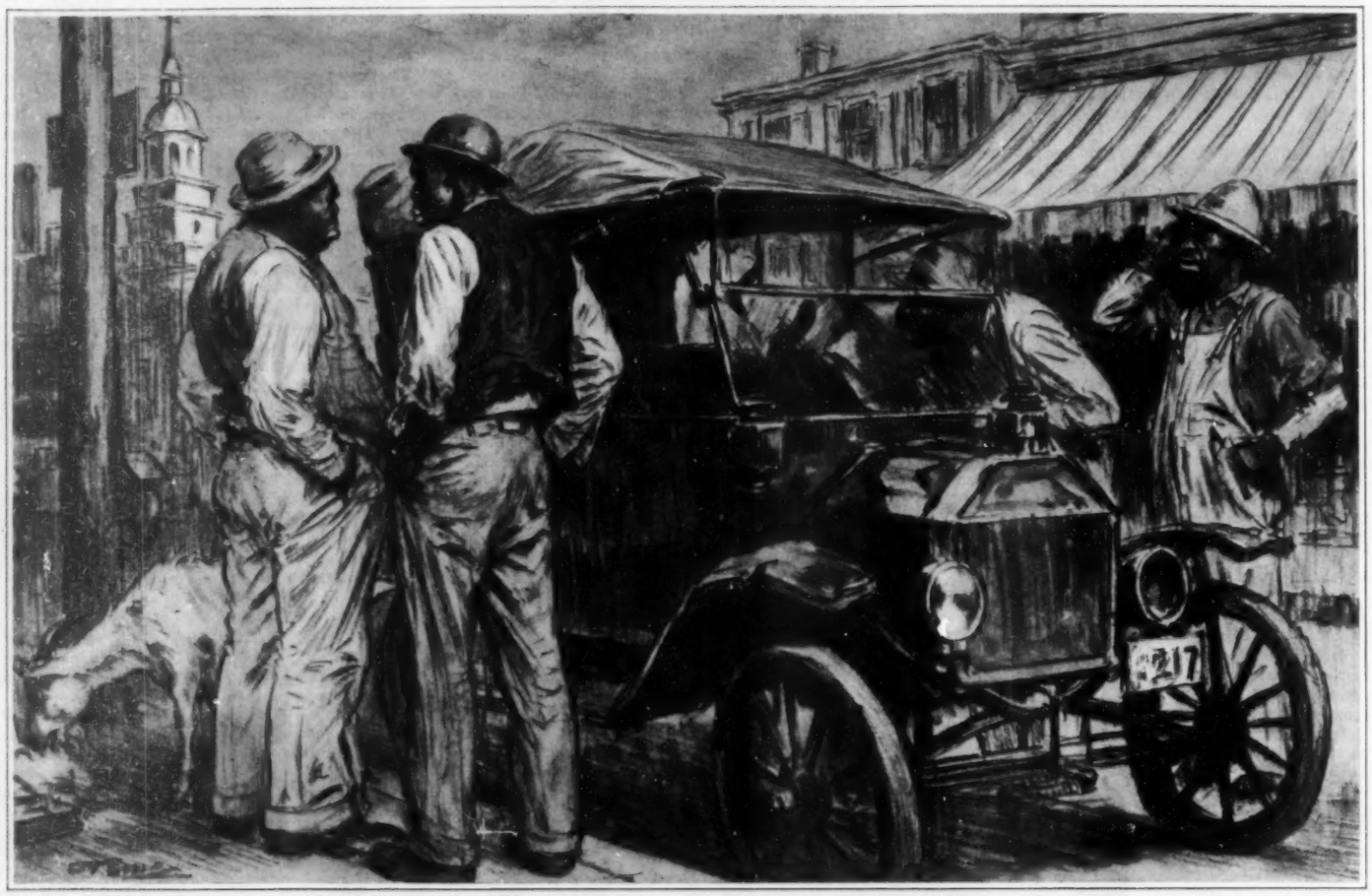


St. Louis Was the First of the Prisoners to See Donovan; His Face Went Green, Matching His Hat

CHICKEN COUP

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"Twenty-Five Dollahs is My Limick on Dat Heap," Lady Luck's Playmate Announced. "I Fades You Twenty-Five Dollahs Agin Dat Flivveh, fo' Whut Reason On'y Crazy Folks Knows"

ON THE sun-kissed floor of Angel Valley, the Wildcat and Demmy considered ways and means of prolonging their checkered careers. Present at the executive session, Lily, the mascot goat, listened to big words for an hour, and finally succumbed to the reactions induced by futile oratory and a comfortable ration of two pounds of chicken feathers, a palm-leaf fan, and a couple of cactus leaves.

"Don't tell me no mo' 'bout no mo' decimal points, Demmy," the Wildcat protested. "Don't figger me no mo' financial figgers. De overhead don't botheh me so much as de underhand. Whut dis chicken ranch needs is less chickens an' mo' money. Gimme back dat dollah us took in f'm yestiddy, an' I shows you one way outen dis swamp of woe."

"Wilecat, de on'y way outen dis astringency is jus' like I told you—us got to sell enuff pullets to git money enuff to buy mo' cracked cawn so de chickens kin git nutrified."

"Dere you goes, 'round an' 'round! Whut's de use of sellin' chickens fo' de mere objeck of gittin' money so as to feed mo' chickens? Us is de main subjeck when de feed question comes up. My pussonal stummick means mo' to me dan all de chicken stummicks in de world. Hand me oveh dat dollah bill, an' I verigates dis pullet ration whut you an' me been starvin' to death on fo' de last two months wid some bull meat an' ham an' gravy an' greens. My transmission is so dog-gone sick of pullet meat dat does I neveh eat no chicken ag'in, it gwine to be twice too prompt fo' pleasure."

"Ise seed de time you was mighty glad to drape a skillit wid chicken meat. Ise seed you talk in yo' sleep on de subjeck."

"Nemmine rememberin' nuthin'. Dat was a long time back. Nobody kin stand fried chicken mawnin', night an' noon. Neveh seed me such a tiresome ration since me an' de rest of de army et up all de goldfish in France. Pay me back dat dollah, an' mighty quick I shows you some real money. 'Cordin' to whut you jus' figgered, all us took in last week was on'y half whut de feed bill come to. Whah you gwine to come out at when you takes in a dollah, an' de nex' thing dat ol' tin hencubator hatches a swarm of pullets whut eats up two dollahs' wuth of feed? Whut good yo' decimal points gwine to be when dis heah Angel Valley gits flooded ten foot deep wid rav'nous pullets? You gwine to need decimal points whut you kin load into a shotgun an' pull de trigger on."

"Dem pullets is comin' along jus' de way I figgered dey would. Dey's comin' along 'cordin' to de 'greedment us had when us went into dis bizness. Us be settin' purty if you r'ar up on yo' hind laigs an' prowled out an' did some sellin'. Sellin' is de main thing in dis bizness. Ise done de raisin' like I 'greed to, but dey ain't no lightnin' struck you no place on de sellin' end. De main fly in de ointment is you—you ain't even a real good fly. Fly goes buzzin' 'round once in a while. All you does is set an' bumble like a wet bee, an' bulge yo' eyeballs out groanin' yo' grief."

"Lissen to me, Demmy; stop dat preachin'. Bad enuff to have dem chickens cacklin' an' crowin' in yo' ear f'm mawnin' to night, widout no preachin' bustin' yo' brain. Who figgered out dis chicken ranch gold mine in de fust place? Who said how much money ——"

"I tells you who figgered out ev'ything! Git a curry comb an' scrape yo' memory in de backbone till it kicks up its heels an' trots back oveh de past, an' you mighty well recollecks who done de figgerin'. I figgered about de hard work, an' you figgered money. You figgered de tin hen hatch out a hund'ed pullets—set down fifty dollahs an' go ahaid. You had de place knee deep in chickens an' money befo' I figgered out whah us could pay fo' de fust bushel of cawn. You drome a dream right afteh dat, whah you had a chicken ranch runnin' all de way f'm Lost Angeles to Sam Framcisco. Money rattlin' into a big iron tank. You standin' at de spigot. Figgered yo'self a new suit of clothes an' yaller shoes ev'y week, an' a solid gold collar fo' dat dog-gone mascot goat. Dat's all you figgered. Mighty fine mascot in de fust place. All he done was git in de cawn box an' eat up de pullet rations fo' ten days. All dat mascot is brought us so fur is trouble."

Over in the corner, awakened by Demmy's vehemence, Lily, the mascot goat, opened one eye and emitted a heart-felt denial. "Blah-h!" protested Lily.

"Dat's right, Lily; speak up agin dis sawed-off reptile." The Wildcat lent the mascot a little moral support, and then to Demmy: "Nemmine 'bout no mo' langwidge. Us is gwine to be drownded mighty sudden in a ocean of rav'nous chickens, 'less you does whut I says, an' does it quick. Hand me dat dollah bill an' stay heah whilst I gits out an' ovehtakes Lady Luck."

"Whut you aim to do?"

"Whut does I always do? I comes home wid money when I goes out wid Lady Luck. Dat's whut I does. Hand me dat dollah, an' I takes it down to a place I knows an' builds it up into mo' money dan you kin carry. How come you's so tight wid a dollah? Hand it oveh heah to me befo' I mingles you wid de scen'ry! I ain't no savage, but Ise sot. Gimme dat money an' I starts my prowl!"

Something in the Wildcat's voice accomplished the one-dollar conquest. "Heah you is, Wilecat. Whah does you aim to prowl?"

"Aims to prowl whah de sevens an' 'levens is bloomin' in Lady Luck's garden, waitin' to git reaped. Ise still got my dice. Dey is famished fo' a frolic. Guard dat mascot goat whilst I trolleys to town. Does I meet up wid Lady Luck I flies back heah in a million-dollah airplane an' swoops down like a solid gold hawk lookin' fo' a li'l' black bear by de name of Demmy."

"Take de flivveh, Wilecat; make betteh time."

"Don't want no flivveh clutterin' up my way. Takes de trolley. Take care of Lily; Ise on my way. Dig a grave fo' Ol' Man Trouble whilst Ise gone. Us gwine to funeralize him when I gits back!"

With hope in his heels the Wildcat began his march to victory. He walked two miles, and rested then, in an ornate little station erected at a transfer point where two

interurban electric lines crossed and tangled in a competition for passenger traffic.

The Wildcat hunted around on the ground for a while until he found a new-looking discarded transfer.

"Saves me dis dollah widout bustin' it fo' de fust pass," he resolved. "Like mighty well to use me ten cents fo' a bottle of dat good cold sody pop."

He twined his fingers in the back hair of his vision of good cold soda and dragged it away from temptation by main strength. He lifted his eyes to the heated heavens. "Sho gittin' warmed up in dis valley," he commented. Then, sighting a barrier of clouds in the distance, "Mebby gwine to have a thundeh storm befo' night. Dog-gone it, wisht we had thundehstorms ev'y day to cool things off like dey got in de South."

The gong of a crossing signal interrupted his mental travels, and a moment later a three-car electric train screeched to a stop beside him.

He got into the first car and sat down beside an open window. "Lawdy, dat breeze sho feels good," he said. He stuck his head out of the window and enjoyed the rush of air until the conductor terminated that pastime.

"Pull your neck in there, son, before you hit a pole and git your head knocked off."

"Yass, suh, cap'n, Ise pullin'. Heah's my ticket." The Wildcat suffered a moment of anxiety while the conductor inspected the transfer. You never could tell about railroad tickets and trolley transfers. Some of the freshest-looking slips of paper often turned out to be stale walking tickets. The conductor pocketed the green slip and the Wildcat breathed a little prayer of thankfulness to Lady Luck. "Dat's de fust battle wid Ol' Man Trouble, an' us won it."

His fingers sought the twin cubes nestling in the watch pocket of his pants. "Dice, git hot," he prayed. "De battle is due mighty sudden now, an' you got to win!"

The following minutes were longer than minutes usually are, but presently, in the back room of the Sunkist Social and Industry Club, the battle of the bouncing bones was on.

"Gimme elbone room, brotheh," the Wildcat demanded, limbering up his right arm. "Shoots a dollah. Fade me whilst I rubs, rolls an' reveals. Showeh down on dat dollah bill! Dese frog dice is agile an' dey craves to leap!"

"Lemme see dem dice." A skeptic delayed the opening gun of the Wildcat's war with a heart-breaking demand.

"Lawd gosh, brotheh, an' me at de sizzlin' point! Look 'em oveh. Dem dice is human."

The skeptic tossed the twin cubes back to the Wildcat. "Dey looks all right," he said, covering the Wildcat's dollar bill. "Roll 'em, brotheh! Roll 'em an' regret!"

"Bones, feel yo' fever. Hen dice, hatch yo' money eggs—wham! An' de seven luck seeds is planted on top! Shoots two dollahs. Showeh down yo' money, brothehs. Ise seeded wid sevens an' I aims to sprout."

"Sprout an' bloom, fool; you's faded wid de gambler's curse." A two-dollar bill fluttered to the floor.

"Git de hearse fo' de gambler's curse. Bones, perdooce fo' de dooce. Twin cubes, git yo' twin dollahs. Wham! An' I reads—six-ace! Six-ace ain't no disgrace. Us handed de reverse to de gambler's curse. Fo' dollahs on de flo', friends! Rally round de cash quartet! Fade me, somebody! Fo' dollahs open like de pearly gates!"

"Roll 'em, big talk! You's faded!" A ponderous victim on the Wildcat's right dropped four silver dollars into the arena.

"Lady Luck, rally round. Dey's a silver linin' in de thundeh cloud. Hambone babies, drip yo' soup! Lemme see de pay-day freckles on yo' face. Ramblin' reapers, harvest yo' heaven. Bacon bones, git yo' side meat. Luck eggs, hatch a nach'ral! Wham! An' I reads—five-three on de Crismuss tree. Big eight, don't stay late. Bam! An' all I see is six-three. Pullet bones, fly an' flutteh; shrink a single. Eight is my point. Jury dice, speak yo' verdick—wham! An' de ol' sheriff got a six-dooce in de calaboose! . . . Hot dam, breth'en, rally at de money meetin'. Eight dollahs on de flo'. Showeh down, brothehs, an' I rolls some mo'."

A ten-dollar bill fluttered to the floor.

"You gits two dollahs change. Git it whilst de gittin' is easy." The Wildcat picked up two dollars and handed them to the optimist. "Bonus bones, sixteen dollahs waitin' fo' de verdick. Jelly dice, tremble me a six-ace! Ice dice, let de sun in heaven melt you 'leven. Rainbow babies, sixteen dollahs in de pot of gold! Spark an' sputteh—wham! An' both bar'ls in de spot gun shoots 'leven! Dere you is, folks. I drags down a dollah so de figgers comes easy. Shoots fifteen dollahs. Enny boy! Ain't nobody got no mo' money? Fifteen dollahs on de flo'. Pay day bound to come some day. Mebby it's you an' mebby it's me. Neveh kin tell. Showeh down, brothehs; fifteen dollahs mebby gwine to change hands mighty sudden."

"Roll 'em, fool. You cain't live fo'eveh. You is faded."

The Wildcat smiled a faint smile and breathed a hot breath of hope on the twin cubes nested in his purple palm. "Orphan babies, Ise yo' pappy," he whispered. "Git hot!"

Then, chanting his battle cry: "C. O. D. means 'come on dice'! Eagle bones, fly high. Start yo' big parade wid e-o-leven. Battle dice, boom yo' big guns. Whah at's de cap'n wid de six lootenants? Double time wid de burglar side up—wham! An' dey's a five-three on de Crismuss tree. Lazy eight, don't be late. Take yo' pick. Craves me a fo' an' a fo', a six-dooce—come eight! An' dey reads ten. Come along, eight, tell me when. Judge dice, whut's de sentence? Whuf! An' de fo' comes th'ough de do'! Li'l' rav'nous ramblers, you is earned yo' rations!"

The Wildcat picked up the thirty dollars and began an ornate farewell. "Gents," he said, "us an' de cubes is much obliged fo' de ——"

"Nemmine whut you is much obliged fo'. You mean you ain't gwine to shoot no mo'?"

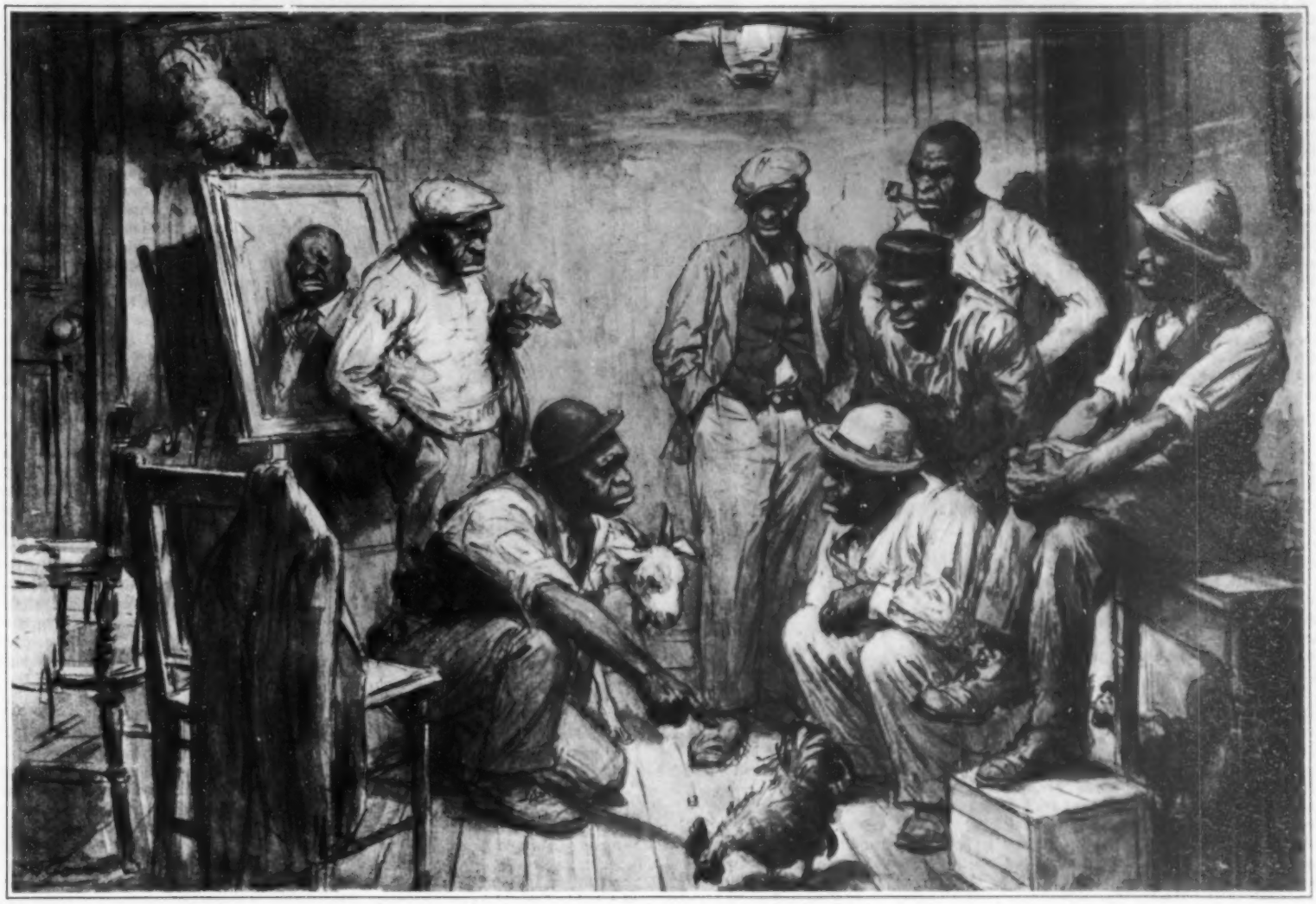
The Wildcat faced the speaker, who stood a foot higher than a big man. "Outweighs me by two hund'ed pounds. Ain't no use tryin' nuthin'. Whut if I cuts him in two—eitheh half could run me ragged." Aloud: "I was jus' foolin'. I shoots de thutty dollahs if ennybody heah kin cover it. Rally round, brothehs. Shootin' thutty dollahs."

"Roll 'em, retreater, you's faded." The ponderous objector covered the Wildcat's bet with three ten-dollar bills, which he peeled from a roll the size of his arm.

"Lawdy, dat's some bank roll!" the Wildcat observed pleasantly. "Us sez you kin cover dat li'l' ol' thutty-dollah bet!"

Suddenly Lady Luck's favorite drooped with the premonition of Ol' Man Trouble's presence. "Dog-gone it, Ise coolin' off. Dey's a iceberg on my fever. Nobody kin

(Continued on Page 131)



"De Fo'-Spot is in Lysander's Stummick Right Dis Minnit! Post-Mo'tem Dat Rooster's Vitals an' I Shows You de Fo'-Spot!"

A Real Tail on a Bronze Bull

By WELFORD BEATON

BILL BOYD, in The Flying Fool, loves Marie Prevost in a big-hearted way. He drives a pre-Reformation flivver, which shivers in ecstasy over the imminence of its final disintegration. He takes her in it to a flying field and drives right up to a sound camera before coming to a stop and shutting off the engine. For a decade or so we've been listening to the noise extravagances of the old-fashioned car and had become rather fed up on them, but Pathé, with the aid of the cinema's lately acquired and extraordinary sound device, makes a collection of the nerve-racking rattles and snorts and sells them to us as entertainment.

In Thunderbolt, Fay Wray and Dick Arlen meet, and later part, on a gravel walk. Joe von Sternberg, who directed the picture, spent a lot of expensive time capturing the noise of their footsteps. It took time, because the noise had to be manipulated at its source in such a way that it would sound like footsteps in gravel when it was reproduced in a motion-picture house.

Again Art was served. I don't know how it was served, but it must have been, for on what other grounds can you account for Paramount's action in making crunching gravel a component part of a screen-art creation?

Noise is put into pictures, our film barons will assure you, to make them more realistic. Merely seeing Bill Boyd and Marie Prevost arriving at a flying field is not enough; we must hear every rattle and bang of their conveyance. I am not sure what feature of the scene it is that is made more realistic by the sound. My eyes tell me that Bill and Marie have arrived in an ancient car, and as the fact of their arrival is all that matters in the story, I fail to see how the noise does anything but remind us of something we've been trying to forget ever since Lizzie became Elizabeth. The sound of the gravel in the other picture is realistic. No one will deny that. Being realistic, it must add realism to something—but to what? To the gravel path. The purpose of the scene is to acquaint us with the status of the romance of the young people, and the director makes the gravel path its outstanding feature.

A Mentality Test

IN ONE silent picture, name forgotten, Henry King, the director, shows us a honeysuckle-covered veranda upon which grandma is dozing in a rocker. Little Buster—the little devil!—comes out of the house and marches around her, beating a toy drum with one hand, and with the other holding a tin horn to his lips. Grandma says something to him, he replies to her and scampers down the steps and across the lawn. Now I hope you will understand that it is with a feeling of modesty—although my words may give you the impression that I am boasting of my extraordinary intellectual attainments—that I tell you that I think I got the idea that the director was trying to put over. When the boy beat the drum it made a noise; he could be holding the horn to his lips only for the purpose of blowing it, and blowing it would produce a noise, which, united with the noise of the drum, woke grandma up. You follow me? I'm not going too fast? Grandma would not like to be wakened up so uproariously, and what I imagine she said to Buster was, "You little devil, if you don't stop that racket, I'll knock your block off!" What the nice-looking young mother in the seat in front of me probably imagined grandma said was, "Angel face shouldn't make so much noise. Won't he be a nice little boy and go away so granny can sleep?" I imagine Buster's reply was: "Aw, go on, you mean old thing," while the young mother no doubt thought he said, "Certainly, granny, I'll go away." Thus for the both of us—for the young mother and me—the scene was perfect because our imaginations supplied the quality that made it perfect.

Then came the talkies.

If King had made his picture as a talkie I would have been saved the mental strain involved in the process of reasoning that the drum and the horn made a noise. I would hear the noise, and the noise would make the scene more realistic. Again I say I don't understand how it makes it any more realistic, but who am I that I should challenge the assertion of the makers of our pictures? I merely am one of those who pay to support them. The conversation, of course, would make the scene more realistic. The speeches that made the scene perfect for the young mother and me would be supplanted by different ones that the dialogue writer's conception of the characters of grandma and Buster would demand. The producer of the picture could tell us to leave our imaginations at home, for with sound and dialogue coming from the screen, there no longer was any reason for taking them with us when we went to see his latest example of the cinematic art. We liked his silent pictures because our imaginations provided at least half the entertainment, because they were his partner in making the pictures successful. Now he turns his back on the partner; he tells us that with conversation and noise he will supply the quality that formerly was the product of the exercise of our imaginations. For phantasy he has substituted fact, which he calls realism.

But this realism thing isn't to be sneezed at. If it will do for screen art, there is no reason why the other arts should not borrow it. Take sculpture. Let us suppose that Chicago wishes to grace its lake front with a monument to its packing industry. It employs the services of a sculptor who molds a noble group containing a cow, a bull and a calf. The work is done beautifully, and against the evening sky the bronze animals stand out with a lifelike quality that marks the sculptor as a master of his art. But someone gets an idea. He sees an opening for a little realistic touch that the sculptor has overlooked. Obtaining the necessary supplies at the stockyards, he substitutes real tails for the bronze tails on the three animals, and adorns the heads of the bull and the cow with real horns in place of the bronze ones.

FOX PICTURE

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

The Movement of the Crowd, the Shimmering Light on the Water Sustain the Flow of Motion in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Black Pirate." In Oval—"In Old Arizona" Was a Successful Dialogue Picture Because Director Irving Cummings Had a Background of Movement in His Natural Settings

Doubts

NO ONE can deny that this will add realism to the sculptor's work. A real tail must of necessity look more like a tail than one made of bronze; and no sculptor can make bronze horns that look as real as real horns. But, somehow or other, as the bronze bovine family looked out across the lake in the evening light, there would be something incongruous about the gently waving tails, something that did not fit into the picture even if the tails were kept fresh.

And the dubious shaking of cinematic heads in New York, the money center, and in Hollywood, the art center, is caused by the film industry's doubts about its wisdom in having put a real tail on its bronze bull.

The backbone of any business like that of manufacturing films is not the few large orders from its big customers; it is the many small orders from its small customers. Little picture houses all over the country are closing at an alarming rate. The owners of many of them cannot afford to install sound-reproducing equipment, and many of those

who have made the investment find that they cannot operate at a profit on account of the high price of dialogue pictures. This merely means that in the latter instances the public is not patronizing the new form of entertainment sufficiently to make it pay. Another straw that makes the producers wonder if they have estimated correctly the direction of the wind is the overwhelming vote in favor of silent pictures wherever the public has been given an opportunity to register its preference. In Hollywood, where this is written, the feeling in favor of the old kind of screen entertainment that was responsible for Hollywood's being is particularly strong. Everyone is busy making talking pictures, but it is hard to find anyone who likes them. The student body of a Hollywood high school voted on talking versus silent pictures and the talkies got but one vote.

Mention to the heads of the producing organizations the unpopularity of the talkies and they will ascribe it to anything except the talkies themselves. Poor projection is the excuse offered most often. Unquestionably this has something to do with it. I saw Interference in a projection room on the Paramount lot. In reviewing it I wrote in praise of the fine quality of the voice of William Powell. A woman who later saw the picture wrote me that she thought Powell's voice was poor, that she scarcely could make out what he said. The voice being the same in both instances, the projection in the second instance was faulty to a degree that made the public dissatisfied with the picture. In a Pathé projection room I saw half of Strange Cargo and was impressed particularly with the faithfulness with which the voices were recorded. Later I saw the entire picture in a theater and could not catch half the lines. Poor projection again. Possibly every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has had difficulty in following dialogue in some of the pictures he has seen. In every instance it is safe to presume that when any one of such pictures left Hollywood its sound track was in perfect condition to permit of clear and distinct reproduction.

PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"Charming Sinners" is a Brilliant Screen Offering But Robert Milton Makes it a Photographed Play by Grouping His Characters as They Would be Grouped on the Stage

PATHÉ PICTURE

William Boyd, Marie Prevost and the Noisy Car, in "The Flying Fool"

The Silent Vote

IN A DESPERATE attempt to save talking pictures from the menace to their popularity that lurks in poor projection, some of the producing organizations maintain crews which travel throughout the country instructing projectionists in the proper method of operating their machines, but this offers no permanent solution of the problem, for sound tracks wear out and the trained projectionists do not always stay on the jobs.

"We are doing no more business now than we used to do with the silent pictures," an executive of an organization that operates several score theaters said to me. "We are taking in the same amount of money, but our expenses are much heavier; consequently our profits are reduced. I can quite understand why so many of the small, independent owners have to shut their houses, as the difference between what they have to pay for talking pictures and the smaller sum that they had to pay for their silents just about represents their margin of profit. The business has been taken out of our hands. Without giving us a chance of ascertaining if our customers really wanted talking pictures, the producers arbitrarily unload them on us and charge us more for them than their drawing power justifies. We conducted a poll in all our houses after we had been showing talking pictures for four or five months. You may remember seeing our advertisements. We asked the public to tell us which it preferred, talkies or silents. Well, you never saw any announcement of the result of the vote, did you? You never will. If we had made it public it would have shown that the overwhelming majority of our patrons wanted silent pictures, and we had no such pictures to offer them."

PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Jeanne Eagels on the Witness Stand in "The Letter," a Satisfying Photographed Play, But Not a Motion Picture

Home Again

"WHEN we complain to the producers that we are not doing enough business to justify what they charge us for their pictures, they claim that our projection is poor, that we are driving our customers away because we are not showing our pictures to the best advantage. That may be a contributing reason, but it is not the principal reason. The motion-picture business was built mainly by its ability to do things that the stage cannot do, and now it has taken to photographing only the things that are done on the stage. The business was made prosperous by the wide pictorial sweep of its camera, by its representation of elemental emotions in elemental surroundings, by its ability to bring to people the things they knew something about and to tell with them intimate stories into which the average person could project himself. Now what are we getting? Murder trials, speak-easies, backstage life, bootleggers, song writers, hoofers, gangsters. We've had some excellent talking pictures, such as Madame X, The Letter, Fashions in Love, Bulldog Drummond, but they are not paying their way in the smaller theaters because they merely are photographed plays and not motion pictures. The business will not be prosperous again until it resumes making motion pictures, and I am beginning to feel that the only real motion picture is the silent one."

Exhibitors all over the country report that talking shorts—not loud underwear, but the one and two reel films that are used to fill out programs—are flops; an expressive word that the show business uses to designate complete failures. The public does not like them and the high-priced vaudeville artists who were brought to Hollywood to appear in them are drifting back to Broadway in carload lots. Clark and McCullough in the flesh are favorites on Broadway, but their shadows are spurned by Main Street. The same can be said of two score other Broadway favorites. Main Street does not like them because it wants motion pictures, and the vaudeville artists are not appearing in motion pictures but are merely being photographed doing their stage acts or variations of them. As soon as it acquired its ability to talk, the screen seemed to lose its ability to think. It imagined it had become a new art so closely akin to that of the stage that it could express itself only with the assistance of stage-trained writers, directors and actors. The migration to Hollywood was terrific. I live in Beverly Hills and I have to exercise care in backing a car out of my garage to avoid running over someone who is famous on Broadway. Before

(Continued on Page 136)

WIVES NEVER TELL

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

EUSTACE GRANT was a man of fixed habits and prejudices. One of these was a strenuous objection to receiving anyone connected with the little band of supercrooks over which he presided, at his Berkeley Square flat; another was to retire to bed three times a week at half-past ten. Consequently, when his servant announced a visitor at five minutes before that hour on a night when he had no engagements and had already lit his last cigarette before turning in, he was annoyed.

"Who is it, Brooks?" he asked, stretching out his hand to the drawer of his writing table from long-established custom.

"Doctor Bradman, sir."

Grant left the gun undisturbed.

"You can show him in," he directed briefly.

Bradman, as spick and span as ever, with tired eyes and listless manner, sauntered into the room.

"Sorry, major," he apologized. "I know you don't like being disturbed here, but I had to see you. I want to go out tomorrow evening."

The Girl's Voice and Manner Affected Him Amazingly. His Whole Being Was Absorbed in Listening

"Rather sudden, isn't it?"

Bradman nodded.

"The thing's just happened that way," he explained. "Tomorrow's indicated."

"Local?"

"Hampstead. I've been trying to persuade a pal of mine who has a small practice up there to let me in on a stunt I've figured out for months. He only made up his mind this evening. Tomorrow has to be the day."

"Want any help?"

"Not even a get-away. It's a quiet affair, but if it turns out as I hope, it may put me in the running for the big prize."

Grant raised his eyebrows.

"Tomorrow night's yours then," he consented. "Have a drink before you go?"

Bradman shook his head.

"No, thanks. I know your habits, and I'm off. As we are alone though for a minute, I should like just one private word with you, major."

"Go ahead."

"It's about Nick of New York."

"Well?"

"That proposal of his involves us in a huge gamble, doesn't it? Do you think he'll bring in the Clarence diamond?"

Grant considered his reply carefully.

"I do not," he decided. "I tell you frankly, doctor, that if I thought he had the ghost of a chance I should abandon my own enterprise. I like Nick all right, and we've made him very welcome over here, but I've no fancy for seeing him become a millionaire at our expense. That's why I'm rather glad he's chosen an impossible task."

"You think he'll be trapped?" Bradman asked, a note of eagerness underlying his lazy tone.

Eustace Grant departed from his usual custom. He lit another cigarette, pressed a drink upon his visitor, and helped himself from the sideboard.

"I don't fancy you've ever cottoned to our friend Nick," he observed, watching his visitor keenly.

Bradman hesitated.

"I can't tell you exactly what the feeling is I have with regard to him. I certainly don't dislike him. He's done some very neat, small work for us, but I have a sort of anxiety about him I can't put into words."

"Do your best," Grant begged.

"Well, I think I'm a little afraid of him," Bradman continued. "He never seems to make a mistake. If he should happen to bring off this Clarence diamond affair, he'd have the laugh on us for the rest of our lives. They wouldn't forget to rub it in from the other side, and somehow or other I can't help feeling that he's got some devilish scheme at the back of his mind that's going to give him a chance."

"Well?"

Bradman shrugged his shoulders.

"I ask myself," he continued, "what's the use of my risking my life and liberty just to enrich our friend Nick Conklin."

"There's a fine of five hundred pounds if you don't go out before the end of next week," Grant reminded him.

"Just so," Bradman acquiesced, "but, after all, five hundred pounds isn't a great deal of money."

"If you want my advice," Grant declared, "you'd better go on with your enterprise. The terms were we were all to go out once. The others have mostly come up to the scratch, and we must do the same. It wouldn't be playing the game to shirk."

"Very well," Bradman agreed. "I obey orders."

He paused to finish his whisky and soda. Both men were fully conscious of a lurking sense of reserve in the air—something which neither of them cared to put into plain words. The doctor set down his empty tumbler and took the plunge.

"Major," he asked, "if Nick Conklin should happen to bring off this coup, should you consider that we were reasonable people if we allowed an American to despoil us to such an extent?"

"I find that an awkward question, doctor," Grant admitted cautiously.

"It's one which we shall very soon have to face."

"It seems to me that we all opened our mouths rather too wide that night," Grant acknowledged. "Still, there it is, we accepted the challenge, and you know our motto—Crooks pay. We've got to keep our word."

"You are certainly right, major," Bradman agreed. "We opened our mouths too wide, but whose fault was it? Who got us boasting about ourselves and our exploits, and what we could do? Why, that fellow Conklin. He worked for it deliberately."

"You may be right," Grant confessed. "He's a conceited little devil himself. He got us going that night all right."

Bradman's speech became slower than ever. It was almost a drawl, but a very impressive one.

"On reflection, the thing seems to me absurd. Seven of us are to go out, and risk our lives, and bring in—well, just consider what there is in now. There are the Reinberg stones, worth at least forty thousand pounds, a hundred thousand dollars in American bills which Chaplain Lane retrieved, the Ranee's jewels from the museum, which might be worth anything between forty and fifty thousand pounds, and the balance of Mat's haul, after we've settled with his widow. There alone is a fortune, major, which surely should belong to one of us, and not to a perfect stranger. Crooks pay all right. But I can't see the fun of risking my life or parting with all that loot to an outsider—especially as I think that he has something up his sleeve."

"What could he have up his sleeve?" Grant queried.

Bradman hesitated. He splashed a little more soda water into his glass and toyed with a cigarette.

"He's too friendly with Miss Dring for my fancy," he confided. "I've seen them out together more than once. Miss Dring amuses herself with us, but she belongs, when she chooses to take her place, to the class of person who has the entrée to Clarence House. She may know something and be standing in with Conklin. We don't want them to walk off together and have the laugh of us, do we? That's why I say that our motto was meant to apply among ourselves, and not to a casual visitor."

There was a quick gleam in Grant's eyes, the springing into life of an agreeable idea.

"Very well put, doctor," he murmured. "Nick, after all, is an American and a foreigner. I must look up the rules. An honorary member, that is what Nick of New York is. If he brings in the Clarence diamond and claims the booty, we shall have to consider the matter from that point of view."

Bradman smiled to himself as he took his leave and went happily into the night.

Less than twenty-four hours later the doctor's enterprise was definitely launched, and he himself, with a black bag in each hand, was waiting before the front door of an

inhospitable-looking house in one of the less prosperous regions of Hampstead. The door was opened after a considerable delay by a young woman who was dressed for the street.

"What did you want?" she asked, without any particular effort at courtesy.

"This is No. —— Myrtle Street, isn't it?" he inquired. "A Mr. Lazenby telephoned to Doctor Hammond, asking him to call."

" I didn't know Mr. Lazenby had telephoned, and you aren't Doctor Hammond anyway," the girl rejoined suspiciously.

"Of course I'm not," was the terse reply. "But I'm Doctor Hammond's *locum tenens*, if you know what that is. Doctor Hammond is away for the day—perhaps for several days."

The girl permitted him to enter, but seemed still dubious.

"I don't think Mr. Lazenby will care to see any other doctor," she objected.

"Please show me the way to his room," Bradman insisted. "I can soon find out whether he requires medical attendance or not."

She led him up the dark, unpleasant staircase and opened the door of a room on the first landing. Bradman followed her into a dreary and meagerly furnished little apartment. An elderly man was sitting up in a plain iron bedstead, reading a newspaper. He scowled over the top of it at the two intruders.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

"I'm taking Doctor Hammond's place for a few days," Bradman explained. "He asked me to look in and see you this evening. As a matter of fact, I think you telephoned, but I was coming in any case."

The man on the bed shook his paper vigorously.

"I telephoned for Doctor Hammond if he happened to be passing—not unless—just if he happened to be passing. I didn't require a professional visit at all."

"That's quite all right," Bradman assured him with a smile. "Doctor Hammond's down in Brighton, and may be there for several days. He told me you were a special patient, and even if you didn't ring up, I was to drop in and see you."

"I can't afford two doctors," the man on the bed declared. "Doctor Hammond is very dear—very dear indeed."

"Well, I am not," Bradman confided. "In fact, I don't make any charge at all for these odd visits."

The old man nodded his head in mollified fashion.

"No charge at all?" he repeated.

"None whatever."

"You can leave us," Mr. Lazenby told the girl. "I will talk to this gentleman for a few minutes. You heard what he said. No charge at all. Very reasonable, I am sure."

"Can I go out for half an hour?" she asked.

"Not longer," the old man stipulated. "Don't forget the key."

The girl departed, after a curious glance at Bradman. The latter, fresh from the ministrations of the coiffeur and general disguiser of Flood's Club, endured her scrutiny with indifference.

"What have you got in those two bags?" Mr. Lazenby demanded as she closed the door.

"Medicines in one and surgical instruments in the other," was the brief reply. "Now let's see what the trouble is with you today. Let me feel your pulse."

The man on the bed held out his wrinkled wrist.

"It's my heart I'm worried about," he confided. "I shall welcome a second opinion, doctor. Our friend Hammond is very sound, I am sure, but a little hasty."

The doctor had forgotten none of the old tricks. His touch was light and skillful, his tone soothing. As soon as he had concluded his examination, he opened the smaller of his black bags, produced a bottle, poured out a dose from it into a medicine glass and brought it to the bedside.

"I do not, as a rule, prescribe drugs, Mr. Lazenby," he said, "but I find yours a very interesting case, and with interesting possibilities. Your heart, in effect, is quite sound, but you have one slight weakness which is entirely curable. In three weeks you will be a strong man. Drink this in one draft, if you can."

Mr. Lazenby obeyed orders and chuckled as he sank back among the pillows.

"Very good news, doctor," he declared. "I always thought that I ought to have a second opinion. Hammond—very good fellow—old-fashioned."

He closed his eyes and slept peacefully.

Bradman listened for a moment to his breathing and then picked up the larger of his two bags. With it in his hand he turned toward the narrow wardrobe, scarcely wider than a grandfather's clock, which stood by the bedside. He examined and felt it over from top to bottom, his fingers straying down the paneled fronts, and he only smiled when the chink of metal responded to the tap of his finger nails. A moment later the bag was open upon the floor and its marvelous rows of silver-bright burglarious implements flashed in the electric light. Bradman got to work. The old man slept.

It was a longer job than Bradman had imagined, but it came to an end at last. The heavy door had been swung open long ago. It was the combination for the steel drawers which bothered him. At last they came like magic into his hands, opening as though they ran on velvet—and such an opening! The doctor felt his breath come quickly as he stared downward with glistening eyes. No troublesome bonds or shares, but bank notes—sheaves and rows of them—dollar bills in piles inches thick, *mille* notes of France in packets of fifty, drawer after drawer full. Hammond had told the plain, amazing truth. There wasn't a word of exaggeration. Currency! There it was in the notes of three countries! Hoardings as easily handled as the proverbial miser's gold. Bradman felt his eyes grow hot with desire, his fingers itch to commence their final task.

Then suddenly every nerve in his body was set shivering by that gruesome, familiar sound. He was back in the hospitals—the first man he had ever seen die. God, it had been like that! Raucous, hard, and gasping—the death rattle in an old man's throat! Lazenby had raised himself in the bed. His eyes, fixed upon the intruder, were wide open, full of venomous hatred, of fear, of despair; then the head fell back upon the pillow. The perspiration streamed from Bradman's forehead. He moved closer to the bedside, looking down at the crumpled-up figure. He knew quite well what had killed him—the shock of half waking and seeing his opened safe and exposed treasures. The doctor felt the heart by instinct, but he knew.

His brain worked quickly. There was no doubt but that the old man's death was due to shock. Hammond would

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Lazenby Had Raised Himself in the Bed. His Eyes, Fixed Upon the Intruder, Were Wide Open, Full of Venomous Hatred, of Fear

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IV

THE next morning when I got up I did not get into my work clothes at all. In fact I put on the best suit I had. I figured to walk out to the foundry and let the boss see at a glance what would take me a long time to explain to him. I figured that I would go right to his office and just kind of ease in and give him a flash at me all dressed up. Then I would not have to tell him I was not there for work. That would make things easier.

I got out to the plant about ten o'clock and there was about as much activity out there as there is in the choir room of a country church on any morning at half-past three. Even the ovens were running at low temperature and I could see that there would be no pour-off that day.

The watchman at the gate grinned at me when I went in. "Workin'men are as scarce around here," he said, "as doughnuts at a Rockefeller banquet. That Rafferty outin' gummed the works."

"Is the big boss here?" I asked.

"Yeah, he's in his office." Then he looked me over and he said, "Gee, Eddie, are you quittin', or gettin' married or somethin'?"

I just waved my hand at him and walked on toward the office. I looked through the glass partition and saw the boss in his private office looking over some papers. The office force was there; the typewriters were clattering pretty fast.

I said to the little blonde at the information desk, "Tell the boss I'd like to chin with him a minute, will you?"

She smiled and started toward the boss' office, but just then he looked up and saw me standing there waiting and a funny look came over his face. He raised his hand and motioned to me.

"Never mind," I said to the blonde as I trailed along after her. "He seen me an' he's callin' me in." She did a column left and I went right in on the green carpet and said, "Good mornin', boss." I had my hat in my hand and I tossed it up on the corner of his desk just to let him see where I stood.

"Good morning, Eddie," he said, his hands resting on the papers in front of him and his eyes turned right on me with the eyebrows lifted up so that his forehead wrinkled. "What's the big idea? Didn't any of the boys show up at all? Haven't you got anybody to work?"

"I got other things besides work on my chest this mornin', boss. Things are goin' pretty bad around here politically."

"What the hell do you know about politics?" he grinned at me. "Since you talked twice to Dan Rafferty, your chest is swelling out so you won't have a button on your vest."

"That's all right," I said. "I know what I'm doin' an' so does Dan. This political situation has got to be fixed up." The boss threw back his head and laughed. It was kind of a dirty laugh. It made me a little sore. "Before I'm done, you'll find out I'm right," I snapped at him. "Me an' Dan had a long talk last night and certain things has got to be pulled off right away."

He stopped laughing and looked at me a little puzzled. "Certain things? What do you mean—certain things?"

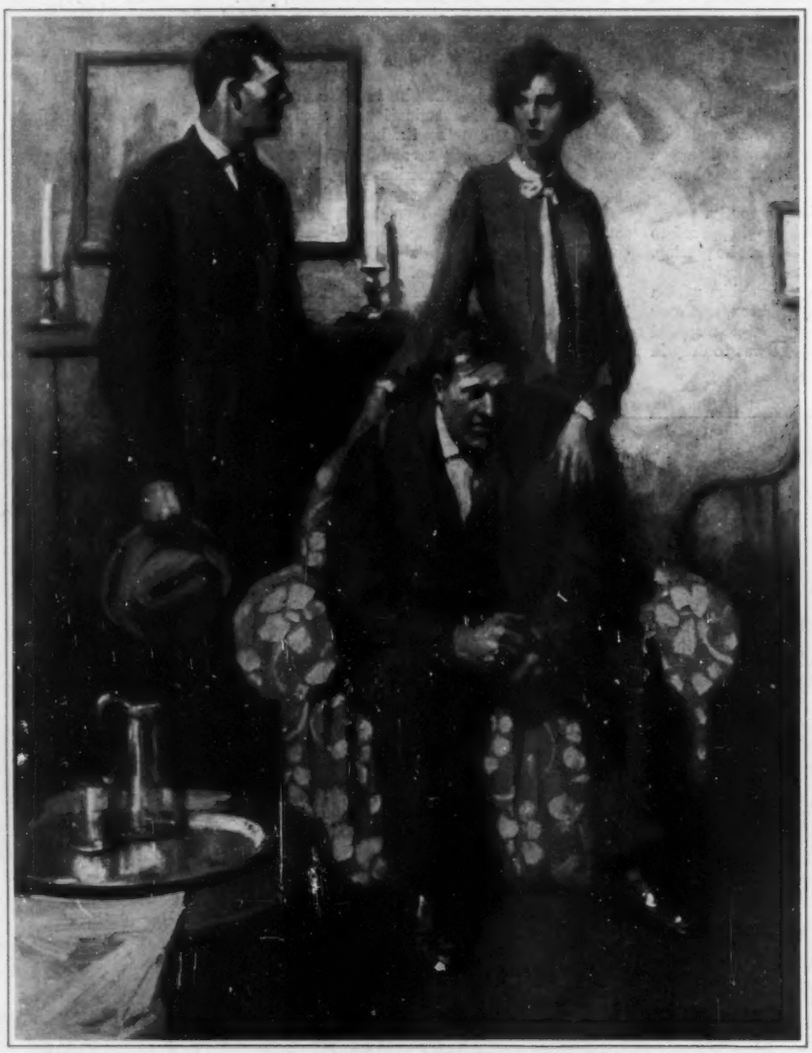
"Well," I answered, a little uncertain, now that I was right out in the front line and working entirely on my own, "certain people are trying to make trouble down here. If it comes to a political fight, you'll have plenty of trouble with unions—an' about everything else."

"What do you mean—trouble with unions?" he repeated.

"Well," I growled, "what would I mean when I say trouble with unions? The boys are goin' to get sore again. Certain people are comin' into this district to try an' break up the unions."

"Bunk!" the boss snapped.

"Well," I said, "I'm only tryin' to tell you." I tried to act like I was careless about it. Five hundred seemed a lot of money, now that I was away from Dan. I began to wonder if he wouldn't be satisfied with two-fifty. Fifty would satisfy me all right.



Dan Was Just Sitting There Very Quiet, With His Elbows on His Knees and His Fingers Twining and Untwining

"What's Rafferty been saying to you?" the boss wanted to know.

"It ain't only Rafferty," I said. "Dan is the political boss around here and he knows what's goin' on. You seen for yourself yesterday who he's in with."

"I've seen that for a long time," the boss grumbled. I did not like the way he said it.

"Well," I went on, "it ain't only Dan. There's got to be some kind of government, and fellers like you that has money an' get a lot of consideration from the government are got to take the responsibility of keepin' it goin'."

"A lot I get from the government!" the boss exploded. He stood up and pounded his hand on his desk so hard that some of the people outside the glass partition turned their heads and looked in. I figured they all thought I was getting a bawling out, and just to show them where I stood, I planked my hand down on the desk too and leaned across and looked the boss square in the eye. I said to him: "You'll get a lot from the government that you don't expect if certain people get away with things in this ward!"

For half a second I thought he was going to hit me with a paper weight and fire me off the lot. But pretty quick he bit his lips and looked at me and said, "Well, sit down, Eddie. I know you mean all right."

He sat down and so I took a chair across the desk from him. "I don't want no trouble, boss," I said, "but I'm in a position to know what's goin' on around here. I think enough of what I know so that I'm quittin' my job here in the foundry an' goin' out to work fer the boys."

That was the first political speech I ever made. When I boasted about it to Dan later on, he looked at me a minute and laughed and said:

"What the blazes! That's the first one I ever made—and the last one too! In whatever you say, Eddie, always be very strong fer the workin'man."

Anyway, it seemed to register with the boss, because he scratched his ear and drummed on the table and moved the papers in front of him.

Finally he opened a drawer in his desk and said, "Do you want a cigar, Eddie?"

I took a cigar and lit it up. It was a good smoke, but kind of hot and made my throat feel dry. I took a flash through the glass partition at some of the wise white-collar birds that had been looking at me. They showed their surprise at me sitting in there smoking the boss' cigars.

"So you are going to throw up your job here, Eddie?" the boss asked slowly.

"Yeah," I answered. "I'm goin' out and bust up the crooked political bunch that's tryin' to cut in on this ward."

"I see," he said quietly. "It's a crooked bunch that is coming in now, is it?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world."

"Well, that'll be new," he sneered. "Just what do you expect to do, Eddie, to break up this dark cloud that threatens our governmental security?"

I was not sure, but I began to think maybe he was kidding me a little and I wouldn't go for that. So I said straight from the shoulder, "I'm goin' to raise money so that we can show the voters just what certain people are tryin' to put over on 'em."

"Oh," he said, like he was pretending to be surprised, "it's money you are going after?"

"Well, we need some right now. Me an' Dan has talked this all over and we can't let no grass grow under our feet."

"No," he muttered, "I presume not. Just what are you raising this money for and how are you going to raise it, Eddie?"

"Well, we're raising it to protect the organization here in the ward."

"I thought you were going to protect the workingman?"

"The organization does that. Bust up the organization an' the workin'man suffers. It's our friends that'll benefit in the long run. Gee, boss, that's life, ain't it?"

"Oh, I see," he said again. "Well, how are you going to raise the money?"

I Walked Very Slow Past the Steps of Her House and Looked Things Over Pretty Carefully

"That's where you come in," I busted out.

"Yep," he snapped, "that's just where I figured I came in."

"Sure! Dan told me to come to you and explain this situation."

"Why didn't Dan come himself?"

"Because Dan is a very busy man. We can't do too much talkin' about this thing right now, boss. But I'm tellin' you that we're givin' you a chance to chip in five hundred bucks an' save yourself a good many thousand. We're goin' to prevent lots of labor troubles. Besides that, if the people who are against us ever get into power, you'll have to put all your electric wires four inches away from the walls."

"What the devil are you talking about?" the boss asked.

"I'm only tellin' you," I repeated, "you'll have to put 'em all four inches away from the wall." To save my life I could not think of that word they had to be put into.

The boss looked at me and said, "What has Rafferty been telling you?"

Creedon

"Just what I'm tellin' you," I said to him very firmly—"at least four inches. An' think what it'd cost you if you had to raise the roof!"

The boss moved the papers around again and looked at me kind of funny and said, "Eddie, are you still on that outing? Do you know what you are talking about at all?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world I know!" I said. "Dan an' me talked this all over last night after the outin', when Dan found out all the schemin' that was goin' on. I ain't as good with words as Dan is, but the fact is that you simply got to kick in with five hundred fer our fund. If you don't, new guys will have the political jobs around here, an' then you'll be up against raisin' the foundry roof higher from the ovens an' doin' that four-inch thing to the wires.

"Don't get the idea that I like this business o' puttin' the buzzer on you fer dough, boss. I don't. You been decent enough to me an' I like you fine. I figger it's fer your own good."

"I see," the boss said slowly. "Another of these back-tax things? Suppose that I do give the five hundred, Eddie, does that mean that I won't have to raise the roof and go over the electric system?"

"Well, you know Dan," I answered. "As long as Dan's in power, you won't even have to put fire escapes on the office building. Dan an' me are your friends, an' naturally we figger you want to help keep us in power."

The boss whistled and clicked his teeth a little bit and said something I did not understand; but I knew about what it was from the look on his face.

"You can see for yourself that we're offerin' you a chance to save yourself a lot of dough," I explained.

"But suppose I give the five hundred and Rafferty is licked—what am I to expect then?"

"Who could lick Rafferty?" I asked. "I mean, who could if he's got the money to fight with? There ain't no two ways about it, boss. You better kick in on this thing, an' so had lots of other people, because if you don't, there's goin' to be a real old-time political row in this ward. We'll be tied up with strikes an' everythin' else. I ain't as good with words as Dan is, an' I can't make you see it like he could, but ——"

"I see it all right," the boss grumbled. "The trouble is he is right too. I want to play along with you and Dan, because I know I've got to. The kick right now seems to be that my plant does not conform to the law. They forget that it did when it was built. Even if it did this minute, and I tried to fight this gang, the tail would wag the dog right away, because the law would not conform to my plant. Fellows like Rafferty have a way of changing laws and regulations so that nothing ever conforms to them.

"But you better tell Rafferty when you give him this money, Eddie, that this makes eight hundred dollars in the last few weeks. There can't be any more for a good time to come."

I was pretty excited, because I saw that the five hundred was in, and I knew I could go back to Dan and collect one hundred for myself. Also, it gave me confidence to get this over with my old boss. I began to think of all the business people around the district and what a rosy time Dan and me could work out for ourselves.

But I knew I would have to remember that word "conduit." If a fellow is going to be a politician, he has got to be a gentleman and well educated and all that. The bum that can't talk good English is especially handicapped in politics in our district, because he is too much like the fellows he has to con.

"Yes," the boss was saying, "I will go for the five hundred, but you can take it from me that's the end for a good long time to come. And you can tell Rafferty for me, I expect him to be my friend. He ought to keep the unions from kicking up and keep the boys in the plant here convinced that they've got good jobs and are getting a square deal."

"Sure thing," I agreed. "Dan'll do that all right."

Then the boss leaned over and pushed a little button on his desk and a girl came in. He looked at me while she stood there, and said, "How do you want this check payable, Eddie?"

Well, I had not thought about that. Right away it came to me that if it was payable to Dan Rafferty I might not get my hundred. And if it was payable to me it might never show that Dan Rafferty got the money, and if there was ever any trouble I might be in a jam.

So I said, "Boss, you better make it payable to the Dan Rafferty Voters League."

He nodded and said to the girl, "Draw a check payable to the Dan Rafferty Voters League for five hundred dollars and enter it as a contribution for political campaign funds. Please bring the check right back."

The girl went out. She was a pretty little thing and she had some kind of perfume that smelled very nice. I felt very good about the check and maybe she looked prettier than she was. Maybe the perfume smelled better on that account. Anyway, I turned and looked after her as she walked down an aisle between rows of desks and went over to a screen. I watched her while she talked to a funny-looking little runt in there. I saw him nod his head at her, and he did not have any hair except right around his ears, and back of his right ear he had a long pen stuck. He looked like a cartoon, but the girl did not laugh at him.

"Who's that little kid?" I asked the boss. He was fumbling with his papers again.

He said, "That's my secretary."

"What's her name?"

"Golden."

"Darned if she ain't," I muttered.

"What did you say?" the boss asked.

"She's a nice-lookin' girl," I answered.

"She is a nice girl too," he said—"a mighty nice girl."

And then I just sat there and I puffed at the cigar, which had gone out, while the boss looked over some of the papers on his desk. Finally he looked up and threw me a packet of matches. There was a funny little smile about his lips.

The Mayor

(Continued on Page 59)

GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

ONE of the greatest philosophers of our age, or of the age which is just passing away, has named as one of the chief elements of manhood the ability "to walk with kings, nor lose the common touch." According to that test, the manhood of George Harvey must stand full well approved. It is to be doubted whether any other American Ambassador in Great Britain ever walked more frequently and more closely with the King. It is not to be doubted that none ever retained for himself a larger measure of that common touch which kept him in unimpaired sympathy with democracy, and which enabled him to shake hands with the King as man with man, and unobtrusively but most effectively to remind the most glittering galaxy of starred and gartered nobles that "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that."

A noteworthy and quite unique illustration of his sturdy loyalty to democracy—and to America—came early in his ambassadorial career. In the latter part of June, 1921, he received a formal presentment, bearing the royal arms, setting forth that:

The Lord Steward is commanded by Their Majesties to invite His Excellency the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey to a Banquet at Buckingham Palace in Honor of Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, on Monday, the Fourth of July, 1921, at 8:15 o'clock.

Upon which the casual visitor from Mars might have observed, "Here's a state of things!" For of course such an invitation was tantamount to a command. It had to be accepted. Almost anybody in the social world would have given his eyeteeth to be honored with such a summons. Decline it? Why, it simply wasn't done. And yet, to recall the exclamation at the Trenton hotel many years before, "George did it!"

A Royal Invitation Refused

A PRECEDENT was involved; and where should a precedent, in all the world, be more sacredly regarded than at the British Court, whose very foundation and capstone are precedent? It had for many years been the invariable rule for the American Ambassador or Minister to attend on the Fourth of July a dinner given by his compatriots in London, and to make an address appropriate to the occasion. And was this patriotic precedent to be set aside, even for the sake of two kings and two queens, albeit they were the very four most favorably regarded by the stern and unbending democracy of America? Not if George Harvey knew it. So, talking of precedents, he then and there not only maintained the old one but set a brand-new one, such as never had been so much as dreamed of in all the history of the British Court. Promptly and unhesitatingly he returned to the Master of the Household at Buckingham Palace his reply:

"It is with the deepest regret that the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey find themselves unable to accept the gracious invitation with which they have been honored by Their Majesties to meet Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians at a banquet at Buckingham Palace on Monday, the Fourth of July.

"For more than a century it has been the custom of citizens of the United States both at home and abroad to celebrate the Fourth of July, the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, as the natal day of the republic.

"For many years such celebration on the part of Americans residing in London, as in many other places throughout the world, has taken the form of a banquet, at which the United States Ambassador, in his official capacity, invariably makes an address to his fellow countrymen and invited guests.

"Conformably to this tradition, an exceptionally large number, including many official representatives of other countries, have signified their intention of attending the annual banquet, for which invitations were issued some weeks ago.

"With full appreciation of the great courtesy proffered, therefore, the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey cannot but feel constrained to forgo the distinguished privilege with which they have been honored by Their Majesties."

How would this be received? Harvey did not worry. It is quite possible that he "knew his king," for it had been observed that at his very first reception at court the King had engaged him in conversation two or three times as long as he ever had any other foreign envoy. However that may be, the answer came back from the Master of the Household: "*My dear Ambassador:* I have submitted to the King your difficulty about July Fourth, and His Majesty, while regretting your inability to come to the banquet, nevertheless perfectly understands the circumstances and is graciously pleased to excuse Mrs. Harvey and Your Excellency.

"Pray believe me, yours very sincerely,

"DEREK KEPPEL."

To which Harvey replied:

"*My dear Sir Derek:* I have your cordial note and I beg that you will kindly convey to His Majesty an expression of my deep appreciation of his most gracious courtesy.

"Believe me, my dear Sir Derek, faithfully yours,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

Of course this "case unprecedented" was not made public at the time, so that there was no general comment upon it. But Harvey wrote about it privately to President Harding, who mightily enjoyed it, and wrote:

"I need not tell you that I had noted some reflexes of your Fourth of July speech, and I do not know of an instance in which there was not a note of approval sounded. I had a most agreeable chuckle over the embarrassment of the royal invitation for that date, and think you handled it most admirably indeed. As a matter of fact, I think you are naturally disposed to do all things well."

Felicitations

IN THE course of that Fourth of July speech, made in such unique circumstances, Harvey referred to the King's famous Belfast speech for the conciliation of Ireland in words which attracted much attention at the time, and which he himself was worthily entitled to recall some months later, when the Irish problem was at last settled, and when he wrote to the King's secretary:

"*My dear Lord Stamfordham:* At the risk of your writing me down a bore, as well you may, I really cannot refrain from asking you to seek from His Majesty, on my behalf, the honor of extending my most earnest congratulations upon the fruition of his high hopes for distracted Ireland—fruition not merely of his deepest desire but of his own personal initiative—because, my dear Lord Stamfordham, I happen to know whose was the originative, constructive and royally courageous thought voiced in such vivid and impelling phrase in Belfast last summer. I not only know now but I knew as long ago as the Fourth of July, when I spoke these words to my fellow countrymen at their national celebration: 'If George III had put forth a proclamation even approximating in eloquent sincerity and appealing force that uttered the other day by George V in his faithful endeavor to reconcile a nation, there would have been no ringing of bells in Philadelphia a hundred and forty-five years ago tonight, nor for many years thereafter.' From the moment when, a few evenings later, His Majesty graciously and trustfully confided to me the directions he had given to effect a realization of his lofty aspiration, my faith has never wavered that accomplishment was assured.

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Lloyd George in the Scotch Highlands, Where He Had Gone for a Rest With the Duke of Atholl

© KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Colonel Harvey

"To the enlightened mind and resolute spirit of George V belongs the credit of resolving the tragedy of seven hundred years. No king of England ever rendered greater service to his country or to the world. None ever can.

"I realize that this will be one of many like tributes from the uttermost ends of the earth, but somehow I cannot but feel that my gratefulness, like that of my President, I know, is deeper perhaps than that of some, in that at last the seemingly impassable barrier between the two great English-speaking peoples is now finally and forever removed. . . .

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

To this an appropriate reply was promptly made:

"*My dear Ambassador:* It would have been impossible for the King to read without emotion and gratitude Your Excellency's most generous words of congratulation upon the happy settlement of the momentous Irish question, which has been reached at almost the eleventh hour; thereby averting what would have been a crisis too terrible to contemplate.

"His Majesty deeply appreciates all you are kind enough to say of himself personally, though he feels that you attribute to him more than is his due. But in his thankfulness for what has been accomplished and what he believes will be mercies powerful and far-reaching, he counts as one of the most important the dispelling of the misunderstandings and difficulties interfering with those complete friendly relations between the American and British peoples which it has always been His Majesty's earnest desire to secure.

"Believe me, my dear ambassador, yours most truly,

"STAMFORDHAM."

A Distinguished Visitor

HARVEY also congratulated the Prime Minister, saying, "Yours is indeed a triumph of genius and patience such as the world has seldom if ever beheld. How much it may mean to both our countries and to all mankind!" And Lloyd George wrote in reply: "I trust that this settlement will remove forever an old misunderstanding which has hampered all the great human causes which your people and ours have so closely at heart."

There was much personal correspondence between Harvey and the King, the Prince of Wales, the Queen Mother, and other members of the House of Windsor, which was continued after his retirement from office and to the end of his life. From the mass of it, which has courteously been placed at my disposal by His Majesty's secretary, Lord Stamfordham, one citation must suffice. In December, 1923, Harvey, then a guest at the White House, wrote to the Prince of Wales:

"*My dear Prince:* It was most kind and characteristically thoughtful of you to send me the admirable photograph and to express a liking of the little book.

"Best appreciated of all, however, is your written message, breathing, as it does, both perfect sincerity and that peculiar touch of friendly feeling which never fails to reach the heart of the recipient.

"I am glad indeed that I may be recalled as having helped in some measure to tie closer the bonds of kinship and mutual aspirations which now constitute the only salvation of a perplexed and staggering world. Anyhow, I did my best, and I shall be quite satisfied to deserve our famous cowboy's epitaph, to wit:

> "*He seen his duty and he done his damnedest;*
> *Angels could do no more.*

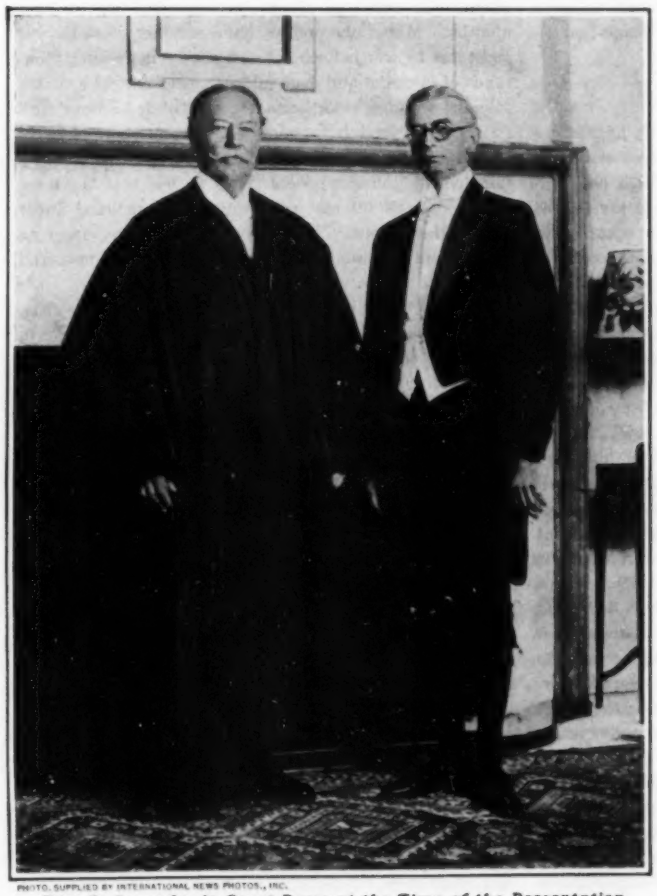
"Again thanking Your Royal Highness most cordially for both my wife and myself, for many courtesies and particularly for this latest signal kindness, I am, sir, with great respect and warm esteem, as ever,

"Faithfully yours,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

The visit of Chief Justice Taft to Great Britain in the summer of 1922 afforded Harvey a joyous diversion from the routine of affairs, and the not inconsiderable labor that was entailed upon him in making arrangements and in entertaining his distinguished guest was a source of unalloyed pleasure. Taft wrote him at the beginning of April of his purpose to sail on June tenth and to spend fifteen or twenty days in England, living at a London hotel. He said:

"My visit is chiefly for the purpose of learning the procedure in the English courts of first instance, which I understand has now been reduced to the simplest form and brings about the greatest dispatch. We need such a system in the Federal District Courts. I am very anxious, if possible, to induce Congress to authorize such a system, but before bringing the matter to our court and having a draft of the needed legislation made, I am desirous of getting the benefit of English experience. . . . I hope you will not think I am writing with the idea of bothering you with respect to my stay in London, but I conceive that I have no right to invade your jurisdiction without letting you know in advance and telling you what my object is in coming, so that I shall have a proper standing with the English judges when I seek their assistance. . . . Some two or three years ago Lord Curzon, as the Chancellor of Oxford, offered me a degree as Doctor of Civil Law. Mr. Balfour advised me that the degree had lapsed, but that he had a note from Lord Curzon saying that he would guarantee, if I came, that they would confer the degree this year. Of course that would be a great honor, but I do not count on it and shall be quite content if it does not come."



PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

The Ambassador in Court Dress at the Time of the Presentation of Chief Justice Taft to King George

This prospect delighted Harvey, who wrote:

"*Dear Mr. Chief Justice:* As I telegraphed you, I was enchanted to receive notice of the impending visit of Mrs. Taft and yourself. . . . As it happens, you are about to arrive just two days before the Prince of Wales, so you will step immediately into an interesting whirl of excitement and patriotism. As soon as it becomes known that you are to pay England a visit, you will be flooded naturally with all kinds of banquets and other invitations. My humble suggestion is that technically, at any rate, you place yourself in the hands of your ambassador, who will see to it that you are relieved from all embarrassment from conflicting demands which are bound to arise, and who will take upon himself the burden of any complaints that may ensue. . . . Generally speaking, you will be prepared, of course, to feast at the Inner Temple or Middle Temple, or both, and make the annual Fourth of July oration to the American Society. The Pilgrims will be after you, also, as well as the English-Speaking Union and other societies, but these can be submitted for your consideration as they come along. Perhaps you will indicate to me how many speeches you would care to make. I do not think that you really need to make more than three or four, including Oxford. . . .

"I remain, my dear Mr. Taft, as ever, faithfully,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

The United States Embassy in London, Given by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to the Government

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Queen Alexandra

Sartor Resartus

TAFT replied most appreciatively, and said that he would prefer to make only three or four speeches while in England. Toward the end of May, Harvey cabled him a tentative program, comprising a welcoming dinner and speech at The Pilgrims, garden party and court at Buckingham Palace, dinner at the embassy, luncheon and speech at the English-Speaking Union, Oxford degree and speech, fancy-dress ball at Albert Hall—the chief social event of the season—visit to Sulgrave Manor and dinner and speech at the Middle Temple. That was all most satisfactory, but Taft wanted to know something about the clothes he would be expected to wear, and for a time the cables were kept busy with a new Sartor Resartus.

"Will cutaway do, or must I order Prince Albert?"

"Cutaway only required for day functions, but knee breeches and stockings required for court."

"Will not garden party suffice without court? No stockings in London big enough for my newel posts!"

"I fear there would be disappointment at failure to appear at court, especially in view of Mrs. Taft's presence here. I can arrange your habiliments, if you desire."

Then, upon the heels of this latest, followed a message that brought profound relief to the judicial mind:

"Breeks and stockings not required. Suggest you bring judicial robes."

There then arose, chiefly at Buckingham Palace, the important question of the status of an ex-President of the United States. Merely as Chief Justice of the Supreme

(Continued on Page 177)

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PHILADELPHIA SEPTEMBER 21, 1929

Germany Comes Back on the Sea

AT THE conclusion of the World War, Germany was dispossessed of her navy and of her merchant marine, with the exception of small vessels under sixteen hundred tons. It was a clean sweep of the commercial fleet that had been prominent in the commerce of the world, the second largest fleet of any country. The treaty of peace contained provisions designed to prevent the Germans from constructing ships of war over a certain size. When the German currency was restabilized in 1924, Germany literally had no fleet.

A short time ago Germany brought out a new type of cruiser. It was unique in design and equipment. Within the limitations imposed by the treaty of peace, the German engineers had evolved, according to hearsay, a new type of war vessel, a boat of unusual speed and fighting strength.

Still more recently, the new steamship Bremen has broken the record for the passage from Europe to New York and back. She is not the largest passenger ship afloat, but is the fastest, and is most unusual in appointments and equipment. She, too, incorporates new ideas of design and construction. Within a few years, Germany will again have the second largest fleet of passenger vessels, of late type and high efficiency.

Necessity is the mother of invention. When Germany was stripped of her ships, an unintentional favor was done her.

Traffic Nuts to Crack

THERE are so many trying problems for the authorities of our great cities to solve, so many hard civic nuts to crack, that failure to avoid needless mistakes is doubly inexcusable. One of these unwarranted errors lies in the planning of skyscrapers and large office buildings. In numerous cities congestion of both vehicles and pedestrians which could be avoided is added to each time a new high building is erected. Blame must rest on both the builders and the public authorities. The sole idea is to produce as many lofty, gigantic and ornate buildings as possible, with no thought of the consequences.

Whatever the advantages of the skyscraper, it is obvious that large numbers of them, concentrated within a small area, produce or at least are accompanied by extreme congestion of both vehicles and pedestrians. More attention has been paid to the automobile aspect of the problem, but the bureau for street-traffic research of Harvard University has been making studies of pedestrian congestion and finds that the pedestrian saturation point has been ignored in the construction of large office buildings. It is not the height or even the cubage of these buildings which is at fault, but the failure to relate them to the facilities for vehicular movement and storage and pedestrian circulation. The replacement of small structures by forty and fifty-story buildings, with no thought to sidewalk and street capacity or the storage facilities needed for automobiles attracted by the new buildings, is exactly as if hundreds of huge ocean liners were constructed in the middle of the desert, without any question being raised as to whether they could be floated.

The director of the Harvard street-traffic bureau wonders why these vast new buildings are not so planned as to provide for arcaded sidewalks. At present pedestrians are pushed off into the streets and the street space narrowed thereby. But the sidewalk set within building lines not only adds to street capacity but offers such advantages in merchandising display that its future widespread use seems inevitable. Further to increase the sidewalk or pedestrian capacity, it is urged that more connecting tunnels or bridges be erected between buildings and that full use be made of the arcade idea within buildings. The bridge between the new Chicago Daily News building and the North Western Railroad Station in Chicago is reported to be strikingly successful.

As regards the vehicular problem, it would seem as if more provision must be made within the modern giant building for the storage and movement, or at least the loading and unloading, of automobiles. This applies to both passengers and merchandise. The time is fast passing when the public street can be used for such purposes in the central city districts. There is no good reason, indeed, why buildings should not be more fully accommodated to the peculiarities of the automotive age. We need a new test of a successful skyscraper. Height and size are not enough. Many of these buildings are said to be advertisements or monuments for a particular man or corporation. If the owners want laudation, why do they not seek to solve instead of further complicate the problem of congestion?

Costly Congestion

IT IS commonly said that this is an age of big figures and that people no longer fear them. Mergers of banks, industrial combinations and trusts—all these cease to terrify. But if really stupendous figures are the test of current tendencies, then the place to find them is not in Big Business or in the activities of industrial captains at all, but in the operations of city government, especially of the largest city—New York. In this connection there is food for prolonged thought in a reply made some weeks ago by Mayor Walker to the request of a citizens' committee that he accept renomination. He said that if the budget of the city had mounted fifty or a hundred millions, "it would not make any difference to me," and went on to speak of projected public improvements of "over one billion dollars."

Now it is easy—quite too easy—to grow satirical at such a statement and overlook the mayor's immediate explanation that these mounting expenditures simply mean that the demands of the city have to be met, "even though it might be great political propaganda to say, 'I have kept the budget down.' The health and the comfort of those in this vast, growing city, greater in its growth than any man could possibly have dreamed of fifty years ago, creates no obligation to sit down and weep about it. It requires courage and good common sense to stand up and do the things that are necessary and to worry about the money afterward."

Relatively similar conditions exist in other cities, and other mayors, with an equal facility of expression, might well make a similar statement. It is engaging and at first glance convincing, but there are serious flaws in it. In the first place, New York would face the vast expenditures now before it with far more assurance and ability if there had been any planning or forethought in the past. Much of its growth was foreseen, but not acted upon. Cities are paying the price for hit-or-miss development in the past. It is not common sense to spend money first and worry about it afterward, the honorable mayor to the contrary notwithstanding. Common sense consists in adjusting expenditures to income, in providing for improvements in such a way that the mounting wealth of the community cares for them without jar or shock. Civic improvements and financial provision, therefore, should go hand in hand; not the second following the first as a painful and complete surprise.

All this would be true even if city governments were the last word in efficiency and honesty. Just what degrees of administrative perfection have been reached by the city governments of places like New York, Chicago and Philadelphia is not a subject for generalization. But that it has gone ahead as fast as the rise in expenditures is doubtful.

Finally we fear that much of the enormous outlay which Mayor Walker envisions for tunnels, bridges, and the like, represents nothing more than an effort to overcome the handicaps of congestion. In other words, it does not go into productive and socially profitable uses, but is part of the cost of keeping people out of one another's way, of preventing them from running over one another. No doubt New York must spend billions upon tunnels, bridges, additional water supplies, waste-disposal systems, and the like. But whether all this is worth the candle, broadly speaking, whether the saturation point or point of diminishing returns is not being reached, is quite another matter. Probably Mayor Walker and others in like authority can do nothing about that. They must go on spending, no matter where it leads. But the wise policy for the country at large is clear; it is to build up the smaller communities—the towns, villages and rural sections—and to spread, as far as possible, the business and industry among them. As a people we have reason to be thankful at the signs that future national development will take this very course.

Summer Education

NOW that summer is over and the schools are beginning, it is a commonplace to call attention to the educational activities which have marked the warmer months. Many universities have summer sessions and institutes to which flock for instruction increasing thousands of youthful and even middle-aged folk. The citizen soldiers' training camps and the multitude of boys' and girls' camps, though devoting much attention to physical exercises and sports, none the less provide varied instruction for the younger people. Yet we feel that the most potent type of summer education is not included under any of these heads. It is even less formalized from an educational standpoint, but is probably richer in potential values.

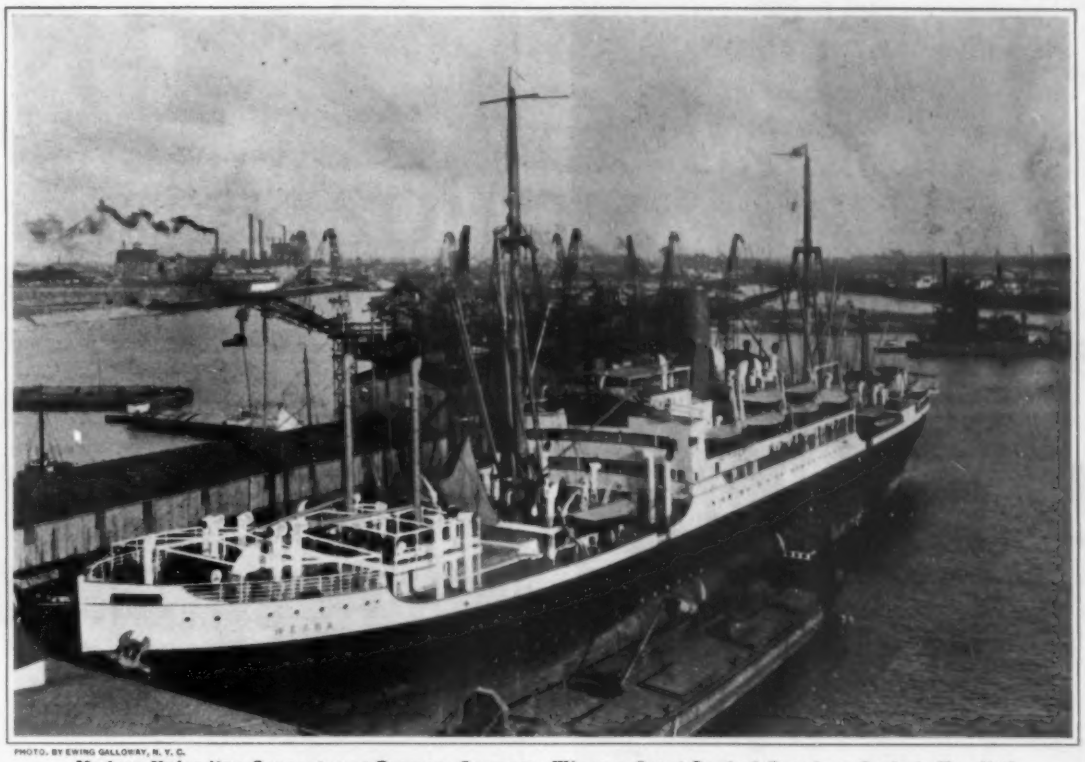
We refer to the incidental education which the tourists, travelers, sightseers, vacationists and trippers receive in the course of their two weeks or three weeks or month of freedom from the daily job. Certainly they far exceed in numbers those who attend summer sessions and camps. They may not think they are being educated, but perhaps the process works all the better for that. Several of the country's educational leaders and leading scientists are unselfishly working out a plan to render the latent but enormous educational and inspirational resources of the National Parks most serviceable to the people who visit them. Places like the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, Sequoia and Glacier parks can teach the lesson of fundamental values to very large numbers of visitors. The technical problem of drawing the attention of these visitors to the central feature or story of the place is a difficult one, but will be worked out in time.

The millions of people who rush to points of recreational, historic and scenic interest in their brief and hurried vacations cannot be turned out suddenly cultured and educated by the few custodians and rangers in charge. But the opportunity is real and great. New interests and sound values are presented, and many of these sink in. There is a real measure of release from narrowness. The fullness of life is revealed, if not wholly imparted.

PAYING FOREIGNERS

By WILL PAYNE

THIS problem has troubled the world for ten years. It first arose acutely in connection with German reparations. By the peace treaty Germany promised to pay the Allies an immense sum for war damages. The German people and nation would have, year by year, a great income, but that income would consist of German marks. The Allies did not want German marks. They wanted money that was good in their own countries. They would, of course, take gold, but Germany had none to speak of. There remained goods—merchandise, potash, chemicals, steel, and so on—produced in Germany, shipped across the frontiers and sold for cash of the country of its destination. Only in that way, it was held, could Germany finally pay reparations. To be sure, she might meet payments temporarily by borrowing the sums in foreign countries, but that merely postponed the day of reckoning, for when she came to repay the borrowed sums she would again face the same problem. Finally, gold being out of the question, she must pay in goods.



PHOTO, BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Modern Unloading Apparatus at Bremen, Germany, Where a Great Deal of American Grain is Handled

But how or where could she sell this great quantity of goods outside of her own borders? The Allies would have trouble enough in finding outlets for their own goods. They would not open their home markets to German goods, displacing home goods. Wherever else Germany sought to sell she would find the Allies and all other exporting countries, including the United States, competing with her. Where could she hope to enlarge her foreign sales of goods enough to cover the reparations payments? That question has been debated ever since the treaty was signed. Two expert commissions, both headed by Americans, have dealt with it. Other experts say it isn't settled yet.

Squaring the Accounts

AND increasingly in the past two years another phase of the same problem has been debated, but concerning the United States instead of Germany, for we now have a foreign-payment problem even bigger than Germany's, but on the other side of the ledger. Foreign governments owe our Government more than $200,000,000 a year on war debts, which amount is due to increase. In addition, we hold long-term investments abroad the yearly interest on which already amounts certainly to more than $800,000,000, and as our foreign investments are increasing, the interest is bound to increase. On these two items alone we are due to receive from foreigners every year considerably more than Germany is due to pay foreigners on account of reparations. On top of all that, we steadily export more goods than we import, our so-called favorable balance of trade last year exceeding $1,000,000,000.

Here, then, is a foreign-payments problem that puts Germany's in the shade. And the same argument is applied to it. Aside from fixed plant—land, buildings, railroads, and so on—that cannot be moved across a frontier or anywhere else, we readily recognize three different categories of value in any country. The first is gold. That is good anywhere. The second is paper—bank notes, bank checks, book credits. As we practically never see any gold, that second category is what we all mean when we say "cash" or "money," in talking among ourselves. But it is generally spoken of as being good only in its own country. The third category is goods—merchandise—portable, useful articles that are in demand everywhere and may be moved anywhere. Except in a very limited way gold is out of the question for foreign payments, paper is considered useless, and we fall back on the third category of goods. So, finally, it is held, foreign payments must be made by shipping goods across the frontier. Borrowings for long or short term and all sorts of credit manipulations may answer for the time being, but at the end the account is squared by movement of goods. In that wise, roughly stated, runs the stock argument, which is applied to the United States and Germany alike, but on different sides of the ledger. According to this argument—with which, no doubt, every reader is familiar by this time—we must finally either take a greater quantity of foreign goods into our market or forgo the receipt of interest and principal payments on our foreign investments; unless, to be sure, our foreign debtors should succeed in much enlarging their exports to other countries and turn over to us the foreign exchange thereby created.

But the argument is not sound. The world used to be ruled by a foreign-trade idea called mercantilism, the gist of which was that gold was the only real wealth; so a sagacious nation would manage its foreign trade with an eye single to bringing as much gold as possible into the country and letting out as little as possible. That idea was turned to ridicule long ago and succeeded by the sounder idea that real wealth consists of useful goods. But the goods idea, as now applied to foreign trade, may be turned to ridicule also—always using the word "goods" in the common, everyday sense of merchandise. We may receive, time without end, much greater payments from abroad than we now receive without ever receiving a dollar's worth more of goods. Germany may meet all her reparations payments to the end of the chapter without increasing her merchandise exports. I am not prophesying that such a thing will happen. But over against a theoretical argument which makes goods all-important, we are entitled to set up another theoretical argument which denies that goods are necessary to the making of foreign payments.

Hidden Values

ALREADY, in fact, goods have fallen to second place in our own foreign trade. If you ask anybody what that trade amounted to last year, the answer will probably be, "Nine billion dollars—$5,000,000,000 exports, $4,000,000,000 imports." But, in fact, our foreign trade last year was $22,000,000,000, the nongoods values that passed over our borders exceeding the goods values by more than a third. With peace in the world, and rising prosperity, the nongoods values will grow in relative importance, as an examination of the items shows.

It is only rather recently that very much attention has been paid to the nongoods items in foreign trade, and even now, in discussing such trade, the habit persists of putting all the emphasis on merchandise and gold. How far out of line that may leave one is indicated by a look at our foreign trade last year. As noted above, we exported $5,000,000,000 worth of merchandise, in round numbers, and imported $4,000,000,000 worth. That left a balance of $1,000,000,000 due us, and foreign debtors owed us more than $1,000,000,000 in interest. But instead of importing gold to balance the account, we exported more than $500,000,000 worth of that metal. The year when our favorable balance on the merchandise movement was the highest since 1921 and our receipts of foreign interest the largest was also the year in which we exported more gold than ever before.

That was due in good part to our having bought during the year nearly $1,500,000,000 worth of foreign long-term bonds and like investments. That item, of course, is well known, but, like most other items, it works on both sides of the ledger in a complicated ebb and flow of debits and credits that has not been known with any sort of accuracy until quite recently. Several years ago Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce undertook to find out, as accurately as possible, what our foreign trade really consists of. The department has been working at the job ever since, steadily improving its methods and extending the field of its inquiry, with questionnaires to banks, foreign countries, and so on. We don't accurately know yet, but the department's recent report for 1928 gives a quite different picture from the usual summary treatment.

(Continued on Page 194)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Oh, Horace, How Could You! Had I Imagined, Before We Were Married, You Could Look Like That ——"

"Isn't That a Wow!"

The Old Songs

I CANNOT Sing the Old Songs. They fill my heart with tears,
For Silver Threads Among the Gold reminds me of dead years.
I love that song of Home, Sweet Home, yet when I hear it sung,
I grieve above the grave of days When You and I Were Young.

Some Day I'll Wander Back Again—mayhap but in a dream—
And live my childhood over in The Cabin by the Stream;
I'll see My Old Kentucky Home, the cotton fields afoam,
And in the scented evening I'll be Seeing Nellie Home.

I'm Going Back to Dixie, to the place where I was born,
In the Evening by the Moonlight, Mid the Cotton and the Corn.
I'll Listen to the Mockingbird with Darling Nelly Gray
And Bright-Eyed, Laughing Little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

The Whippoorwill is singing In the Gloaming. It is eve,
And while among the hollyhocks, I see Sweet Genevieve;
And all among the cabin doors I Hear That Mournful Sound
Of tender grief, for Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

I hear the Golden Slippers tinkle on the cabin floor,
And Old Black Joe is calling Who Dat Knockin' at de Door?
I Hear the Banjos Ringing, singing Moses, Hoe Dat Corn
Round The Little Old Log Cabin, in the land where I was born.

Sweet sounds of early childhood, When the Evening Shadows Fall, (Continued on Page 170)

Friend: "What Do You Care, Mickey? Look at Harry Sinclair!"

Bill—the Big-Time Sheik: "Tut! Tut! Little Girl! Don't Bother Doing That. I'm Not Through With You Yet!"

It's modern to demand the most delicious and beneficial food at the least expense of time and effort. That's why serving soup every day has become so widespread and popular. Just about everybody's doing it! It's so delicious and healthful and convenient, with 21 different Campbell's Soups for your choice—already cooked. For lunch today, select Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its 15 vegetables —a meal in itself. 12 cents a can.

My dear, you've no notion
How thrilling it feels
When Campbell's French chefs
Make the soup for your meals!

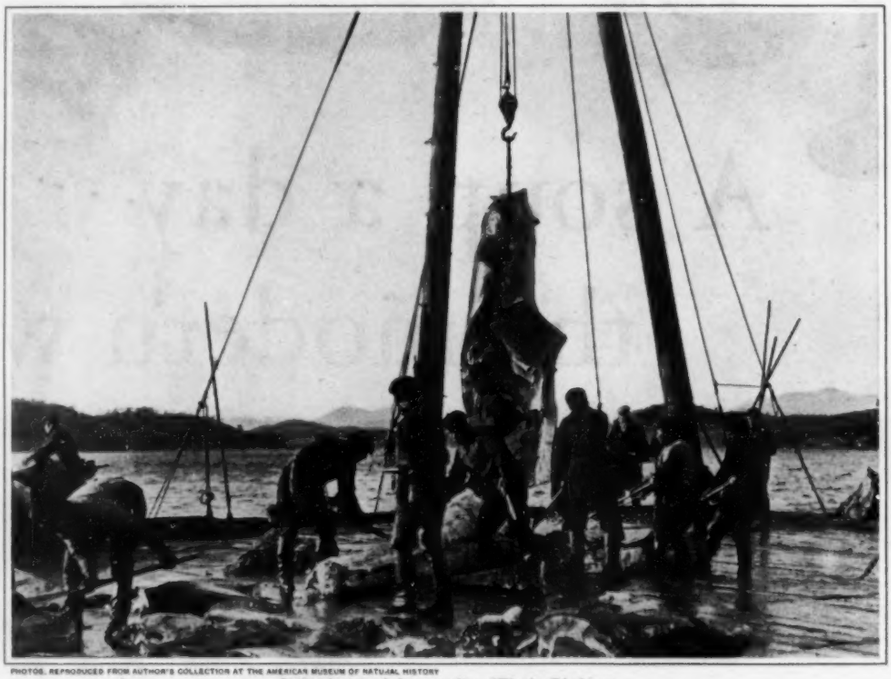
At your grocer's

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

ENDS OF THE EARTH

By Roy Chapman Andrews



PHOTOS REPRODUCED FROM AUTHOR'S COLLECTION AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Stripping and Suspending Whale Blubber

SOME whales become very clever when they are continually hunted. I have seen humpbacks that actually played tag with a ship. They seemed to know exactly how far the harpoon gun was effective—about twenty fathoms—and kept just beyond range. After an hour or two they would become bored with the game, take a long dive and leave us. An old sulphur-bottom was well known to the whalers. He had a big white harpoon scar on his back which distinguished him. But, profiting by his one sad experience, he never took any chances with a ship. If he rose near by he would go down in a deep dive and appear a mile or two away. Still, he did not leave the vicinity, as whales often do when they are persistently hunted.

The animals depend upon hearing to protect them from enemies, more than upon any other sense. Their eyesight is not good. It would be strange if it were, for their eyes must be adapted to see both in the water and out of it. Their hearing is very keen. Before the ancestral whales took up a completely aquatic existence they had external ears. Probably these were small, like those of the seals today, but they certainly were present. We know because living whales have rudiments of the muscles which formerly controlled the external ears. Nature does not let useless organs remain very long. Sooner or later they will atrophy and disappear. Thus with the whale's ear flaps, which were merely sound collectors. If a deaf man is trying hard to hear something he cups his hand behind his ear to help catch the sound. Water is such an excellent medium for transmitting sound that external collectors are quite unnecessary to a whale.

A Surprise for the Killer Whales

THE ear openings are minute holes on the sides of the head three or four feet behind the eyes. Only the smoothest running engines may be used on a whale ship. The animals hear the propeller, of course; still, if it runs steadily and quietly they do not pay much attention to it. But any sudden change of a ship's speed will frighten them.

When whales are engaged in play or feeding they may be easily approached. They seem oblivious of danger, probably because they have so few enemies. They do not post sentries even when they are asleep at the surface, as do many land mammals. Sharks bother them a little and doubtless dispose of a good many sick or wounded individuals, but the killer whale is their only real enemy, other than man. The killer is a tiger of the sea, terrible in strength and ferocity; afraid of neither man nor beast, it will attack anything that swims. Yet it is a member of the porpoise family and only twenty-five or thirty feet long. The mighty teeth in both its jaws can tear even a giant whale to bits. Seals, porpoises, sharks, and even man himself, are fair game for them.

Capt. Robert Scott, the Antarctic explorer, tells an amazing experience with killer whales on his last expedition. The ship was moored to an ice floe and two of their Eskimo dogs were tethered near the edge. Scott called to Pontwig, the photographer, to get photographs of six or seven killer whales which were swimming along the edge of the floe. They seemed very excited and raised their snouts high out of the water. Suddenly the killers disappeared. The next moment they rose under the ice, striking it with their backs and setting it to rocking violently. Scott says: "Luckily, Pontwig kept his feet and was able to fly to security. By an extraordinary chance, also, the splits had been made around and between the dogs, so that neither of them fell into the water. Then it was clear that the whales shared our astonishment, for one after another their huge heads shot vertically into the air through the cracks that they had made. As they reared them to a height of six or eight feet it was possible to see their tawny head markings, their small glistening eyes, and their terrible array of teeth—by far the largest and most terrifying in the world. There cannot be a doubt that they looked up to see what had happened to Pontwig and the dogs."

The strength of the animals is shown by the fact that they had split an ice floe two and a half feet in thickness by blows of their backs or heads. Killers will apparently eat anything that swims. Fish, birds, seals, walruses, whales and porpoises are all equally acceptable. Their capacity is almost unbelievable. There is a record of thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals being taken from the stomach of a twenty-one-foot specimen.

Tigers of the Sea

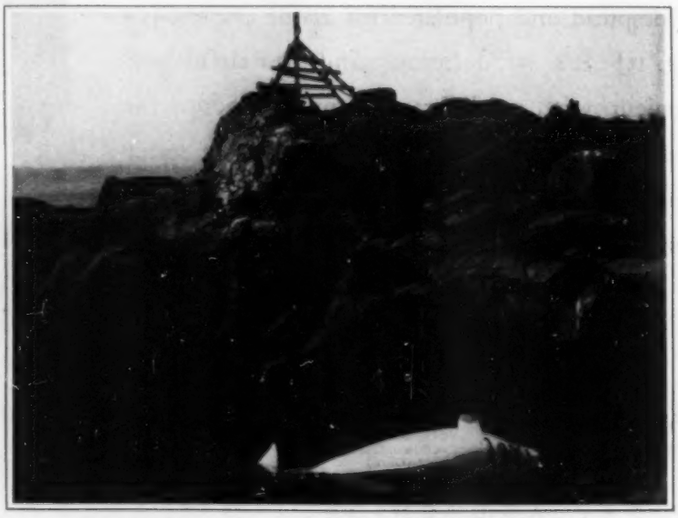
I OFTEN heard the tale that killers eat the tongue out of living whales. I never believed it until I went to Korea in 1912. There we were hunting the California gray whale, a species forty-five to fifty feet in length. Killers were also hunting them and had gathered in great numbers. The gray whales were in such terror of the killers that when a herd arrived they would become absolutely paralyzed with fright. A gray whale would turn over on its back with flippers outspread and lie helpless at the surface. Coming up at full speed, the killer put his nose against the whale's lips, forced its mouth open and his head inside. Tearing out great chunks of the tongue, he gulped them down. Out of thirty-five gray whales which I examined, seven had the tongues eaten to a greater or less extent; in one, the entire tongue had been torn away. Many of the whales had teeth marks on their lips and the ends of the fins and flukes were lacerated. My friend, Captain Melsom, brought in a gray whale one day and I noticed that the tongue was almost gone. He said that he had passed a large school of killers in the morning and later had shot a gray whale fifteen miles away. Soon he saw the high dorsal fins of the killers coming full speed for the ship. They circled about; then one rushed in to the dead whale, which was being towed along the vessel's starboard side. It forced its head into the mouth, ate the tongue, and Melsom only got rid of the beast by shooting into it with his rifle. The killer lashed out with its flukes, smashing the ship's rail, and disappeared.

The gray whales seem to be more persistently persecuted by the killers than any of the other large species. They live in such a state of terror that even porpoises leaping about their heads will send them into a mad panic. Sometimes the big fellows dash wildly for shore and slide in behind rocks. Often the killers will not follow, for they do not like the shallow water. They patrol up and down the shore waiting until the gray whales emerge as the tide recedes. Some killers are not in the least afraid of a ship. The whalers are glad when the sea tigers arrive. They will quickly throw a school of whales into such a panic that the men have no difficulty in getting past.

I might give many more stories about killers, but these are enough to show that they are highly dangerous fellows. Apparently they are the terror of everything that swims the sea.

All the rorquals feed almost exclusively upon a small shrimp about half an inch long. At times these float in great masses near the surface. In Frederick

(Continued on Page 36)



A White Whale Partially Under Water at Tadousac, Quebec

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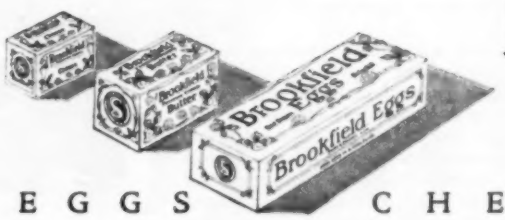

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BUTTER EGGS CHEESE POULTRY

(Continued from Page 34)

Sound I had a wonderful opportunity to watch the feeding operations of humpbacks and finbacks, for the water was calm and the whales would allow the ship to come up very close. With my powerful glasses I could see them as plainly as though I were a dozen yards away. A humpback would swim along with his cavernous mouth wide open, then close it suddenly. The water spurted out from between the whalebone plates, leaving hundreds of pounds of shrimp on the soft flabby tongue. He would roll on his side, throw his great flipper in the air, and swallow; then begin all over again. I took six barrels of shrimp out of the stomach of a single sulphur-bottom whale at one of the Vancouver Island stations.

These whales do not eat fish if shrimp are obtainable, but sometimes they will swallow herring or sardines. Their throats are small—only six or eight inches in diameter—and they could not digest large fish even if they were able to swallow them.

I discovered a good many more new facts about whales during the summer I spent at the Vancouver Island and Alaska stations. But I am not now supposed to be writing a book on whales; that has been done already. I went back to New York in the late autumn of 1908 and found Director Bumpus pleased with the results which had been obtained with his seven hundred dollars. It was highly successful from my standpoint, because I was fairly launched in a big subject. I was still supposed to be working on the study collection of small mammals and stuck pretty closely at it during the mornings. The afternoons were spent at Columbia University, which I had entered for the degree of doctor of philosophy. One of my great good fortunes was to attend the last series of lectures which was given by Professor Osborn as professor of zoölogy at Columbia. The class in the evolution of the vertebrates was in charge of Prof. W. K. Gregory. There were only eight or ten of us and we had a glorious time. Frequently we would become so engrossed in philosophical discussions that we would adjourn to a small restaurant for dinner and continue the arguments until far into the night.

PHOTOS, REPRODUCED FROM AUTHOR'S COLLECTION AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

A Dyak Chief With His Spear, and a Priest Wearing Feathers, in Dutch Borneo

Dress Ties Made From Shirt Tails

THE university work kept me busy every evening until the small hours of the morning, and Sundays I always spent dissecting at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the graduate anatomical laboratory. There was time for play, but the work was so interesting that it was the only recreation I wanted. Every day was filled with new experiences either in the museum or the university. I was supremely happy.

That winter I lectured for the first time. My whale pictures were so new and different that they made a real hit. Of course, I knew nothing about lecturing, and for experience entered the city Board of Education lecture list. I got experience, all right, but not much else. The fee was only ten dollars a night and I was sent to the most extraordinary places. My first assignment happened to be at the Five Points Mission, way down on the East Side of New York. I knew nothing about Five Points and went there in full evening dress—white tie, white waistcoat and all the rest. I found the barnlike room half full of my audience. Few of the men had coats or collars and the women were in corresponding negligee. I felt like nothing on earth in my tail coat. There was a long delay and I asked the chairman why he did not begin.

"We are waiting for the police," said he. "Usually there is a riot if they don't like the lecturer. They throw things at him."

I felt warmer and warmer and looked around to see what "things" they were likely to heave at me. Finally three policemen arrived and I was presented to the audience. I knew something had to be done or my name probably would be tomato or cabbage. Moreover, it was my only dress suit and I did not want to have it ruined. So I began by saying that it was hot in the room and if they didn't mind I would get myself comfortable. I stripped off my coat, waistcoat, collar and tie, and opened my shirt in front. This put me somewhat in harmony with the surroundings and I started in with the lecture, full steam ahead. It went all right too. I tried to make them feel and hear the rush of the sea, the roar of the gun and the thrill of the hunt. I never worked harder, for I had visions of being plastered with overripe eggs if their attention wandered. But they stuck it out to the bitter end. Several men and women sidled up in an embarrassed way while I was reclothing myself and thanked me for the lecture. I felt that it was a real triumph.

I did a good deal of lecturing that winter and came to enjoy it enormously. There was always inspiration in knowing that all those people had come to hear what I had to say; that I could tell the story to hundreds instead of giving it to only one or two. Anyone who is intensely interested in a subject likes to talk about it. I was so fascinated with my job that it seemed the biggest and most important thing in the world. I just couldn't imagine anyone not keen to know about the life story of a whale!

I picked up a good many lectures besides those assigned me by the Board of Education. One of them was at a fashionable girls' school. I arrived just in time to dress and was horrified to discover that I had forgotten my white tie. There were no men about the place. I had to think of something or go on in my street clothes. Suddenly there flashed into my mind an advertisement that I had read in the Subway that very day. It was about a new kind of combination underwear for men. "What are shirt tails good for?" it read. "By Jove, they are good for a dress tie right now," said I. There was a pair of scissors in my kit and in two minutes I had cut a lovely white tie out of my left shirt tail. It was a bit limp, but I am sure that no one suspected where it had come from.

A Gumshoe Lecturer

THAT same winter at another girls' school I forgot my black dress shoes. My other shoes were of a peculiarly poisonous shade of yellow which was very popular at that time among college students and those newly graduated. I thought that they were beautiful, but by no stretch of imagination could I see myself in full evening dress and yellow shoes. Moreover, I was pretty young and the girls of the school were about sixteen. I knew that I wouldn't have a chance. But fortunately it had been raining and I had rubbers. So I explained my predicament to the janitor who controlled the lights, put on my rubbers and sallied forth. Only about two inches of yellow showed above the rubbers. The janitor turned off the lights and I pussy-footed out on the stage. After the lecture I sneaked off again before the lights were on and gained my room unobserved. I suppose the girls thought I was frightened of them!

In June of that spring—1909—I went on another short expedition to the St. Lawrence River. Dr. C. H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, knew of a place where white whales, or porpoises, were being taken in nets. These are most beautiful animals, white as driven snow, true spirits of the North. He thought it would be a splendid idea to bring back several alive for exhibition in the gr t central pool of the Aquarium. It was a perfectly practicable plan, for the porpoises are only twelve or fifteen feet long and transportation would not be impossible if they were properly treated. My idea was to suspend them on broad strips of canvas in a narrow crate. The animals must not rest upon their sides or breasts, for since they are accustomed to living in a supporting medium, the weight of their own bodies would so press in the weak ribs that the lungs could not be properly inflated and they would suffocate. My instructions were to get live porpoises if it were possible. If not, to bring back skeletons, plaster casts, notes and measurements for a life-sized model in the American Museum.

Although white porpoises are a true Arctic species and are seldom found far away from the ice, during the spring

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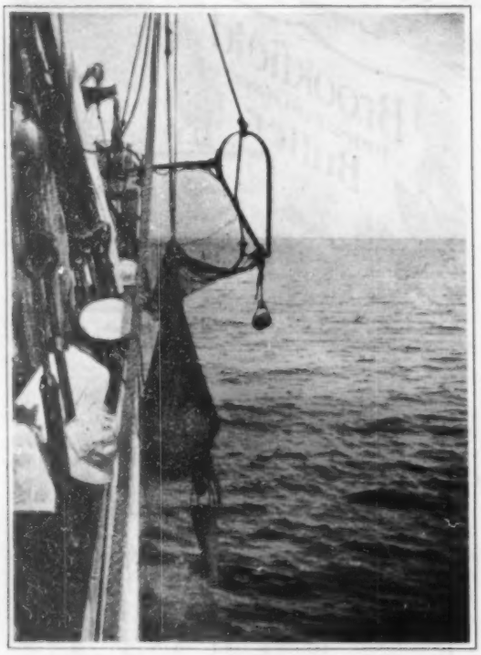
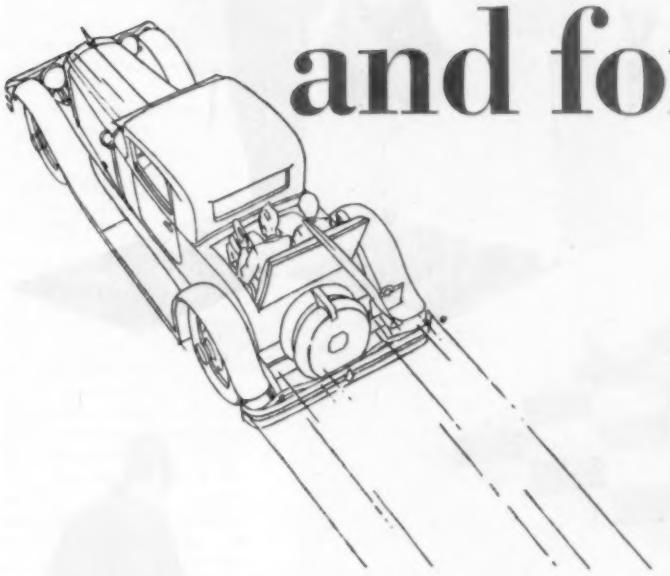


The Mud Bag After a Deep-Sea Haul Off the Albatross

A Gray Whale Taken Off Korea

For the man with an "engineering mind" and for all motorists who drive at high speeds



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One of the first things you'll notice about the New Mobiloil is that it lasts longer. This is important—because it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speeds is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

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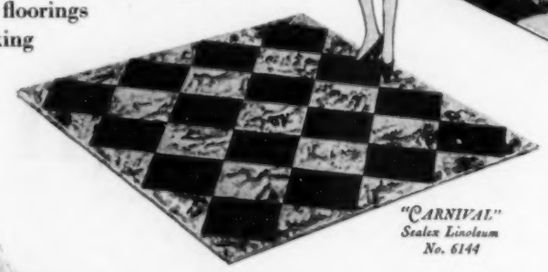
"MERMAID" Sealex Linoleum No. 3043



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LADY CAN DO

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

XVIII

IT WAS night. The streets were gorges. The bridge was a black path into a gigantic, ominous spider's web. Out on the island highway shapes of houses and trees slipped by in a dark blur. Thousands of lights rushed and glared, thousands upon thousands of lights, like pairs of blazing eyes on roaring monsters that came endlessly at you and almost got you—almost.

They swung through the Chinesey arch into the winding driveway. There was the dim mass of the house, with lights in it; the porte-cochère, the shadowy depths of the rock garden. Were those people still playing bridge? Elsie shivered. She simply couldn't step again into that house. But she must. Must perhaps, even, enter the Chinese room and face that stupidly, stubbornly adamantine chief and that coroner who'd formerly had a livery stable and who spat on an exquisite Chinese rug. Yes, she was out of the machine, she was quietly mounting the steps. She was inside, in the side hall. In the den—she kept her eyes up. A door opened. The sergeant, in the doorway, asked if they wished Miss Penn in there. The chief's voice replied, with a rasp, "Certainly." So she entered, and Sergeant Stafford slipped back and shut the door.

Her heart sank. She had really forgotten something of the power of these men and the personal force of Chief Urquhart. But here they were! Here they sat about the table, looking. It helped a little to see Doctor Obry. There was a queer hush in the room. A fire blazed in the fireplace but didn't look cheerful. Funny how they all looked at her. Their faces seemed rather tired and haggard. Did they know? Or had she merely interrupted the course of some tense talk? What on earth were they thinking? She hadn't a notion what she ought to do. But still they didn't say anything—not one word. She certainly had nothing to say herself. And Mr. Carlock had ordered her not to talk. She slipped out of her coat and took her seat. Her pencils, neatly sharpened, lay in a row before her. She looked up. The policeman called Mike was leaning against the mantel as if nothing untoward had happened. He winked. And she found herself acknowledging that wink with the ghost of a smile. She felt like a ghost. It might actually be that they didn't so much as know she'd been off the property. Heaven could testify that they'd been engrossed in their own ugly business. The personal problem now was to make the scene come real. She'd wrenched herself, for an hour or two, out of it, and now couldn't get back in. Just a nightmare!

Chief Urquhart brought his big hand down flat on the table.

The silence continued a moment longer.

Doctor Obry rose. "I suppose, then, you will wish to go up there again."

"No," said the chief with finality. "No!"

"She is," said Doctor Obry, "in a state of genuine hysteria. That extremely unpleasant scene this afternoon left her in a pitiable condition. Since then she has heard nothing from you. She has been left to her own devices, to her own thoughts. The result is heartbreaking. If this treatment is to be kept up—this system of solitude interrupted by brutality—I feel that I cannot answer for her health or even for her reason. I am not sure that you wish for any statement of opinion from me, Jim."

"Not particularly, Fred. You tend your business and I'll tend mine."

"Very well." Doctor Obry's tired face flushed perceptibly. They were speaking of Mrs. Cuppy. Elsie's jaded brain had caught that. And Doctor Obry was putting up a bit of a battle for her. His name, it appeared, was Fred. The chief was Jim, of course. Two middle-aged citizens of the town. They knew each other, those two. Fred and Jim!

The chief again banged down that big hand. "Bring her right down here!" he commanded.

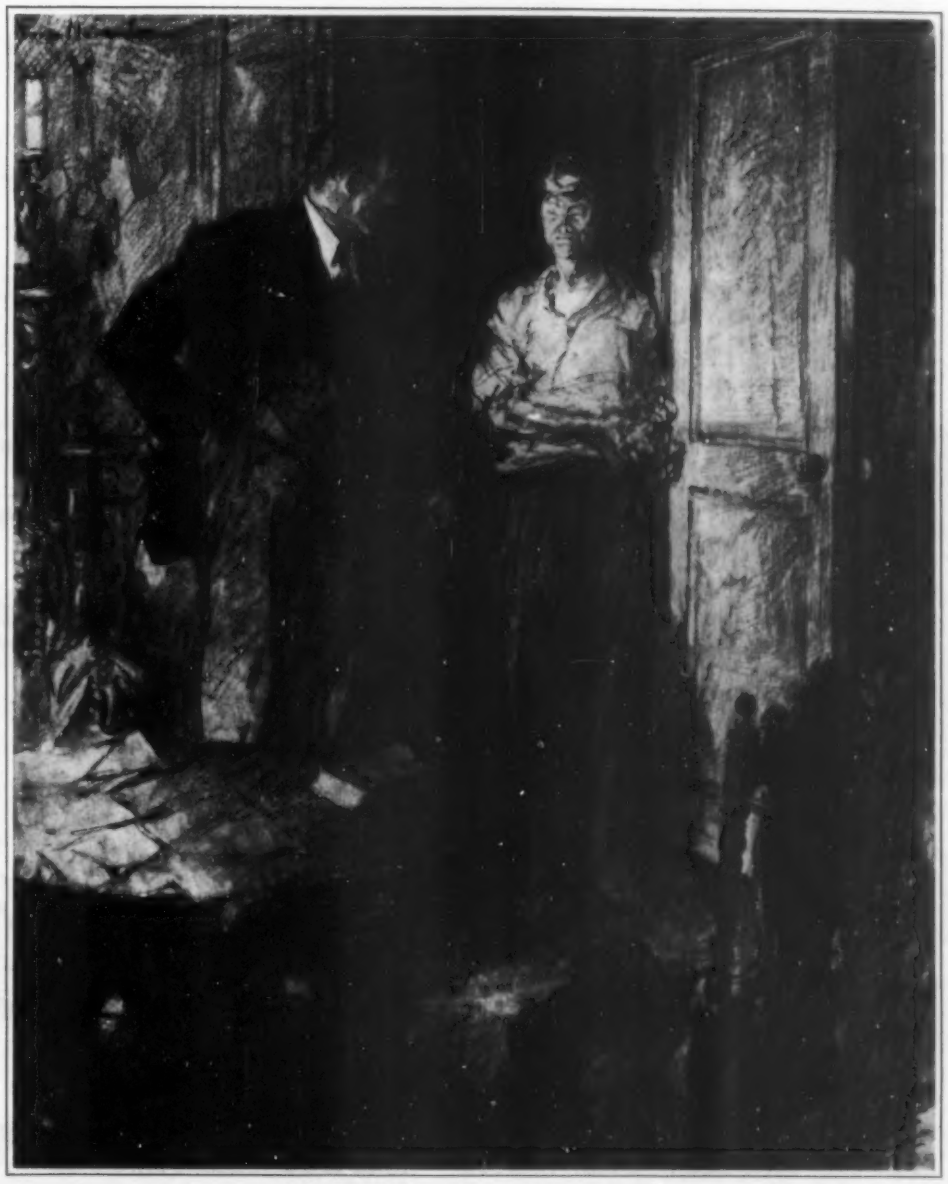
"Here?"

"You heard me."

"I must protest against that, Jim! She is really ill, with a temperature, a woman of delicate sensibilities."

"Mike," said the chief, "go right up and bring Mrs. Cuppy down. Tell the nurse to throw some clothes on her, and be quick about it. Something more to say, eh? All right! She'll say it, and she'll say it right here in this room! She's had her chance, that one!"

So they were back at it! And brutally as ever. Milling round and round in that same disheartening, morbid mess—round and round and round and round. But more ploddingly now. The keener interest of the morning and afternoon, the response to vivid fresh drama that stirs even a policeman's blood at first, was gone. Worn out. Elsie drew in a quick breath. Even the air was stale. Why didn't they open the windows, blow it out? Thick, sirupy air. Dead cigars—a half-moon of them about the hearth where they'd been carelessly tossed—stinking there. Dust on the furniture, ashes strewn about the rug—already the beautiful room was filthy, like the case—like the minds of that coroner and Mr. Jim Urquhart.



A Curious Figure Appeared in the Doorway

Mr. Atkinson, who had been leaning forward with his head on one hand, breathed heavily and shifted his head to the other hand.

Doctor Obry squared his shoulders. "Very well, Jim but I can't let this ugly business go on without a protest. The name of Cuppy means something in this town. You seem to have forgotten that. Mr. Atkinson there has warned you once today. There's a limit to your sort of ——"

"That'll do, Fred! I'm in charge here. The less you say, the better!"

"But it won't do, Jim. And God help you if you're wrong!"

"Hey, Mike!" Urquhart was roaring now. "What are you gawking at? Can't you understand a plain order?"

The policeman muttered "Yes, chief," and moved toward the door. Doctor Obry, with deep lines in his gray face, said quickly, "I'll go with you." The door closed on the two of them.

The chief sat immovable, waiting. The coroner spat. Mr. Atkinson shifted his head to the other hand; then picked up a pencil and fell to drawing aimless diagrams on the pad before him, painstakingly shading the lines and adding rows of dots and curlicues. Elsie, in a state of painful fascination, watched the moving pencil.

The clock on the mantel ticked loudly. Minutes passed—minutes and minutes. Elsie wrenched her gaze away from that swift pencil and looked at the clock. Chief Urquhart's wooden face turned toward her now and then. She could feel his eyes. Ten minutes of ten. The papers would have to know within an hour or so. Probably midnight would do. They'd wait up to the last possible minute, of course. At least those Morning Earth men knew something of what they had to wait for. Thank God they were with Mr. Carlock! He'd have trouble shaking them off now—Ben Andrews and Fish-face. They'd stick.

The coroner spat. This waiting was horrible. Five minutes of ten. Just waiting.

Elsie was staring down at her pencils, endlessly arranging and rearranging them in a neat row. Why didn't the chief say something to her? What was he trying to do—break her nerves by making her wait? Well, he couldn't. When he finally moved his big body around in his chair she felt rather than saw the act. A glance along the table top corroborated her senses. Those implacable eyes were fixed on her again. She felt them.

"Well, young woman!" Yes, it was that unpleasant stern voice. Slowly she lifted her eyes. She bridled at the phrase, "young woman." That spirit of rebellion was rising again. Mr. Carlock had cautioned her against talking. "Sit tight," he'd said. Very well, she'd sit tight. He'd be returning, sooner or later. Possibly he'd help her in so far as he could. It was a fluttering hope. But surely he'd meant something when he said it—something.

(Continued on Page 42)

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To assure the permanence of these desirable performance characteristics, the Viking engine is remarkably rigid and compact—two factors which are of vital importance in durability and dependability. Further, it is extremely simple and readily accessible in design.

This great car represents more than three years of research, test, and development on the part of Oldsmobile and General Motors engineers. Committed to no set principle of design, they sought to create an eight-cylinder engine which would combine all desirable qualities.

To attain this purpose they tried every type of design—built engines along entirely new lines—and subjected all to the same rigorous trials on the General Motors Proving Ground. The result was an engine based on the famous 90-degree, V-type eight-cylinder principle, but incorporating new and desirable features of design. One of the most important of these advancements is the new horizontal valve arrangement, which provides high efficiency coupled with rigidity, simplicity, and quiet operation. Another distinctive improvement is the new down-draft manifold distribution of fuel. And unusually thorough cooling and lubrication, together with thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters and the new precipitating-trap system of oil cleaning, also contribute to efficient operation.

Completely worthy of this fine engine is the sturdy Viking chassis with its many provisions for safety and dependability. Deceleration in keeping with Viking performance is provided by powerful self-energizing four-wheel brakes of the internal-expanding type. And four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers assure restful riding.

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$1595

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(Continued from Page 39)

"Where have you been?"

She looked straight at the chief, compressing her lips. His big fist banged on the table. "Where have you been? Answer me!"

She simply looked.

"Well, are you answering or aren't you?"

"I'm not." Curious how the angry resistance this man stirred in her breast overrode her fear of him. Though the fear was there too. But he needn't know that.

"See here, young woman! I'm willing enough to treat you decently—as decently as you'll let me. But you are making it difficult. I'll give you one more chance. If you won't answer I'll lock you up in a cell as a material witness. And I'll keep you there a while. How do you think you'll like that? Just think it over. Now listen here! You put yourself in a bad light a while back. You undertook to hold out an important bit of evidence. We're not through with you yet on that count. And now, the minute my back is turned, you try to run away. That'll take quite a lot of explaining. You knew that you were under orders not to leave the property. Are you ready to tell me a little about it? Or aren't you?"

"No."

"That state officer brought you back. Where did he find you?"

No answer.

"Now you're simply foolish. Do you think I can't find out? Mike! Bring that state sergeant in here!"

Atkinson raised a hand. There was a shuffling sound in the den, and voices. The door opened.

The chief lowered his voice: "All right, young woman! You'll keep. Just make up your mind that I'm a long way from being through with you. You'll be singing another song before morning."

Mike entered and held the door back. The nurse hurried in with a blanket. She moved an upholstered chair nearer the fire and spread the blanket over it. Finally appeared Doctor Obry with Mrs. Cuppy in his arms. They'd thrown a dainty negligee about her—blue, with white fur. Nobody'd given a thought to mourning costumes, this day. And in their hurry, upstairs there, they'd just caught up the first handy wrap. Her pretty little feet, shod only in furry slippers, dangled below the doctor's arm. She was whimpering weakly, like a hurt animal.

Doctor Obry placed her in the chair and the nurse drew the blanket about her. Her head sank back. The face was deadly white. Her hands fluttered up over her eyes and the dazzling rings on them were incongruous.

"Well," thus the chief, harshly, speaking out of a wooden face, "so you've got something more to say!"

The only sound in the room then was that whimpering. It grew a little louder. Then the woman gasped for breath. Elsie thought for a moment that she might be strangling.

"Come, out with it! What is it?" The chief's voice thundered.

"Oh!" It really was a relief of a sort to hear her voice. "I can't! I can't!" It was a relief, too, to be making notes again. Elsie's pencil flew with nervous speed.

"You can't? Then what are you taking up our time for? What is all this about?"

The whimpering became a sobbing.

"Now see here, Mrs. Cuppy! We had quite a scene with you upstairs today, and we're not interested in having any more of 'em. You seemed to think you had something more to say. Well, say it!"

"I—I ——"

"Going to play it right out to the finish, are you? Very well, we'll try a few questions. You've admitted, by your own proposal to talk, that you know more than you told us upstairs. Well, what is it?"

Sobs only.

"Something about John Dane, maybe. You had a little to say about him the other time. He was pestering you. Making love to you. Maybe this time you're ready to admit that you were making love to him. That it?"

"Oh, no, no! How dare you? I loved my husband with all my heart!"

"And so you wrote John Dane begging him to come to your room. You said Old Cuppy'd never know. Snoring his fool head off downstairs."

The jeweled hands came down from the ashen, tear-stained face. The blue eyes widened, stared. They looked really bewildered.

Elsie, pencil poised in air, tried to puzzle that out. Had the shock of the other scene, followed by the hours of waiting alone, turned that flighty brain? Had she, perhaps, really fainted when the chief was reading her scribbled note aloud? At best she was a fool. You felt that.

"Oh, come!" the chief went grimly, contemptuously, on. "We simply have no time for this stuff. If you've got anything to say, say it! If you think now that maybe you haven't got anything to say, after all, I'll just send you down to a neat little cell in the station house and you'll have all the time you want to think it over. Mike, tell Joe to bring my car around."

Doctor Obry started but held his tongue.

Mike left the room.

Mrs. Cuppy, after one wild look, did an odd thing. Simply dropped her hands into her lap and knit her brows. Her breast still moved convulsively with her breathing. She was still crying, but the tears ran unheeded down her cheeks. She kept drawing her brows together, with some difficulty. She'd frown tightly and then the muscles would appear to slip and the frown would relax. She'd look puzzled and then frown again. You could see that she was trying to think her way out of the web. Her mind was really confused; no doubt about that. But she seemed at last to have caught the idea that pose and hysterics couldn't help her. She'd been knocked down to some sort of rock bottom.

(Continued on Page 122)

"You Discussed the Possibility of Getting Rid of Mr. Cuppy?" "I Have Nothing to Say About That"

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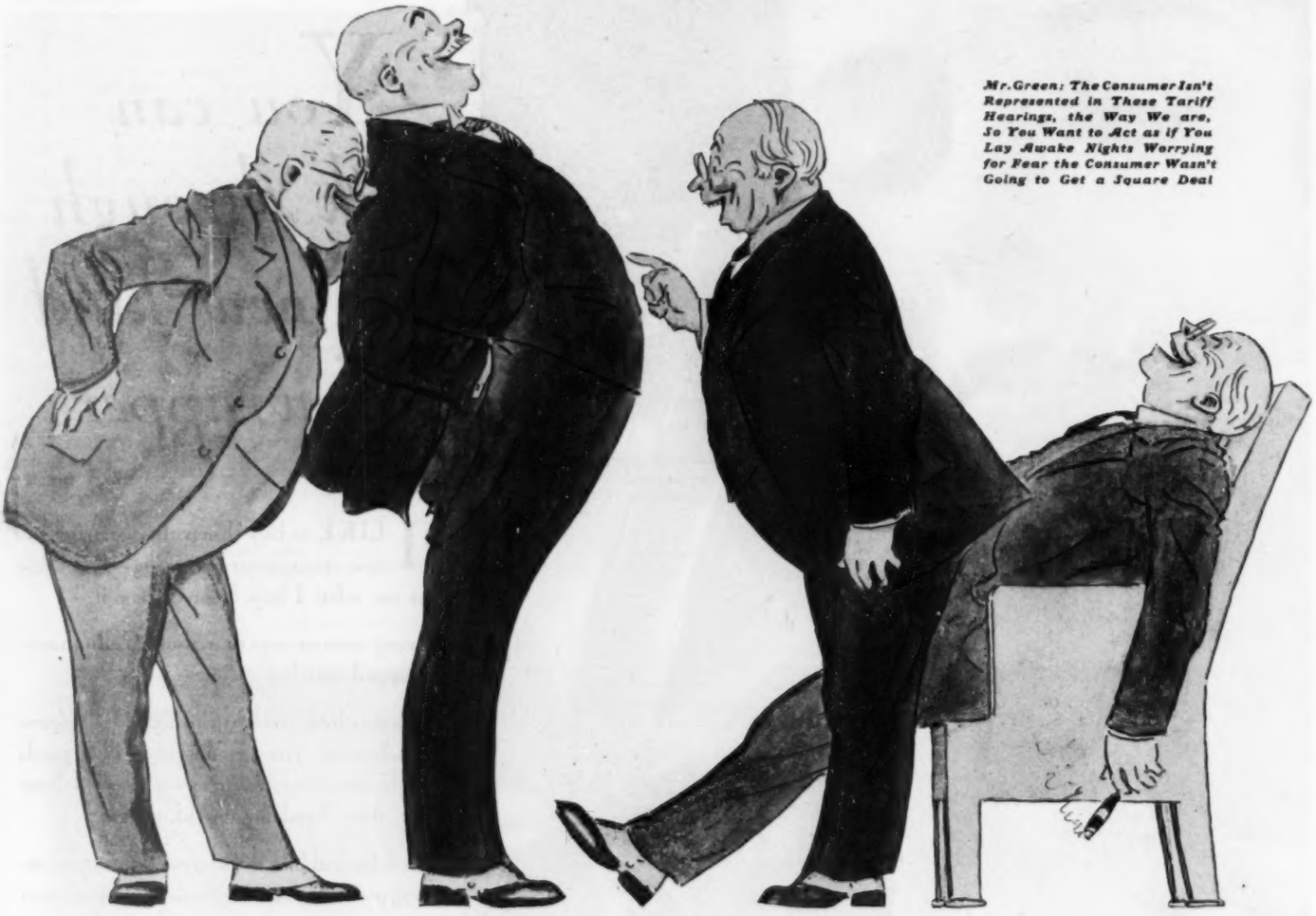

Mr. Green: The Consumer Isn't Represented in These Tariff Hearings, the Way We are, So You Want to Act as if You Lay Awake Nights Worrying for Fear the Consumer Wasn't Going to Get a Square Deal

A Drama in the Manner of the Moscow Art Theater

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

CHARACTERS

JOHN B. GANSON, *a big post-hole manufacturer who wants a greatly increased tariff on post holes.*

CURTIS BLACK, *vice president and general manager of the Cheese Hole Supply Company.*

CAMERON GANSON, *son of* JOHN B. GANSON: *A recent graduate of Michivania University, where he majored in economics.*

HENRY FLICKER, *secretary and Washington representative of the Hole Institute of America.*

EDWARD GREEN, *general counsel of the Sawgoose Portable Hole and Corner Company, a Delaware corporation.*

WILLIAM ROBINSON, *a bell boy, who cares nothing about the tariff, but is sure that everything costs twice as much as it should.*

SCENE

[The scene is laid in the parlor of a luxurious hotel suite in Washington, D. C. A door, R, leads into a bedroom. Another door, L, opens into the hall.

There may or may not be a large mirror over the fireplace, C, and three tiers of golden-oak shelves, empty, on each side of it. In the fireplace should stand a piece of white paper, folded in the shape of a fan.

In the center of the room is a large round golden-oak table surrounded by eight chairs upholstered in red plush—chairs that look badly swollen from sunburn. On the table are a square, dark brown bottle, seven glasses, six ash trays, fourteen ginger-ale bottles and a nickeled champagne bucket containing ice.

The rising curtain discloses JOHN B. GANSON *and* CURTIS BLACK *busying themselves with the square bottle, the ice bucket and the ginger ale.* MR. GANSON *is a large man, very thick around the middle. His face is smooth and red.* MR. BLACK *is small, sparrowlike and pessimistically inclined.*

CAMERON GANSON *sits in a red plush armchair, R, deep in a newspaper, from which he emerges from time to time to stare in a puzzled manner at his father and* MR. BLACK.

MR. BLACK *(smacking his lips):* That's the real old stuff, all right.

MR. GANSON *(comfortably):* Sure it is! Happy days! *(They drink.)*

MR. BLACK *(worried):* It's getting harder to get, what with this Jones Law and all.

MR. GANSON *(smiling pityingly at him):* Jones Law! What's the Jones Law got to do with it? It doesn't matter how many Jones Laws they pass, so long as you know the ropes and have a little dough.

MR. BLACK *(sagely):* Well, there's too many laws, if you ask me.

MR. GANSON: Sure there are!

MR. BLACK: We'd get along better if we didn't have any laws at all.

MR. GANSON *(judicially):* Well, you got to have laws, Curt.

MR. BLACK *(reluctantly):* Oh, sure; you got to have laws. What I mean is, we'd be better off if we didn't have so many laws that you're all the time wanting to break. I mean men like us, John, and our wives and daughters and sons.

MR. GANSON: Well, you got to have some laws, or they'd be stealing our money, or sticking us up whenever we went out, or maybe murdering us and everything. You got to look at that side of it when you talk about too many laws.

MR. BLACK: Oh, sure, but you know what I mean.

MR. GANSON: Sure, Curt; I know what you mean, and you're dead right. It's getting so you can't turn around without running into a law. *(They drink.)*

MR. BLACK *(exhaling gustily):* It's fierce! We're law-ridden—that's what we are—law-ridden.

MR. GANSON: Well, that certainly is a fact. We certainly are law-ridden, and what's going to come of it in another hundred years, I'll be darned if I know.

MR. BLACK: If we're law-ridden now, what will our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren be in a hundred years?

MR. GANSON: I know it! They certainly will be law-ridden!

MR. BLACK *(awe-struck):* I'll say they will!

MR. GANSON: The only good point is that our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren will probably have bigger bank accounts than we have, at the end of another hundred years, if business keeps up the way it has.

MR. BLACK: I certainly was glad I bought an extra block of Amalgamated Hole when I did.

(Continued on Page 47)

STARS OF THE NEW SHOW WORLD

CREAM OF SCREEN STARS

Harold Lloyd* Clara Bow George Bancroft "Buddy" Rogers Nancy Carroll William Powell Evelyn Brent Richard Dix Gary Cooper Richard Arlen

WHO'S WHO OF STAGEDOM

Moran & Mack, "The Two Black Crows" Maurice Chevalier Dennis King Ruth Chatterton Jeanne Eagels The Four Marx Brothers

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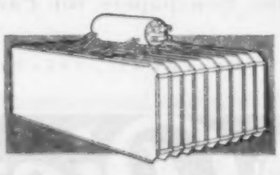

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(Continued from Page 44)

MR. GANSON *(good-humoredly)*: You heard what they had in mind this year, didn't you?

MR. BLACK: Sure! Pretty smooth!

MR. GANSON *(smacking his lips)*: One new share for each three you now hold, and costs you only twenty-five a share.

MR. BLACK *(gently)*: She sold up to a hundred and ninety-six today.

MR. GANSON: She'll break three hundred inside of two years, new stock and all!

MR. BLACK: Not if we don't get a higher tariff on post holes, it won't!

MR. GANSON: Well, we got to get a higher tariff on post holes, for goodness' sake!

MR. BLACK: Sure we have!

MR. GANSON: Well, I'll say we have! You act as if there might be some doubt about it! You don't want to go around talking that way, for Pete's sake! We got to get it!

MR. BLACK: Well, we're going to, aren't we?

MR. GANSON: Why, sure we are! *(They drink heartily.)*

MR. BLACK: I suppose we're lucky to have Flicker in Washington.

MR. GANSON *(enthusiastically)*: Lucky! I'll say we're lucky!

MR. BLACK *(moodily)*: It certainly costs a lot of money to keep him here.

MR. GANSON *(sniffing)*: Not when you prorate it. *(Reaches for the telephone)*: Hello, room service. Send a couple of set-ups to Room 3061. *(He replaces the receiver.)* [*There is a knock on the door, L.* WILLIAM ROBINSON *enters, places a tray of set-ups on the table and hands the check to* MR. GANSON.

MR. GANSON *(examining the check)*: A dollar for two set-ups, hey? Good night! *(To William Robinson)*: And I suppose you'd like half a dollar!

WILLIAM *(grinning sheepishly)*: Ah certainly could use it, yessuh. Ain't nuthin' you buy that don't cost more'n last year, ev'y year. Dunno how come nuthin' never gits cheaper. Yessuh, cap'n. Thanky, cap'n. *(He goes out.)*

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(emerging from behind his newspaper and smiling at his father)*: You ought to be glad the ice people aren't demanding a tariff on ice.

MR. GANSON *(angrily)*: They'd better not try it, with prices where they are!

MR. BLACK *(passionately)*: A dollar and a half for two set-ups! That's robbery!

MR. GANSON: Every time I come to this hotel I swear I'll never come back to it; but I guess they're all the same. Just grabbing all the tariff will bear!

MR. BLACK: There's no excuse for it!

[*There is a knock on the door, L, and a shout of "Come in!" from* MR. GANSON *and* MR. BLACK. *Enter* MR. FLICKER *and* EDWARD GREEN. MR. FLICKER *carries a brief case.*

MR. GANSON *(seizing the telephone)*: Well, well, well! *(Into the telephone)*: Two more set-ups for Room 3061. *(He hangs up.)* Well, well, well! Meet my son Cameron, gentlemen. He graduated from Michivania last June, and I want him to learn the post-hole business from the ground up.

MR. FLICKER *(jovially)*: Well, we can teach him a few things in Washington that he never learned in college. [YOUNG MR. GANSON *shakes hands and retires again behind his newspaper.*

MR. GREEN: We'd have been here sooner, but we couldn't find a place to park.

MR. BLACK: We were just talking about that.

MR. GREEN: What, about parking?

MR. BLACK: No. About laws—parking laws, prohibition laws—nothing but laws, laws, laws, whichever way you turn! I tell you, it's enough to make anybody go and live abroad, the way they pass new laws all the time!

MR. GREEN: Well, that certainly is a fact, and no mistake. I certainly hate to have the Government telling me what I can do and what I can't do, all the time.

MR. FLICKER *(jovially)*: If any of you gentlemen get into trouble over any of these laws, just give me a ring. I know all the big boys personally, and none of my friends would ever be bothered.

MR. GANSON *(meaningly)*: Well, what did I tell you about Amalgamated Hole Common? You got a piece of that, didn't you?

MR. FLICKER *(with enthusiasm)*: Yes, sir; I certainly did, thanks to you. A hundred and ninety-six today!

MR. GANSON: Yes, and two hundred and fifty within the next three months, sure!

MR. GREEN: By George, the prosperity of this country is simply amazing! I look to see it last for another four years.

MR. GANSON: What do you mean—four? Another eight!

MR. BLACK *(gloomily)*: Yes, if we get a higher tariff on post holes.

MR. FLICKER *(with an air of assurance)*: Well, we'll get that, all right!

MR. BLACK: What I want to know is what we say to the committee tomorrow so that we get a higher tariff on post holes. Do we talk about being an infant industry?

MR. GANSON: No; we were an infant industry in the last tariff hearings, when we first got a high tariff put on post holes. We can't be an infant industry again.

MR. FLICKER: No; you can only be an infant industry once. This time you've got to talk about pauper labor—about the pauper labor of Europe—about cheap foreign labor. That's what you want to talk about mostly.

MR. GREEN: Mostly and loudest.

MR. FLICKER: Certainly. That's the one argument, next to the infant-industry argument, that committees in Congress can't get away from—cheap foreign labor ruining American industries.

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(coming out from behind his newspaper)*: Is cheap foreign labor ruining the post-hole industry?

MR. FLICKER: Absolutely! Aren't there more post holes imported from Europe, with its pauper labor, than there were ten years ago?

YOUNG MR. GANSON: Isn't that because America uses more post holes—more of our post holes and more foreign post holes as well?

MR. FLICKER *(impatiently)*: That isn't the question! The question is whether there ought to be a higher tariff on post holes or whether there oughtn't, isn't it?

MR. BLACK *(querulously)*: We've got to have a higher tariff, yes!

MR. GANSON *(gravely)*: You keep the tariff on post holes where it is, and I venture the assertion that Amalgamated Hole wouldn't cut another stock dividend for eight years. That's the long and short of it.

MR. FLICKER *(leaning back in triumph)*: Well, there you are; you've got to have a higher tariff on post holes! You've got to keep out the cheap foreign post holes, made by cheap foreign labor, or have the entire post-hole industry ruined!

MR. GREEN: Our workmen, with their high pay and high standards of living, cannot be expected to compete with the pauper labor of Europe. You don't want to forget that! You want to harp on that!

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(in some surprise)*: You can't get away with that, can you?

MR. FLICKER: How do you mean, not get away with it?

YOUNG MR. GANSON: Well, I mean, you're implying that if men in an industry get high wages, the price of the things they produce must also be high.

MR. FLICKER *(helplessly)*: Why, sure they must!

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(patiently)*: No, that's not so. They are only high if the efficiency of your labor is low. If your labor is inefficient, much labor is

(Continued on Page 146)

Mr. Black: Do We Talk About Being an Infant Industry? Mr. Ganson: No; We Were an Infant Industry in the Last Tariff Hearings

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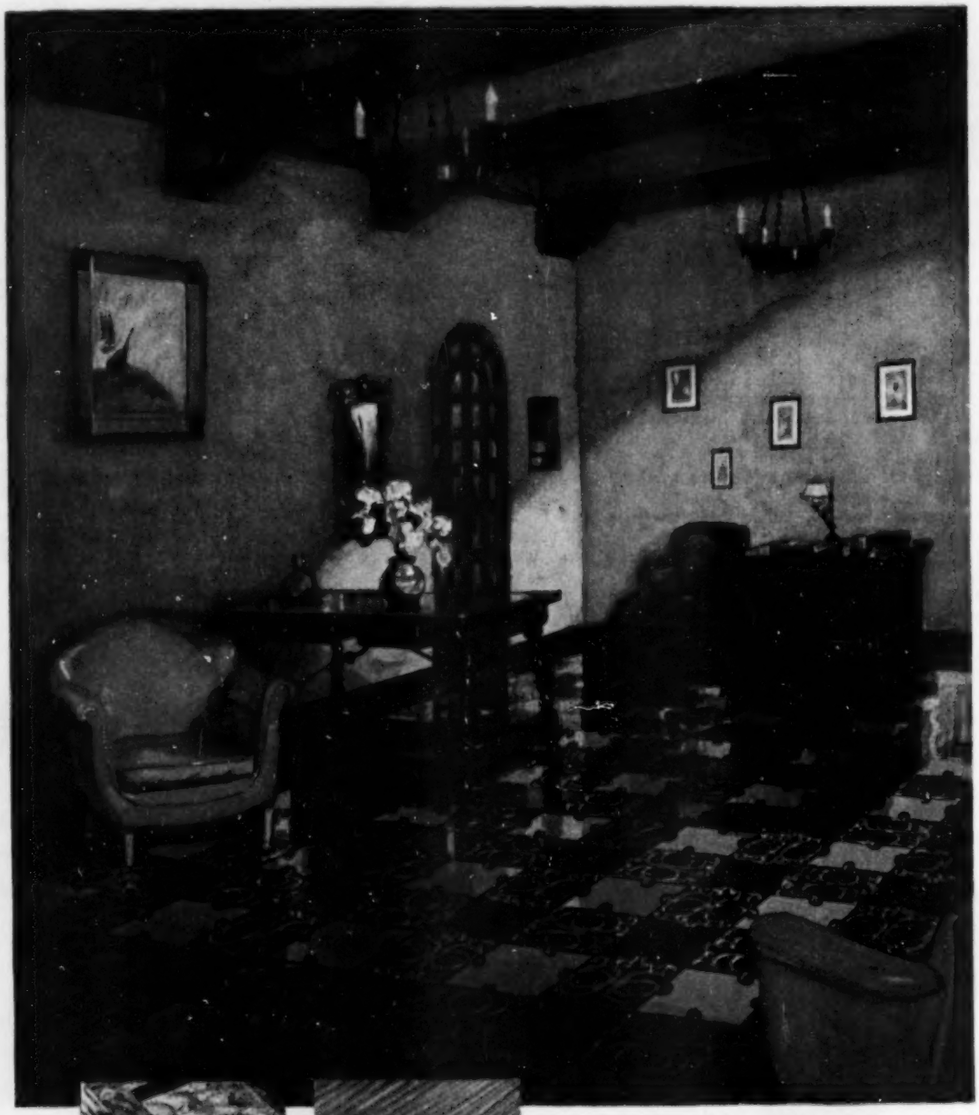

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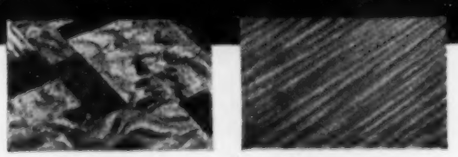

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THE INTERLOPER

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"YOU have no arms aboard?" Pieter Visscher, the Dutch Resident of Palembang, on Sumatra, asked severely of Captain Arad Whitney.

"A single small-arm chest," the captain said, and filled the Resident's glass again with Jamaica rum. "As I have said, pirates drove me into the mouth of your river. If I had been armed, you can bet I would have kept on up the China Sea. Time is precious. I don't want to beat up against the northeast monsoon."

The Resident cast a suspicious eye across the cabin of the ship Water Witch. His soldiers had been turning over the iron ballast in the Witch's hold; they had tapped water casks, roused up chain, looked into the sail locker, and even struck their gun butts against the plank bulkhead aft, behind which lay concealed kegs of Salem specie. The Resident hated Yankee ships — they threatened the Dutch spice trade — but there was nothing incriminating here.

"The pirates have gone to the westward," Visscher said.

"Well, and now the water in my casks has rotted," the Yankee captain explained patiently. He had come on the Sumatran coast a month too early for pepper, but his talent for loitering and varying his excuses for loitering here at Palembang had kept pace with his interest in Baju Mira, a princess and the daughter of an Arab trader.

"I don't begrudge you water," Visscher grumbled. "But there is a war farther up this river between my soldiers and the Sultan of Jambi, and these traders on the river, the Arabs and Chinese, are smuggling arms and ammunition in to him. Smugglers of all nationalities will have to learn that the Dutch hang quick," Pieter Visscher exploded, bristling with ferocity.

"Certainly. Make a clean job. Dead men tell no tales," Captain Arad agreed.

Pieter Visscher emptied his glass and said that there would be plenty of dead men hereabouts in the island of Sumatra before another week. This folly of the Sultan of Jambi's had forced him to march all his spare soldiers into the jungle, including even those that Captain Carmache had brought him from Batavia in the ship Maimoom. The Resident of Palembang would show the sultan that a river is no bigger than its mouth. If he persisted in refusing to trade with the Dutch, he would find that he could not trade at all; he would have no resource except to sulk somewhere in the middle of his private benzoin forest.

The Resident, in taking his leave, could not resist casting a few slurs on the Government at Washington. Was it not true that that Government, in Andrew Jackson's administration, had mortgaged the Capitol building, or the ground on which it stood, to the Dutch?

"I hear lately that the Dutch are going to foreclose," he hastened to say sarcastically.

Captain Arad said easily that that was the inalienable right of any mortgagee with plenty of spare soldiers. Mynheer Visscher dropped clumsily into his barge and was rowed away in the direction of his shaky bamboo fort. Tom Lovegreen, lion-headed Tom, the Witch's mate, said hoarsely to his captain:

"The man's a liar."

"I don't know," Arad chuckled. "A man who would wreck an institution like the Bank of the United States, as Andy Jackson did, wouldn't boggle at mortgaging the nation to the Dutch, let alone the Capitol."

After a gloomy silence, Lovegreen changed the subject by saying, "The Maimoom is getting too close for comfort. Shall I veer out a little more cable, sir?"

"If you do that," Arad reminded him, with a look at the gloomy jungle wall, "you will bring us nearer than a tiger leap to that bank. These big cats, I know from experience, are liable to come out of nowhere and catch a man in the small of the back."

"It's the orang-utans throwing green coconuts that worry me more," Lovegreen grumbled. "I don't know why I haven't got my skull split open before now. Those devils know how to take aim. And if a man goes swimming one of these alligators nips his leg off."

"Perils enough. If he just squints over the ship's rail he's liable to have his eyes put out," Arad said lazily. "I remember an old devil of a blind minstrel at Zanzibar, Tom, that had had both eyes put out for winking only one of them at one of the king's wives."

This jesting reference was to their neighbor, Jeanne Carmache, the half-breed daughter of the Maimoom's captain. That brilliant creature's skin was of the faintest and finest orange tint, against her yellow sarong. Early in the morning she would be heard swearing excitedly in French at the lazy Malay women, her father's sailors; or they might see her at the Maimoom's beautifully carved teak stern playing ball with old Thwart-the-Way, a huge and rather shopworn ape with soft, puzzled eyes, but invincibly long and strong arms and a seamanlike way of laying hold of a rope.

Captain Carmache's grievance against Pieter Visscher was heavy. The man had only that afternoon refused to pay for the transportation of two troops of soldiers on the Maimoom from Batavia to Palembang.

"They have eaten my ship down to her keel, you understand, and now, on some trumped-up charge against me, the money is not forthcoming," the little Frenchman confessed, before Arad had been aboard five minutes. "The truth is," he went on, shrugging his shoulders inside a blue silk roundabout, "we are none of us in very good odor here. This Arab friend of yours, Ferdano Mantri, is in the worst case of all. Visscher knows well enough that he has been running in guns and ammunition to the sultan, and taking gold dust for it; so now to put a stop to that, the cursed Dutchman has told the old fellow that he must have his daughter for a wife."

"Must have Baju Mira?"

"Yes. Name of a name. An Arab. A princess of the blood from Muscat formerly. These Dutch had better look out. Right along they have been squeezing the Chinese traders, putting taxes on births and marriages; and even when the poor devils are dead, they must pay so much for every day they lie unburied, with their own priests looking everywhere for a lucky grave. But an Arab. These Arabs are proud souls," Carmache said, just failing to stop the orange-colored fingers of his daughter from thieving the last cigar out of the pocket of his waistcoat. "He was a prince in Zanzibar—a hadji, you understand, in addition; a pilgrim. He has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, prays five times a day, and forces this nonsense on his women. Well, in spite of all these prayers of himself, his daughter and twelve wives five times a day, this Dutchman is likely to filch Baju Mira bodily away from him. The Malays worship her, but they can't stand alone against the prick of these Dutch bayonets. These Malays, you know, are not like other men," little Carmache grunted. "They are always yelping for a woman to rule over them. Their very gods are women."

He tugged at his beard, and stared at the chessboard where a game was in progress between his daughter and himself.

"Checkmate in two moves," Jeanne Carmache said in her soft French, and blowing smoke derisively in his face. He blinked. He had taught her the game, but now she outskilled him easily.

"Well, God is great," he muttered, holding his palms up. "In my opinion Ferdano Mantri has made this appointment

A Rope, Such as Malay Head Soldiers Carried, Dropped Over Arad's Head, and Drew His Arms In Snug

to see you here, captain, to get you to cast in your lot with the sultan. With a white man, a ship captain from Salem, at their head, they would fight like tigers to make an outlet here for their gold dust and spices. Ferdano Mantri and his followers are caught in a vise here between the Sultan of Jambi and the Dutch. Chut. Ferdano is coming now."

Jeanne Carmache picked up her guitar to welcome the approach of the Arab's barge with song, although she disliked Baju Mira. The dreamy rush of poison-green water along the teak planking of the Maimoom had the sound of bells in it—tiny finger bells on the fingers of Ferdano's oarswomen. Shadowed by the arch of a high-springing bamboo bridge, they flashed into the sun again, reaching all together for purchase on the water with a fascinating play of shoulder muscles, a quivering of the underparts of their strong young arms. They were all shades of bronze, copper, gold and orange, with curls on their foreheads, and the brightly varnished proa was alive with the scarlet and yellow gleams of their half-discarded sarongs. They took in their larboard oars with a lively shout, and Ferdano Mantri came over the Maimoom's rail with his usual alacrity.

Captain Arad asked with his hand half held out, "Is it peace?"

"It is peace," Ferdano Mantri said. They shook hands.

Ferdano stood very tall in a green silk robe reaching to his ankles, and a white turban—which he had probably been half an hour twisting up, Jeanne Carmache whispered admiringly to her father. The Arab's beard was a white fall against the yellow silk of his vest, his brows were black still, and the eyes under them showed that the warrior and statesman were not lost altogether in the trader.

"You speak the Arab tongue well," he said to Arad. "Where did you learn it?"

"At Muscat and Zanzibar," Arad answered.

"At Muscat," Ferdano said, with his brown hand hung in his beard. "I can see the cove of Muscat as if it was only yesterday that I was there. The mountains by night black as iron, and the moon white enough to hurt the eye. It was there that I cut the throat of a prince of the blood, for just cause," he let fall negligently, with a humorous lift of his thick black eyebrows. How few touches would be needed to transform him again into the desert warrior of his youth, in a cream-colored cloak, with a fiery mount clasped under him, a long silver-banded firelock at his back, and a bag of dates and salted shark at his girdle.

"You had enemies, no doubt."

"Many. Some I killed in battle; others I stabbed sleeping," Ferdano said in the same casual accent. "But you, captain, you do not come here to make a treaty of trade with the Dutch?"

"No."

"Is it then to smell the pigeon flower, or to listen to the voices of the women at their prayers?"

"Neither."

Captain Arad looked overside at that bamboo cabin at the proa's stern, thatched with rice straw. Baju Mira was there he was morally certain; was inside, but she did not show her face. Jeanne Carmache had made a diversion by bringing Ferdano a water pipe and lighting it for him with her own lips. It was filled with a drink called the "Spirit of Mohammed," and drawing in that heady smoke with an expansion of his nostrils, a hollowing of his cheeks, the old Arab narrowed his eyes on the bamboo fort which showed the muzzles of rusty guns peeping through ruined embrasures. The Dutch war brig, painted green and yellow, but stripped of nearly all its crew, was in the foreground.

"Tell me," Ferdano Mantri uttered, "as between your country and Holland, which is cat and which is rat?"

"That will depend on which is in the hole," Arad grinned.

"Ah! God is great. But it is rumored that you have a secret hoard of gold which is intended for the sultan."

"For the sultan? He has not shown me so much as the tip of his nose."

"Yet he is not far off," the old trader muttered with a dramatic gesture of his lean but still powerful arm toward the jungle, bounded by a mangrove screen rising from the water's edge and festooned with a blaze of blossoming creepers. "With the assistance of one man like yourself, he could drive the Dutch into the sea. And—for a year gold dust and spices have been accumulating in his godowns. At present his wealth is pain to him, like a full udder to a cow."

"A full udder. Then it would be an act of charity to milk him," Arad laughed.

Jeanne Carmache, who knew snatches of Arabic, also laughed deep in her round throat. Ferdano swung his noble head in her direction. Jeanne, lying on a coil of coconut-fiber rope in her brilliant sarong, pretended to be absorbed in the maneuvers of old Thwart-the-Way, her hairy man. Ferdano's nostrils were stretched wide, the wheeling of his eyes produced a lightninglike white flash against the gloom of his face. Captain Arad Whitney could suddenly vision the Sultan of Jambi, deep in the jungle, with a ray of sunlight lighting up his speckled coat blazing with diamonds, his crooked dagger. And back of him all that dammed-up wealth—gold dust, pepper, cinnamon, benzoin and camphor. One bold conquering stroke would make a voyage for the Witch such as even Salem had never dreamed of. There was the chance of failure to be reckoned with, one of the rubs of trading; but if it were true that Baju Mira's strain was half divine ——

Jeanne Carmache, rising from the deck with her hands at her hair, which she had clubbed at her neck like a Chinawoman's, cried in French, "Do not listen, Tuan. The hadji will hurt Tuan."

But Captain Arad felt more than usually immortal. He passed his hand under Jeanne's chin.

"If you were an Arab, my sun bird, I could tell you that you were a foretaste of the bliss of Paradise promised by Mohammed to his followers. But I have got too old to flatter in any other language—and besides my French is rusty."

"Like your manners," Jeanne Carmache cried hotly.

Ferdano Mantri strolled to the ship's rail, and looked down his nose at the silly little oarswomen lolling there,

(Continued on Page 111)

She Glided Past the Dark War Brig, and Then Ran Along the Jungle Wall for the End of the Bar

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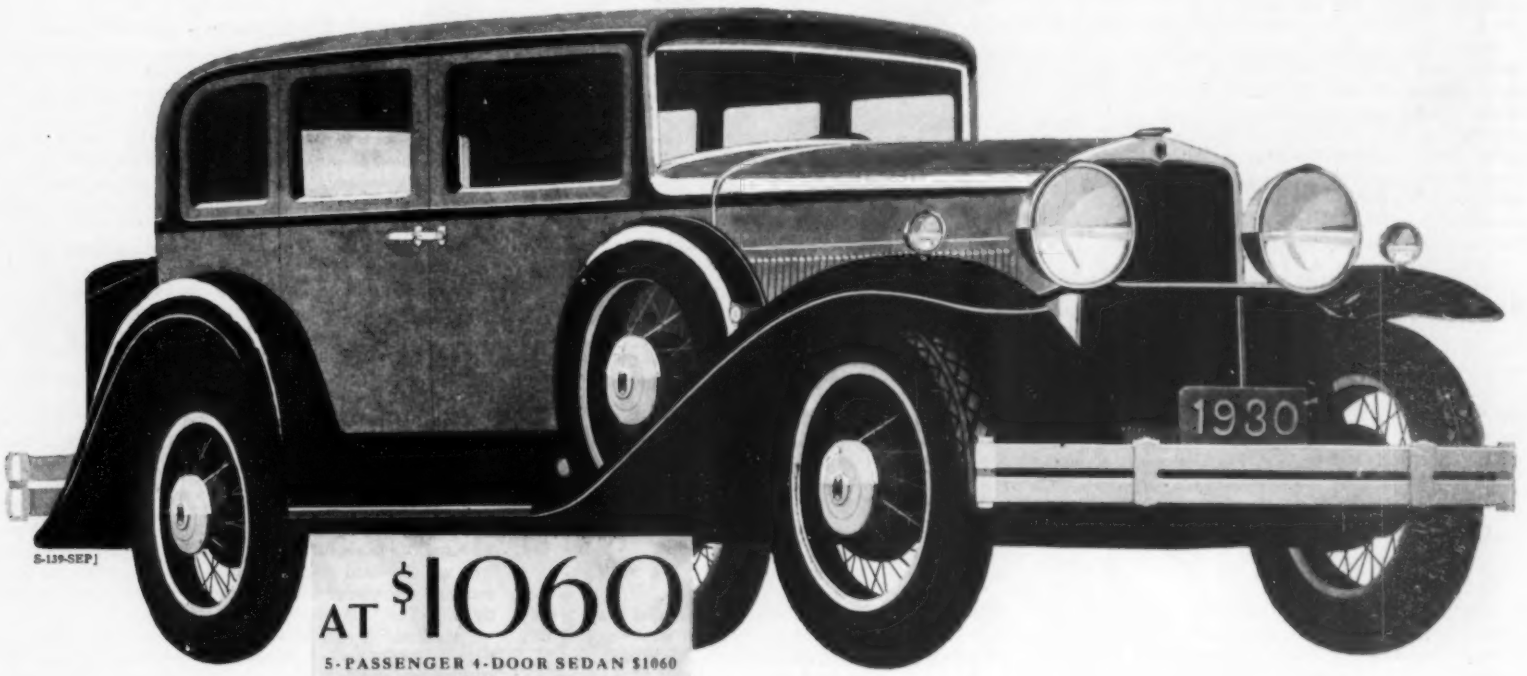

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HOUSE GUESTS

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

UPON returning to California, one of the first persons I encountered was Daphne Hunter, of the Pasadena Hunters. It was a clear day. The sun was shining. She came around a corner in a roadster and tore off the front end of my automobile, which was quietly minding its own business. "You should learn to drive one of these things," I said severely, emerging from the wreck and looking at what had been fenders, radiator and axles.

"May I inquire your name?" she asked, taking out a fountain pen.

"What do you care about names? You need to know about steering gears, young woman. I have a good notion to summon a policeman."

"What is your name?" she repeated in a freezing voice, unscrewing the cap of her fountain pen, and it was then I looked at her and saw she was extremely pretty and flushed.

"My name is Joel Daniels," I informed her, in a more kindly tone, "and you will always find it difficult to drive one automobile through another. You must always try to drive either by or around a motor car, and not through it."

At this she suddenly lost her chill demeanor.

"Joel Daniels!" she cried. "Well, my goodness, isn't this odd? You don't know who I am, do you?"

"Certainly. You are a beautiful young woman employed by automobile makers to tear about the streets smashing motor cars."

"I am Daphne Hunter," she announced. "Isn't it too funny?"

"Not the Pasadena Hunters?" I inquired in surprise, and she nodded violently and put away her pen.

Naturally, I know the Hunters of Pasadena. They are one of the most important families in Pasadena, and the head of the family at present is Mrs. Lee Pendergast Hunter, who is Daphne's aunt. She is interested in dogs and cats, and saves their lives constantly. I believe she personally purchased a dog ambulance and bestowed it upon the county, and for many years has been president of the humane society and a fearless champion of dumb animals.

"Well, well, well, well," I said. "Think of that!"

"I shall take you home with me," Daphne continued briskly. "Aunt Amelia will be delighted to see you again."

Observing she was growing prettier with every passing instant, I decided to go. Leaving our mangled machines, we hailed a taxicab and hastened to Pasadena.

"Joel Daniels," Daphne announced, ushering me into the house, which was a comfortable brick structure surrounded by flowers and covered with ivy. Aunt Amelia glanced up from some writing and inspected me stonily. She was a solid, confident woman, with very red cheeks and a bright blue eye.

"So you are young Joel? You have been away?"

"For years."

"You resemble your uncle."

"So I have been told."

After some desultory conversation, we sat down to dinner, listened to the radio and presently Daphne's aunt resumed her writing, which had to do with a new dog hospital in North Pasadena. Daphne and I sauntered in the moonlight and, as the hours fled, I stole an occasional glance. She was steadily growing more beautiful.

I am not the one to shilly-shally about important matters. Once I make up my mind, I believe in immediate action; and at eleven o'clock, with a glorious moon looking down into the Hunter garden, I spoke to Daphne, who had become a trifle pensive.

"It seems to me," I began, "that Fate must have taken a hand in our affairs."

"Doesn't it? I am not really a good driver."

"I know it. Another inch and you would have missed my radiator. And then I should never have met you."

"Oh," said Daphne.

"I might have gone on to China tomorrow."

"How awful," Daphne said, and she appeared to shudder at the thought. I moved nearer, as it was beginning to be chilly in the garden.

"Daphne," I said. "There is no escaping one's destiny. We were made for each other. You must marry me."

Instantly the dear girl broke into tears and sobbed gently for maybe two minutes.

"It can never be," she murmured, controlling her emotion.

"Don't you like me?"

"Yes, but we can never marry."

"Why?"

"Aunt Amelia." Daphne waved a dismal hand toward the window, behind which the energetic aunt was still busy with her monograph on dogs and their sorrows.

"You think your aunt would object?"

Daphne nodded sadly in the moonlight, and I moved slightly nearer as the evening chill intensified.

"Aunt Amelia has often spoken of your family. She has mentioned your Uncle Joel, whom she seems to know. In fact, Mr. Daniels—or as I should call you, Joel—in fact, Joel, Aunt Amelia, dreadful as it may sound to say it, believes your family suffers from a streak."

"A streak?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a streak?"

"Well, it pains me to say it, but my aunt feels the Danielses are not balanced very well."

"You mean mentally unsound?" I asked, in genuine surprise.

"That is it, Joel," she said gravely.

"How ridiculous! Anyhow, there is nothing left of my family except Uncle Joel. He's all there is to the family."

"Precisely. Aunt Amelia seems informed and has often spoken of him. Of course I am not sure she will object, but I fear she will, and her word is law."

"Then," I said happily, "you do care for me a little?"

Daphne turned her head away, and I realized that the lovely creature was fond of me, but did not care to marry into a family that was growing mentally dim.

"Daphne," I cried, "your Aunt Amelia is mistaken. Uncle Joel is a worthy and retired country gentleman, living quietly upon his estate. I had a letter from him last week, and very cordial it was."

"I shall ask Aunt Amelia in the morning," Daphne replied, and as it was now quite chilly, I put my arm around her and we sat quietly in the moonlight.

"If she opposes our marriage," I said firmly, "I shall speak to her. Matter of fact, the Daniels family long has been notorious for its sturdy common sense."

I bade her a lingering good night amid the roses, went home, slept fitfully and was back in Pasadena early. Daphne met me on the veranda, in a blue frock, lovelier in broad daylight than she had been the night before. One glance and I knew the verdict.

"Darling," I said, "you have spoken to your aunt?"

"Yes, Joel."

"She says no wedding bells?"

Daphne sadly nodded. "We can never be married."

"Where is Aunt Amelia now?" I demanded.

"In the library, preparing a paper for the woman's club on the cruelty of riding dogs on running boards."

"I shall go to her," I declared, and we entered the house together, Daphne trotting along timidly at my heels and beseeching me not to lose my temper.

Mrs. Hunter looked up from her running-board article and fastened me with her cold blue eyes. She was a handsome woman, but could at times assume a severe manner.

"Aunt Amelia," I began. "You are too hasty. You are entirely mistaken about the Daniels family. It grieves me to have you set us down as mentally bereft."

"Young man," she snapped, "you look like your Uncle Joel. I said so the moment I saw you."

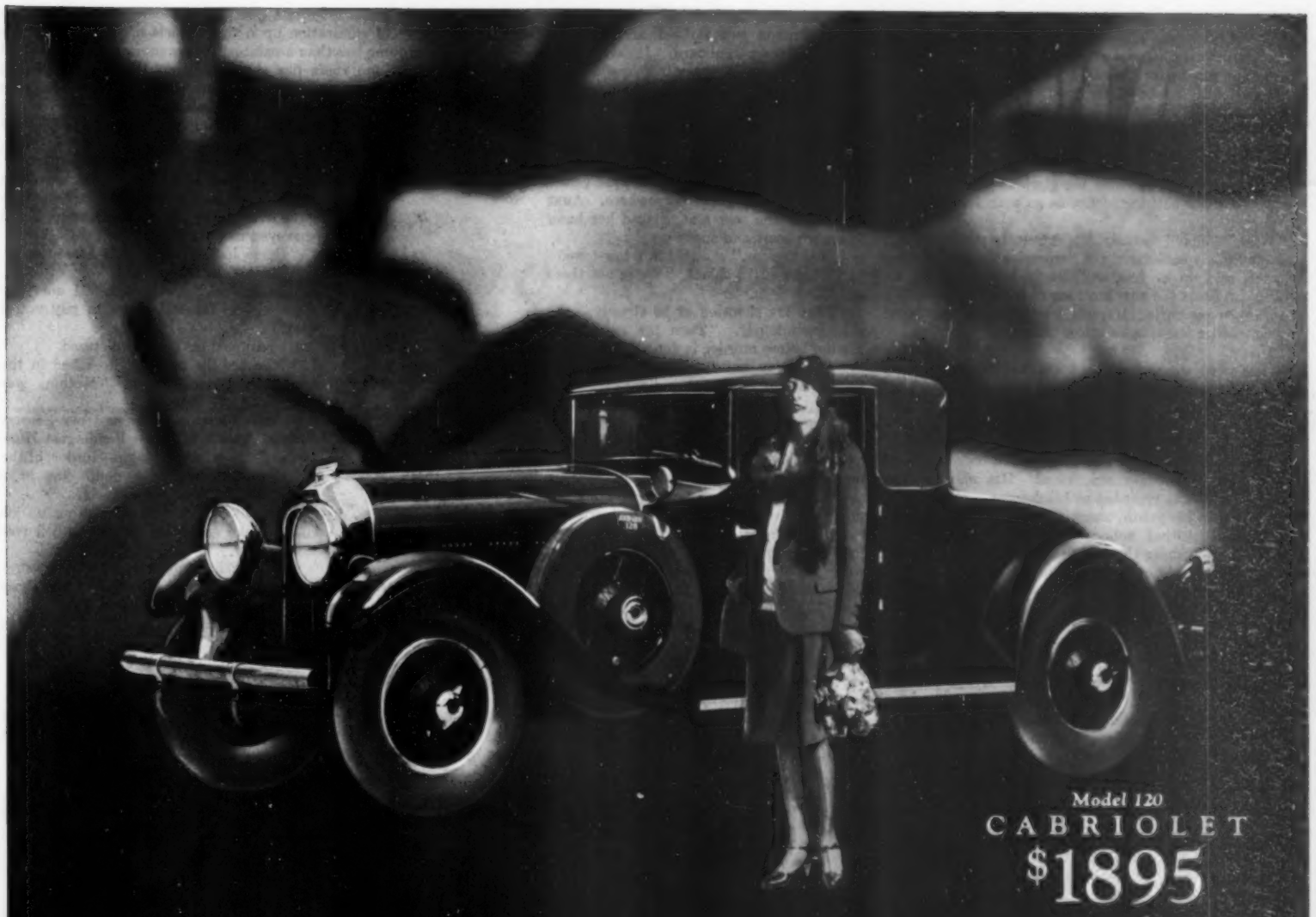
"What if I do? I am glad to resemble him. He is a solid citizen of this county, living the life of a rural squire. And where did you get the fancy that the Danielses had lost their hinges?"

"I do not care to argue with you, Mr. Daniels," she said, preparing to close the interview and go back to the dogs. "I have Daphne's future to safeguard, and mean to do so. You are the dead spit and image of your uncle, and it is common knowledge that his branch of your family is not right."

"Madam," I said soberly, "I likewise have Daphne's happiness to consider. If there is a confused streak in my family, I should be the last man in the world to marry this lovely girl. I have a thought. Uncle Joel has invited me to visit him. Let us all journey together, you, Daphne and myself, and sit as a committee in lunacy. We can observe

(Continued on Page 54)

"What is Your Name?" She Repeated in a Freezing Voice, Unscrewing the Cap of Her Fountain Pen



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(Continued from Page 52)

freely. If it appears, after suitable investigation, that the Daniels family is *non compos delicto*, I shall formally give up Daphne and leave for China."

Aunt Amelia appeared to consider this proposal, but without enthusiasm. She looked dubious and bit at the end of her quill pen.

"Nothing could be fairer," I urged. "Surely you wish to be fair in a crisis like this?"

"Do, Aunt Amelia," said the glorious young creature for whom I was battling. "Let us go with Joel and visit his uncle."

"Who," I added casually, "is extremely rich."

Aunt Amelia considered the proposal with a grim countenance, said no at first and finally assented, and we arranged to start the next morning at ten. I dispatched a telegram to my uncle. Happily I wended my way home and chucked a few articles into a suitcase.

It was years and years since I had laid an eye upon my avuncular relation, for whom I had been named. I recalled him dimly as one with a thundering voice, a large, breezy man who was always roaring at somebody and smoking black, enormous cigars down to the quick. When the cigar would no longer burn, he chewed its cold, moist carcass with passionate enjoyment. His manner was abrupt and he was regarded as headstrong and violently opinionated in his youth, shocking quiet people with his expressed belief that nobody had ever walked across, around, over or under the Red Sea.

He married, at a tender age, a Chicago daughter of rich parents, who quitted him in later years, stating in the legal documents that she preferred being by herself, and her harsh act had puzzled my uncle no little and caused him moments of repining. About his being eccentric or mentally foggy, I had heard not the suspicion of a whisper.

"Arriving for dinner," I telegraphed. "Hope you are well."

Aunt Amelia and Daphne were ready and waiting when I clattered up in a rented machine and we departed from Pasadena in gay spirits, drove rapidly north into the mountain country Joel had chosen for his home, and as the afternoon sun slanted across moor and fen, we paused beside a signboard. It said Providencia Lodge in large letters, and an arrow indicated direction. We entered through a wide arch and proceeded up a shady drive until halted by a gate. I jumped down. Daphne nosed the car through, hitting nothing, and I closed the gate and resumed my seat; and as the motor car moved again, there was the snap of a distant rifle and the gentle hiss of a bullet going somewhere. Aunt Amelia, in the rear seat, placed her hand upon her heart and spoke up.

Daphne Hunter

"Stop the car," she said in a low tone.

"What for?" I asked. "We're not there yet."

"They are shooting at us already," she said tremulously. "Turn the automobile around before murder is done."

"They may not be shooting at us," I said. "Might be mountain lions."

With Aunt Amelia looking quite pallid, I drove ahead cautiously, trusting there would be no more rifle cracks. We passed beneath a bower of evergreens and before us spread a splendid vista, a magnificent sweep of rolling green lawn and a marble mansion of heroic size and no particular shape. In front of the entrance stood a fountain with a fabled animal squirting water in four directions, and seated upon the veranda was a large gentleman in a Stetson hat. It was my Uncle Joel. I knew it in an instant. He was sitting there comfortably with a rifle across his knees. Even as we approached diffidently, he raised his weapon and a shot rang out.

"There is your Uncle Joel," remarked Aunt Amelia accusingly from the rear seat.

"Yes," I agreed, "and you can see for yourself that he is not shooting at us." We thereupon slid forward, blowing the horn to indicate that a motor car was heaving in, and not a mountain goat. As we drew nearer, I cast an eye of admiration upon the Daniels ménage, which was nothing less than a palace. It was enormous and rambled here and there like sky-writing on the ground. Wings seemed to break out unexpectedly. The sole human in sight was my relation, who was smoking a cigar and trying to dislodge a refractory cartridge. He was a man in his middle years, a grizzled fellow with a serious countenance. He was clad in a navy-blue shirt, velveteen trousers and heavy boots. As we halted, he gave over struggling with his weapon and surveyed us noncommittally.

"Uncle Joel!" I cried in a hearty voice.

"What?" he asked.

"Uncle Joel," I repeated. "I am your nephew, Joel Daniels, come to pay you a visit."

He removed his cigar and stared.

"Who are the ladies?" he asked in the loud voice I remembered. "Nothing was said about any ladies."

"Uncle," I said, "these are my dearest friends. This is Mrs. Lee Pendergast Hunter, and this is Miss Daphne Hunter, of the Pasadena Hunters. No doubt you have heard of them."

"I have not," he replied, picking up his rifle. "Take 'em inside. Ring that bell over there."

Aunt Amelia continued to whisper, urging me to turn the car around while there was still time, but I disregarded her.

"Thank you, Uncle Joel," I said, and then, merely to make conversation, I added: "We see you are hunting."

"Hunting?" he said. "Who's hunting?"

"Aren't you?"

"Certainly not."

"What are you shooting?" I asked, and with natural curiosity, for we had noticed no game of any kind, not even a bandicoot.

(Continued on Page 198)

We Thereupon Slid Forward, Blowing the Horn to Indicate That a Motor Car Was Heaving In, and Not a Mountain Goat

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A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

{"Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free."}

IN no Universal Picture will you ever see a scrawny, skinny, ungraceful, homely heroine. I regard that sort of thing as deliberate suicide. Despite the silly idea that prevails among women of today to make caricatures of themselves, there is nothing on the screen so pleasing as a beautiful girl with a natural, well-rounded, alluring figure. Why argue about it? We all know it is true. You will invariably notice beautiful women in Universal Pictures, and in every instance, they are excellent actresses. Nothing is sacrificed to anything. So far as I am concerned, the skinny, thoroughly-dieted woman is taboo in Universal pictures. I am producing pictures that attract. I want nothing that will repel, or even suggest it. AM I RIGHT?

-C.L.

The beauty of LAURA LA PLANTE, MARY NOLAN, DOROTHY GULLIVER, KATHRYN CRAWFORD, MARY PHILBIN, BARBARA KENT, MERNA KENNEDY, and other Universal stars, will illustrate what I mean. They are beautiful in face and figure—they are *natural*, sweet, charming and pleasing to the eye. Would it be sensible to have them any other way?

Laura La Plante

These charmers, equipped with what Nature gave them, appear in many Universal productions for this coming Fall and Winter. LAURA LA PLANTE in "*Hold Your Man*," "*The Love Trap*" and others; MARY NOLAN in "*Mademoiselle Cayenne*," "*The Shanghai Lady*" and others; MERNA KENNEDY in "*Barnum was Right*" and others; BARBARA KENT in "*Flaming Daughters*" and others; DOROTHY GULLIVER in "*College Love*" and others. And so on. Watch for and feast on their natural beauty.

Mary Nolan

Universal's two great aces this year are "*Broadway*" and "*Show Boat*" which, like Old Man River, "*Just keep rolling along*" with an impetus that shows no slightest sign of letting up. Everywhere, here and in Europe, these two remarkable pictures have delighted countless thousands of people. "*College Love*" is earning delighted opinions. It is full of youth and beauty and action.

Dorothy Gulliver

The conclusion to these facts is that you must look out for Universal Pictures and urge the manager of your favorite theatre to show them. Have you written me that letter I asked for?

Carl Laemmle,
President

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FROZEN GOLD

THE STORY OF A CANADIAN PROSPECTOR, AS TOLD TO COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Planes Awaiting the Start to Richmond Gulf on Hudson Bay Last January

FOR a better understanding of what flying has done for the prospector in Canada, it must be remembered that until a year ago, the world of minerals in the North possessed an invisible deadline beyond which all hope of metal wealth seemed impossible. Canadian prospecting has just found in the airplane a means of crossing that barrier into a land of fabulous riches.

Legend is heavy in the North; most of it concerns mineral wealth. When the first envoys of the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers went into the Hudson Bay district centuries ago, every catch of furs was accompanied by the lore of strange lands where mountains of copper ore furnished practically every weapon and utensil used by the northern Indian. There was even the tradition of an ancient woman conjurer who sat upon a mountain of copper somewhere far toward the Arctic, and who sank, year by year, into the ground, carrying the metal with her. Then there were the rumors of great fields of metal along the Coppermine River, gold in the gravel bars of the Thelon, beds of precious metals in Ungava; the historians of the Hudson Bay Company recorded many such traditions. But of what use are riches if one cannot reach them? Most of this legendary land of wealth lies north of Sixty, a line of latitude which, until recently, has acted by general understanding as a divisional point between the habitable portion of Canada and that country into which only fools, fur buyers and the mounted police could go.

Sixty, North

In setting that dividing line at Sixty, the average person felt himself more than generous; it would be more sensible, thought most, to move it down to Fifty-five. Beyond that, progress into the wilderness, except in certain portions like the Peace River district, seemed beyond human capabilities. Now the airplane has changed such ideas considerably.

What will happen in the next five years is, of course, conjecture, but one must, naturally, gauge the future by the past. A year ago, there was not a gasoline cache or an airplane base north of Fort Churchill.

Arctic Airports

Today there are supply stations at Fort Harrison, Richmond Gulf, Great Whale and other points on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay; there's a radio station at Baker Lake, hundreds of miles northwest of Fort Churchill, and still hundreds of miles north of that, there's a supply base at Repulse Bay at the very head of Hudson Bay. Out in the Northwest Territories, an airplane can drop down to Landing Lake and refuel any time it happens to get into the territory. The station wasn't there a year ago, the lake wasn't known, and it was named by Captain H. A. Oaks because it was a good place for airplanes to land.

An Exploration Airplane, Swaddled in Eiderdowns to Protect the Engine Against 40-Below-Zero Temperature

Those are a few of the twenty-five stations established in a year by the Northern Aerial Mineral Explorations, Ltd., which Jack Hammell commands. Another outfit, the Dominion Explorers, has dotted the vicinity of Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake with supply camps and gasoline stations for the use of airplanes in the exploration of the Barren Lands. There are still other bases, fostered by Cyril Knight Prospecting, Nipissing Mines, and others. This year the job of investigating

(Continued on Page 58)

The Hummocked Float Ice of Hudson Bay in January. Exploration Airplanes Covered 800 Miles of This Territory in One Hop

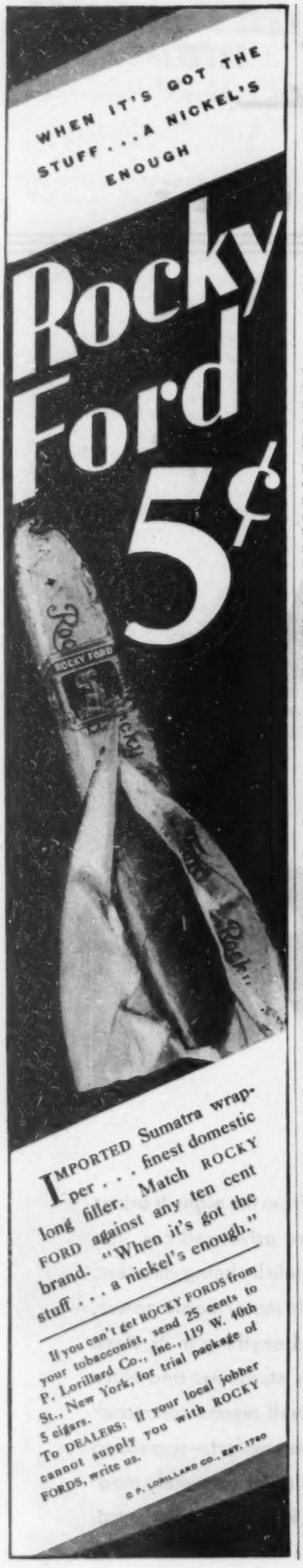
Roosevelt

MARMON-BUILT

THE WORLD'S FIRST STRAIGHT-EIGHT UNDER $1000

The Roosevelt removes the luxury tax from the eight. It brings to the $1000 buyer a new, finer, more advanced car. The Roosevelt does not seek to please merely by being different, but by being better... The straight-eight motor means power, smoothness and flexibility far beyond anything in its class. Marmon construction means sturdiness and extra long life. The Roosevelt of itself means commanding appearance and genuine comfort—something for a man and his whole family to enjoy at extremely moderate cost. Price, $995, factory. De luxe equipment extra.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS


WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH
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IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."
If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.
To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.
P. LORILLARD CO., EST. 1760

(Continued from Page 56)

Canada by air will swing into full force; what it will accomplish, no one knows; progress has been so rapid in the one year of aerial exploration that persons now hesitate to prophesy. The ones most surprised by what airplanes could do were the very persons who insisted upon that method by which to pioneer.

Of course, the big things in the North will be accomplished by big companies. Equipped with high-powered planes, hangars, supply bases, portable nose sheds, a large personnel, and all the rest of the necessities which go with a big company, they will be able to reach forth as they choose. But there is another element which also will play its part—the work of the gypsy air prospector and the junket airplane.

Heated Planes and Cool Pilots

It seems that to exploration will be given the convenience of a taxicab of the air. I predict the time, and soon, when one can arrange to reach the most remote districts of the so-called Frozen North as easily as reservations now are made with any big railroad company for travel to ordinary communities. Nor will that work be done solely through large companies; in a few years one will be able to choose his carrier as he now hires a motor car. Even now such advertisements as the following are beginning to appear in Canadian mining papers:

> Flights anywhere south of the Transcontinental Railway in a radius of 150 miles from Amos, at the rate of $40 per passenger flying hour. Flights north of the Transcontinental $50 per hour for one-passenger plane and $125 per hour for four-passenger plane.
>
> Our Aircraft are Closed and Heated, Safe and Comfortable; Our Pilots Cool, Safe and Dependable

Which, as you can see, has a strange, reminiscent quality, reminding of a cruising car edging toward a passenger on the curbing, while its driver leans forth with the pleading announcement:

"Taxi, mister? Nice, clean, comfortable, heated cab, mister!"

The record of one of these smaller exploration outfits presents an excellent picture of what may be expected from many more of their kind within the next few years. In 1927 Robert Cockeram and Peter Graham, prospectors, were flown into Fort Hope, at the eastern edge of the new gold ridge running from Red Lake, Ontario, some two hundred and fifty miles toward Northern Quebec. All in a few hours they saw a journey accomplished that otherwise might have taken a month. So they began to think of a plane for themselves.

Neither could fly, but they knew someone who could, Glyn Burge, formerly a member of the British Air Force, and later one of the flyers operating into the mining camp of Rouyn.

The necessary money was put up and Burge went to the States to take a course at the factory where the company's one plane was being built.

There was a reason for that course. Money was not overabundant. If Burge could be both pilot and mechanic, that would mean the saving of one man's salary and a hundred and fifty pounds of continuous freight. Burge took his lessons and came forth with the plane. It went into action on May 28, 1928.

It finished its first year in October. Burge, Cockeram and Graham during that time had flown into the Crow and Pickle Lake regions; they had cruised around Hudson Bay; they had looked over new mineral country near Favorable Lake in the Patricia District; they had been to The Pas in Northern Manitoba, and to Cold Lake, farther north. They had dropped down to Reindeer Lake in Northwestern Saskatchewan and moved from there to other lakes; they had cut back across Canada to Norway House, and from there to a trip around James Bay; then far onward to Haileybury; after that, they had returned to Sioux Lookout, once more in the west. But about that time there came the news of a new find at Cold Lake, hundreds of miles northwest. So they just jumped over there and staked a few claims before putting their plane up for the winter. And when their own prospecting requirements had been slack, there of course had been other passengers and freight to transport. When the year was done the record of work included 17,000 miles of territory covered, 326 passengers carried, and 30,500 pounds of freight transported without a mishap. There will be many such small companies in Canada as the years go by.

More than that, I have another prediction: that Canada will become the proving ground of the heavy, slow-flying freight carrier. The factor of flying safety is unusually great in Canada; humid air and plentiful landing places give an airplane a better chance than in most districts. The country which now is being investigated cannot be reached by railroads for years. But those who place their faith in airplanes insist that the lack of railroads will not halt them. If big enough mineral fields are found, the railroad will eventually reach them. But in the meantime the necessities of progress will be carried on by the freighter, lumbering through the skies upon a job of pioneering in a country which, until aviation began its work, was not only feared but despised.

The Frozen North, as a land of mystery and impossibilities, is facing its end. In the first place, investigators have learned that the winters there are in many places no more fierce than in districts which have known habitation for years, and that the summers are as warm as many spots even as far south as the upper Mississippi Valley. More than that, the greatest menace of all—the inaccessibility of the bush—has been conquered by going over instead of through it. Experienced aviators insist that the cost of air freighting will be cut in a few years from four dollars a hundred pounds to less than a dollar, and that slow work planes will be evolved that can carry every requirement of a mine's machinery. The lumbering prairie schooner broke the back of the West's resistance; the comparatively lumbering air freighter will do the same for the vast reaches of the North.

Exploration Airplanes on a Winter Flight Into the Ungava District, East of Hudson Bay

Mineral Exploration Aviators Building a Snow House on Great Whale River, Ungava Land, January, 1929

Vastness is a vague word by which to describe the North. Specific instances only can delineate the land, especially when it is remembered that an outstanding instance of terrific distances covered represents only a small part of the region into which the airplane is breaking its way. There's the flight of Clennel "Punch" Dickens, for instance.

The Barrens

In all the history of Canada, one place has stood forth as the most bitter of all districts; death has lurked there eternally. It is The Barrens. There's a saying in Canada that a Northman can whip his weight in wildcats or pack twice his weight on a portage; he can fight fire and muskeg and white water, but that he bows to one thing—The Barrens. Seemingly endless, weird, unclothed by vegetation, this tremendous area of rocky waste stretches westward from Hudson Bay in a constant lure to the prospector. There are bleak hills, as raw as the day the glaciers left them, thunderous waterfalls, and lakes, one seeping to the other.

There are ragged, low stretches where nothing grows but lichens and mosses, tiny Alpine flowers, a form of heather, and stunted willows, reaching a height of about six inches, then spreading close to the ground, like the creeping junipers that one finds at timber line in the Rockies. And that is all. It is The Barrens in everything that the name implies.

There is no fuel; the prospector who goes into it must carry an oil stove or forgo fire. There is no shelter. There is no means of locomotion save walking or a

(Continued on Page 60)

• • • ACROSS THE SKY FOR $339

Features of Ford Plane

All-metal (corrugated aluminum alloys)—for strength, uniformity of material, durability, economy of maintenance, and structural safety . . .

Tri-motored (Wright or Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engines, totaling from 900 to 1275 horsepower)—reserve power for safety.

Speed range—55 to 135 m. p. h. Cruising radius, 580-650 miles.

Disposable load—3670 to 5600 pounds.

High wing monoplane (single, stream-lined, cantilever wing)—for strength, speed, inherent stability, visibility, clean design . . .

17 *capacity* (including pilot's dual-control cabin)—Buffet, toilet, running-water, electric lights, etc.

Durability—Uniform all-metal construction is insurance against deterioration.

Price, $42,000 to $55,000 (standard equipped at Dearborn)—Exceptionally low because of multiple-unit on-line production methods.

† † †

More stable than a yacht . . . swifter than the wind . . . a new exaltation . . . the thrill of an indescribable experience . . . complete, luxurious relaxation!

OVER a thousand people applied for passage on the first flight of the Transcontinental Air Transport between New York and Los Angeles . . . inaugurated on July 7th last.

There has never been a more auspicious beginning for a transportation line . . . never has greater care and forethought gone into the development of a transportation service. Because the vehicles employed must lift human beings out of their element to fly across the sky, it was necessary to leave nothing to chance . . . it was vitally important to reduce every hazard to a minimum and to insure every possible comfort for travelers.

The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Santa Fe co-ordinated their tremendous resources in technical equipment, in personnel, in transportation experience to insure the successful practical operation of scheduled airplane flight for passengers from coast to coast . . . broken only at night to provide more spacious sleeping accommodation in Pullman trains below. The cost of passage, including meals aloft, is placed tentatively at $339.

The planes are giant, tri-motored, all-metal Fords . . . selected by the T-A-T because they are recognized everywhere as a most advanced type of commercial air transport, already in successful operation in many parts of the country. . . . Three 425 horse-power Pratt & Whitney motors give high speed with safety and a great margin of reserve power. All-metal construction makes the planes durable, weather-proof, uniformly strong, and fire-proof. *The design is the result of millions of miles of flight, and is the most efficient for its purpose yet evolved.*

Each plane is furnished with capacious chairs. The interior is beautifully decorated. Hot and cold food and refreshments are served by an attendant. A lavatory with running water is well-planned for the comfort of passengers.

One of the greatest of all possible human experiences may now be yours . . . flying across the sky . . . not only in safety, but in real luxury!

Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Any ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad or Santa Fe or allied systems will sell you transportation by air . . . just as he sells railroad transportation.

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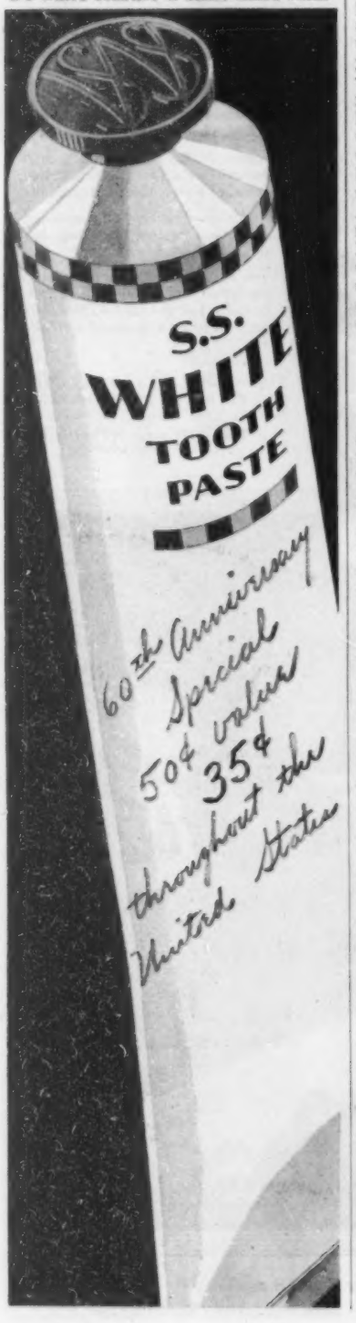

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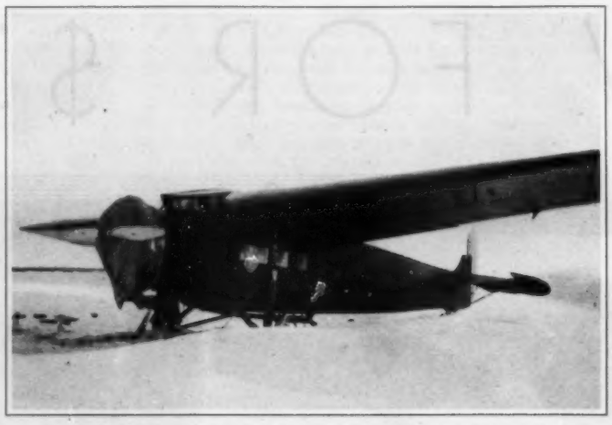
precarious progress against the swift currents of the rivers; a recent effort to invade the recesses of the Thelon River resulted in a progress of only a few miles an hour even with a kicker, or outboard motor; paddles were comparatively useless against the current. The last party which strove to invade this forbidding area by ordinary methods left Edmonton, Alberta, in 1927, by dog team, canoe and pack to "beat The Barrens or die." Last autumn, far in the North, another group of prospectors found a cabin in which were three skeletons, and The Barrens remained unbeaten. But one day, Punch Dickens with three passengers tried it by airplane. More is known today of The Barrens from a prospecting standpoint as the result of that trip than in all the years of history. Yet it was accomplished in forty hours of flying. It was historic flying, however. Dickens' flight consisted of a trip from Winnipeg north to Fort Churchill, then still farther north to Chesterfield Inlet, west to Baker Lake, south and west to the Great Slave River, back across Lake Athabaska and to Winnipeg again. That forms only a small segment of the Great North. The line of flight covered, however, was nearly four thousand miles. For two thousand miles of that distance, the plane moved over country where there was not a tree to break the monotony of endless rock.



A Cabin Exploration Plane Waiting Out Bad Weather on the Shores of Hudson Bay

Invading the Bush

There were stretches of two hundred miles at a time where the only things to be seen were bare rock and water; there were not even the lichens, the heather and the small Arctic plants that one notices about Hudson Bay—nothing but rock, the black pre-Cambrian, broken by stretches of quartz or gossan, or by the pitted, somber lakes, set in a mounting of rock without a shred of vegetation to soften their ragged contours. Yet that is the country whence the greatest riches yet known may come; one can see veins from the air, or at least the indications which tell a prospector that here lies territory which should yield mineral wealth. But the man who goes there must carry every necessary supply, even to oil, or coal at a hundred dollars a ton. That is why The Barrens will yield to only one conqueror, the airplane.

Naturally, the conquest can be accomplished only by campaigns as carefully planned as those of human warfare; the exploration companies in Canada today are strangely remindful of combat units. Perhaps the fact that many of the aviators saw service during the World War may form a reason for the system of attack; more probably, however, the cause lies in the enemy to be conquered. Airplane exploration companies do not work upon a haphazard basis.

First of all, there is, of course, a central base, and after this, district bases; they stretch all the way from the well-populated areas along the Transcontinental line of steel to Richmond Gulf and Baker Lake, far north of Sixty, on the shore of Hudson Bay.

The procedure is the same in each district, the camp working under an engineer, who serves as commanding officer. Under him, each in charge of a division, are the field engineer, the senior pilot, in command of all aerial operations, and the chief clerk, who commands the records and moving of supplies.

This is the commanding organization. Where a country has been visited by geologists, the preliminary plans are made according to government maps, eliminating all districts in which the geological formations are not conducive to mineral deposits.

But Canada has not been wholly explored geologically. Therefore, the airplane company of today is a pioneer even in the mapping and cataloguing of a new country. For where geologists have not gone for the government, they now go as employes of a private corporation, to reconnoiter vast districts, divide it into the barren class or that containing potentialities of minerals, map it or sketch it from the air, and, after that is done, the work of digging out its secrets is left to the prospectors.

The strange thing is that all this is being done more cheaply with expensive airplanes, highly paid geologists, salaried prospectors, supply bases, heads of departments and central offices, than it was done in the old days when a prospector obtained a grubstake and underwent every possible hardship and privation in his hope of finding a mine. When one thinks of paying a hundred and twenty-five dollars an hour for a four-passenger airplane, it naturally seems an expensive means of fighting the bush. But when one considers that this represents the saving of months of effort and hardship, the price actually becomes cheap. Today, a prospector can go where he desires by airplane, put in two months' more work than he ever was able to do before, and actually save money on the season.

More than that, because of the airplane, mines may be found in places where men have gone many times before and searched in vain. The reason is that the best two months of the year for prospecting have been those which have heretofore been barred to the bushman, April and May, before the leaves have come out on the trees and when the ground is still free from the foliage of heavy undergrowth. One must know Canadian bush to appreciate truly its denseness; when a country becomes so tangled in the deep months of summer that persons often lose sight of each other within ten feet, it is easy to see why a searcher may miss a vein which, in more denuded territory, might readily yield itself as a producer of millions. These two months in the spring, and later activities in the autumn when the same conditions prevail, will take away the blindfold under which the prospector has labored, and allow him to see truly the country in which he has chosen to work.

Transferring Supplies From Plane to Dog Team, Rupert House, James Bay

A One-Man Scrap

In fact, the airplane, all in a year, has revolutionized prospecting and metamorphosed the prospector; it has even changed the status of those who do not work by airplane and who never will, because it has elevated the entire vocation. Time was when the prospector as a class was looked upon as little more than a respectable tramp, a bush hobo. He was anybody's meat who desired to carve him. Extraordinarily naïve, he formed a constant target for the unscrupulous. Put him on a trail and he had all the cunning of an Indian. Put him in the city and he possessed the bovine qualities of a steer being led to slaughter; stage and fiction have not overdrawn him as a character.

There was Jimmie, for instance; Jimmie had been married to a claim for seven years. Winter after winter, he'd come into Toronto and work at anything he could get, in order to raise enough money to grubstake him through the summer while he continued to chase down the stringers that he felt sure would lead him to a big mine. His claim was out in the Patricia District, and every year he filed a few more new ones, but none of them was the right one. I used to drop in on Jimmie once in a while—he had built a little cabin at the edge of a lake, and a trail led past his place to a claim I was working, three miles farther on.

It was easy to tell whether or not Jimmie was in his shack. If the place was silent I'd go right on by. But if sounds of a violent quarrel came from within I would stop. It would be Jimmie, all by himself in the little room, strutting up and down or pounding his homemade table with a fist

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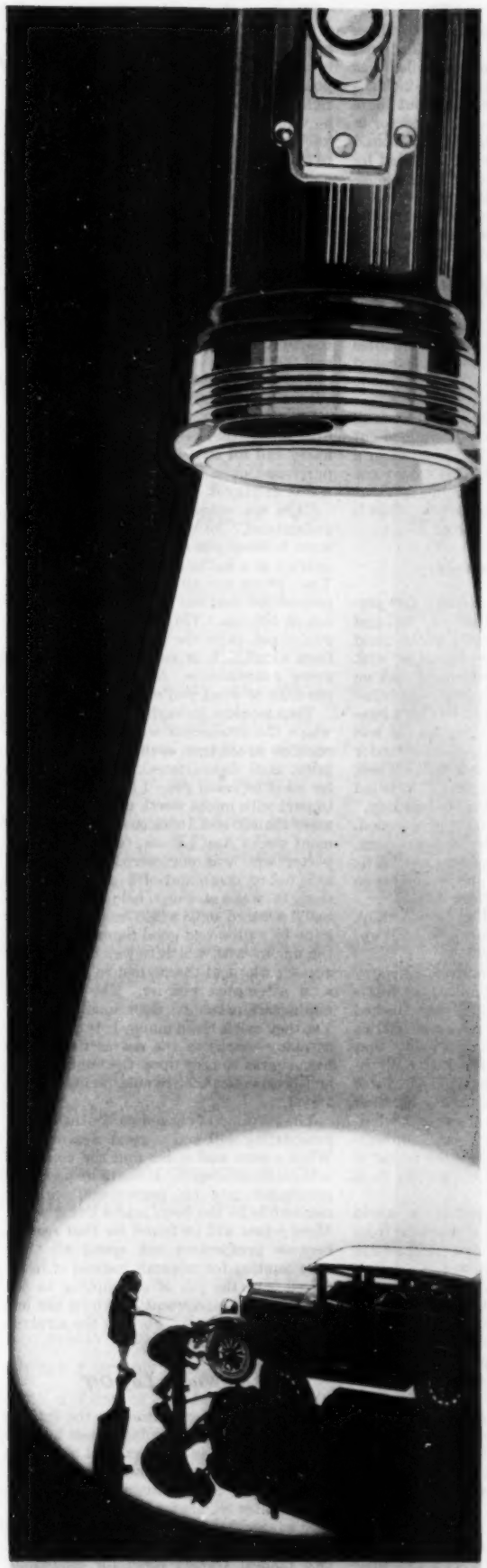

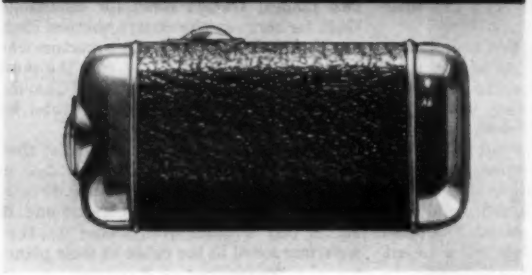

"I wouldn't drive at night

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without an Eveready"

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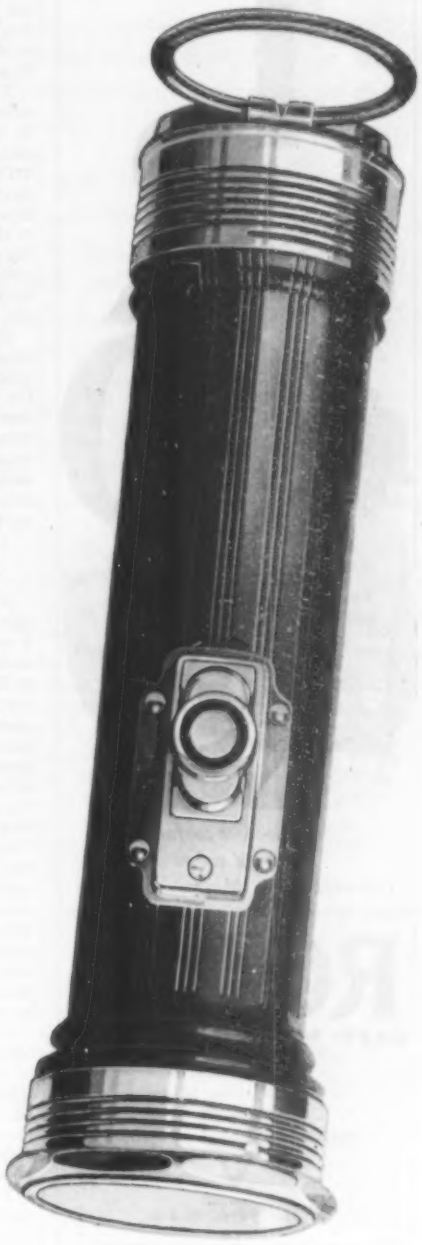

SUCH a remark may be expected from any motorist of experience. A flashlight is a mighty important part of the equipment of every car. When you drive at night, there are so many possible situations where only such handy, dependable, fire-safe light will show you the way out with the least trouble.

No one likes to change a tire—but how much worse that job *can* be in the dark. Your Eveready will certainly be a time and trouble saver when you have a puncture. And putting on chains—always a chore—can be done at night with half the grief when there's an Eveready Flashlight helping out. Use your flashlight to find tools, to point out road-signs and to hunt trouble under the hood or around the gas-tank. Those last two are places where safety *demands* a flashlight. Don't mix gasoline and matches around *your* car.

Eveready Flashlights are the oldest and best known of all flashlights. If you are driving your car without a flashlight handy for an emergency, go to the nearest dealer and choose your favorite Eveready. There is a model that is built to your particular notion of what the best flashlight should be. Whatever flashlight you buy, be sure that it is loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries. The battery is the works of any flashlight. You will always get months of top-notch service with Evereadys.

By the way, have you seen the new Eveready Flashlight in colors? Special pearl-luster finishes in red, blue, green, old rose, and baby blue. They're beauties. Besides, they have new mechanical features, and prices are actually less. You really get more "flashlight" for less money. Be sure to see them.

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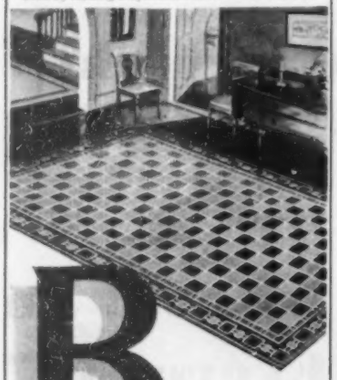
EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

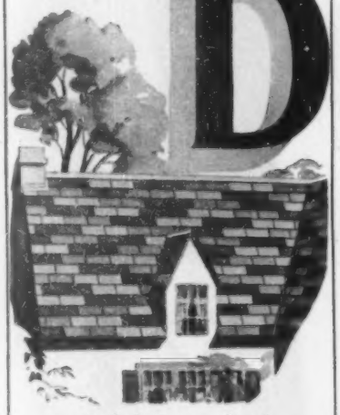
A new pocket Eveready **49c**
A real flashlight. Has a switch and a replaceable battery. Furnished in Scotch-grained red, blue, green, and black at 49c, complete with battery and lamp.

No. 2671—Two-cell focusing Eveready with beam that reaches out 300 feet. Only $1.50 complete. Everybody's choice for general use. In red, green, blue, and black.

RUGS
Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced
Sold by leading Department and Furniture Stores



BIRD



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(Continued from Page 60)

as he proclaimed to an imaginary buyer: "Take or leave it! You're not going to see it and you're not going to sample it. You city sharpshooters aren't going to fool Jimmie. If you want my gold mine, just put a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the table and I'll talk to you. Otherwise you get nothing."

Sometimes, when the indications looked good, Jimmie would raise the price to a million, or maybe three or four—what's a million or two to a prospector? If they looked bad he'd drop his price to a hundred thousand. But day after day and year after year he would hold those arguments; "married to his claim," as we call it in the bush. Then times grew harder. The indications Jimmie were following got him into a lot of overburden that entailed stripping and powder work; for a season he was forced to take in a syndicate to help him.

A syndicate, in prospector language, can mean anything, a group of millionaires or a group of clerks. It denotes any collection of men who have thrown in on a project. Jimmie's syndicate was composed of bookkeepers and the like, gambling five dollars apiece each month out of their earnings. Still Jimmie didn't find the bonanza and one by one they dropped out. At last he came to me, secretive as ever, and equally as sure that he was on the verge of millions.

"Tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'll throw in with you. But there's got to be a change in the method of operation. I've been watching you, Jimmie, and you're going in the wrong direction. Besides that, you've been working the country at the wrong time. This looks like a winter job to me."

There are such things. Jimmie's gold mine was one of them. In the first place, he had miscalculated the strike, or direction of his find, and had been following a little vein of ore that never would have amounted to enough to buy his grub. My idea was that we must hit off at right angles to the direction in which he had been working and into country which Jimmie had not even taken the trouble to file on. It was swamp land. That was why it was a winter job.

The slime and impassability of that swamp naturally had kept Jimmie's thoughts in the opposite direction. But in the winter there would be ice where there now was water and muskeg; Jimmie and I went into the nearest town and bought sufficient grub to last through the winter, as well as a toboggan and some dogs which we brought out in our freighter canoe. Then we took things easy until freeze-up.

Jimmie Tells the World

It wasn't long until we caught the true vein, running directly through that swamp; it was easily revealed now that we were working with a congealed overburden. Once we had proved the vein by sampling, there would be no further difficulty from the marshland; the bottom of more than one lake in Canada has been diamond-drilled to learn just what lies beneath. So we did our stripping, and then we sampled the quartz which lay beneath by crushing it and panning it in the old-style placer fashion. It "kicked" with a tail of free gold. Jimmie and I possessed a mine! At last, with our dogs, our toboggan and two hundred pounds of samples, we started for town, where I planned to go straight to the telegraph office that I might wire some capitalists in New York, while Jimmie filed the necessary claims. We hadn't done that, you know.

We got into town. I hurried for the telegraph station. Then I thought better of it and decided to use the long-distance telephone. It required some time; when the call was completed I decided to drop around to the recorder's office and see how Jimmie had got along. He had not even appeared!

It didn't take long for me to catch his trail. The first pool room I entered was buzzing with the news of Jimmie's find. He'd told everybody in the liquor store, too, when he had dropped in to purchase his limit. The owner of the trading post where we had bought our supplies was bloody glad about Jimmie's luck—incidentally getting ready himself to go out there and file some claims. Every prospector in the camp knew it, and when I finally found Jim he was in a hotel room, surrounded by every sharpshooter in town, who were looking over the samples while Jimmie told exactly where the vein was, and everything else necessary in case someone desired to jump down to the recorder's office ahead of him and file on those claims. I didn't hesitate. I simply grabbed him by the coat collar and dragged him out. I continued the process until I got him to the recorder's, where he produced his field notes and filed the claims. Only blind luck saved us from losing that mine. More than one fortune has been lost in exactly this way.

But that's the prospector. He'll work all his life to find a mine, and get trimmed out of everything it has brought him, all in a few weeks. Or he'll take his joy from some extravagant thing which would represent aberration in the ordinary human; thus is introduced the Little Whirlwind.

Prospecting on Salary

His real name doesn't matter; few persons knew it, anyway. Five feet tall and almost as broad in the shoulders, he could take on three men in a free-for-all or, with equal ease, a three-hundred-pound pack on a portage. But when the Little Whirlwind cashed in on a mine near The Pas for a hundred thousand, the first thing he did was to hire a tremendous Pole, with a button for a head and shoulders like a bull. Then, with a full canoe, the Little Whirlwind started forth, himself "riding Hudson Bay," which means an entire lack of exertion, while the Pole hooked water from the stern. When they came to a portage the Little Whirlwind only strode to and fro, hands on his hips, and his lips barking:

"Pick it up there! What do you think I'm hiring you for? Pick it up—pick it up! Let's get over this portage!"

When the joy of seeing someone else carry packs over a portage had faded, the Little Whirlwind took his giant into town, picked a fight with about eight men and left his genie to settle the matter. Finally that pleasure faded also. So the Little Whirlwind bought himself a coonskin coat, three pairs of yellow shoes, a farm, five hundred chickens, a hundred head of cattle, a windmill and other accessories—and immediately deserted them to follow the rumor of a new gold strike up by Cold Lake. So it goes.

Nor can all the airplanes in the world entirely eliminate this sort of character from the world of prospecting. There will always be the grubstaker, the lone wolf, the fellow who doesn't want help, the man with a secret. His number, however, will grow smaller year by year. The prospector has had a long, hard fight; he has been a true pioneer, and now that help and square dealing have come to his assistance, he's more than ready to receive it.

The men who are working for the various aerial exploration companies—there will be a score of such big outfits in a few years more—receive, as a general rule, a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a month and 10 per cent of everything they find. This means that they are furnished a salary for something they love to do, together with their transportation, their grub and their supplies.

More than that, for the first time in history, they now have real protection on a discovery. Fleecing prospectors has been an entertaining game for many years. The new percentage method of working for big companies will do much to end that.

In the old days, for instance, a prospector's troubles really just began after he had given years of his life to hardship and danger that he might find a mine. The prospector then had the job of getting a decent return on it. That was often difficult.

There was the "send touch," for instance, of which he knew little, but which he often must encounter, nevertheless. The stockbrokers or capitalists whom he selected as possible purchasers weren't in a position right then to pay the amount of money he wanted, but, being friendly souls, they knew someone who might be interested and to whom they could send him. So the name and address was given, and the prospector started on his way. Once he was out of the office, there would be a hasty telephone call.

"Put him over the hurdles," would be the command. Then the prospector would arrive, with his samples, at the office of the "send." Yes, they were interesting samples, and it looked like a good mine. Of course it was a long way from the railroad and there'd be a lot of difficulties, but they might be interested if the price were right. Whereupon the price would be named, and about that time the operation of being sent over the hurdles began. There would be a hurry call for File 363B, and the possible purchaser, once it was brought to his desk, would display it.

"I'm not running down your property, understand," he would say. "But I just want to show you something. You want a quarter of a million dollars for your mine. Your prices are all wrong. Look at this proposition that has just been offered to us out in Nevada. Three times the ore that you've got, twice the values, only five miles from a railroad, in country where there's every convenience. And they only want one-fifth of what you're asking!"

Thus would a jockeying system begin, in which the prospector would be sent from one firm to another, each beating down his price, until, disheartened, he would sell out for what he could get. I have known men to part with mines worth millions for little more than it cost them to do the development work. And I know, too, of one prospector who was engineered into a fight, arrested on complaint of a person who he thought, was a stranger, held in jail and finally released only when he sacrificed his mine to a supposed good Samaritan to get the money with which to pay off a violent accuser who had threatened to charge him with attempted murder. The annals of mining are crammed with such incidents. Yet they call it clean money! If there were as many sharks in the sea as there have been sharks to prey upon the honest miner and prospector, there would be little ocean travel.

The entrance of big companies into active prospecting will end a great deal of this. When a man makes his find the company is there to develop it. If the mine pays, the prospector gets his percentage; in the meanwhile he has been paid a living wage. More mines will be found for that reason, because prospectors can spend all their time hunting for minerals instead of being forced into the job of attempting to sell their properties, a vocation which not one in a hundred knows. For this the airplane is directly responsible.

No Winter Lay-Off

There is another reason for the intense faith which Canadian mining men have in airplanes. This is the fact that work can now be continuous throughout the year. Flyers of the North have proved that airplanes, after all, are far from fragile things. Last winter, four pilots—Captain Oaks, Pat Reid, H. A. Mews and Ken Murray with two planes, started forth for Richmond Gulf, far north on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay, to bring out some prospectors who had finished their work. It was the most dangerous trip ever attempted in Canada, a straight defiance of subarctic winter by the airplane.

The two ships fought white squalls; they were held up by blizzards; they flew in weather so thick that they passed directly over Rupert House at the south end of James Bay without even seeing it; they were marooned in the cabin of their planes

(Continued on Page 64)

Colgate's Cleans Teeth Best

because actual scientific tests prove that it has highest penetrating* power

Its active, penetrating foam removes decaying impurities from those hard-to-reach places where the ordinary toothpaste cannot go

Sheer merit—the fact that Colgate's is a doubly fine dentifrice—accounts for its international popularity. It is used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste known.

Colgate's is more than a mere surface polisher. It is the protective dentifrice with that wonderful penetrating foam accepted by science as having a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market.

This active Colgate foam literally washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in crevices where the ordinary toothpaste can't reach.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this Colgate foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists for polishing the enamel safely and brilliantly.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't.

Colgate's offers you an "extra"—a vital feature which gives you the comfort of knowing that the home-care of your teeth is approved by the vast majority of dentists.

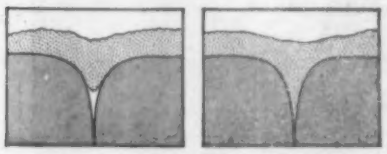
Remember, too, that Colgate's is most economical—a 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand selling at 25c.

This low price is due to volume production—Colgate's is the largest-selling dentifrice in the world.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

*

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into every tiny crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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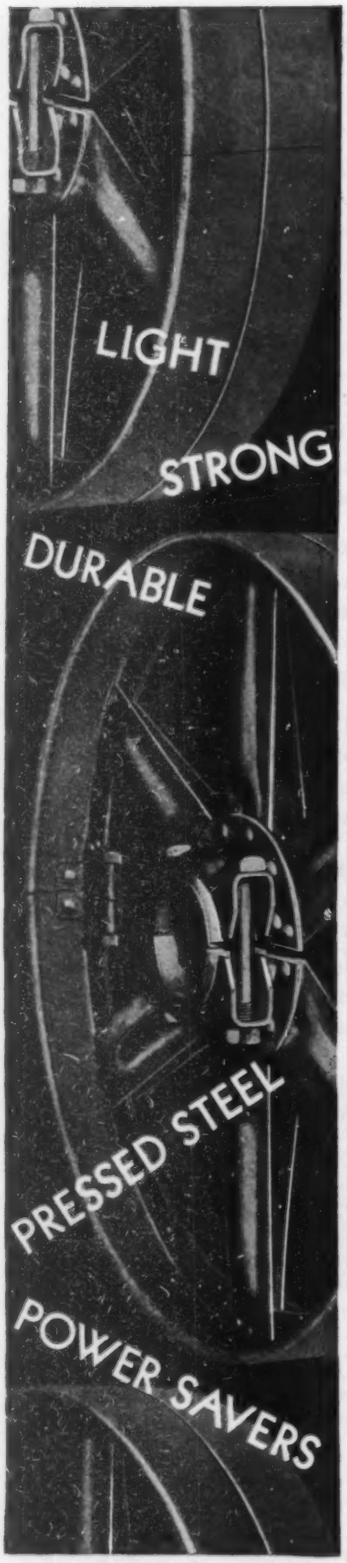

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PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS
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(Continued from Page 62)

while sixty-mile-an-hour gales screamed about them and the hummocked ice of Hudson Bay cracked with the reverberations of a thousand shotguns. They flew their ships in weather that averaged forty degrees below zero; they made forced landings on fields of snow, with no knowledge of what rocks lay just beneath the surface to wash out their landing gears. For two thousand miles this continued, with eight hundred of it along the forbidding, wind-swept shores of Hudson Bay. Several times the men were forced to wait out storms, raging so fiercely that humans could barely stand against the wind; the pilots built shelters of snow blocks, Eskimo fashion, and wrapped the engines of their airplanes in eiderdowns, heating the oil by means of a blowtorch in order to warm the blocks sufficiently for starting purposes.

A Telegram for Captain McDonough

But they made the journey, and more than that, they carried a honeymoon couple—a missionary and his wife—to their new home, delivering them to their post in days instead of weeks. They delivered the mail to every Hudson Bay station along the line; once the trip by dog team from the landing place to the settlement consumed almost as much time as the airplane's flight from civilization. They made notes on the country, picked up their men, and in a day and a half, with fair weather again prevailing, made the trip back to civilization. Altogether, in less than two weeks, most of which time was consumed in waiting out bad weather, these four men accomplished with comparative ease what never before had been done in less than three months of terrific hardship. And that, said the pilots when they had returned with their cargo of prospectors from Richmond Gulf, was just an experiment. It was fun, they added.

These are men with adventure in their souls—these aviators who are piloting the ships of the North. Many of them have war records. Doc Oaks possesses a medal presented him by the Dominion of Canada for outstanding achievements in flying. C. A.—Duke—Schiller is the man who made the flight to Greenly Island to rescue the Bremen flyers. T. M.—Pat—Reid did his bit in the war by flying the North Sea Patrol. J. D. Vance was one of the pilots of the four airplanes which made a record flight from England to Egypt. The list goes on endlessly—men with records of achievement, men with the true instinct of the pioneer. They are trail breakers, frontier busters, as important to the era in which they live as Jim Bridger, Kit Carson or the speeding riders of the Pony Express.

Moreover, they love it. There are no theatricals when a crowd of aviators gathers and begins to talk over the events of a season's flying. The achievements drop into the background; it's the fun of the thing that counts, the thrill and the sport of it. For instance, W. J. McDonough made a record last summer by a solo flight over sixteen hundred miles of wilderness he never before had traversed. But when the gang talks about it there's a lot of laughter—because behind that record is a story that's terribly funny to the flying crowd.

McDonough, so the gang says, was a bit raw when he first came into exploration service. He'd been in the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force during the war, and following that, he'd kept himself in trim by entering a few of the King's Cup Races. Then he had come to Canada and got a job. According to Doc Oaks, it took him half the summer to wabble a plane across Ontario; he lit on every lake to find out where he was. At last he reached Winnipeg and liked it. In fact, he liked it so much that one day Jack Hammell sent him a telegram. It must have been forceful. Captain McDonough jumped into his plane and was in Fort Simpson, sixteen hundred miles away, deep in the Northwest Territories, in two and a half days. Then he taxied his plane to a landing and smiled joyfully at Doc Oaks, who was awaiting him.

"Came right straight across!" he announced. "Just about a record too!"

"What's the idea?" asked Doc sourly. "Burning up a good plane like that!"

Doc had received a private wireless from Jack Hammell. It had said something about toughening up a new man.

So Captain McDonough was turned over to the gentle tutoring of a pilot whom Jack calls Gorilla Bob because he has the strength of one, and about twice the daring. Likewise, the word was passed along: "Toughen him up!"

They were out in the Nahanni River country in the southwestern portion of the Northwest Territories. It was land where white men had never before traveled. There were mountains to cross, fifty and sixty miles of dry hops where the planes must reach an elevation of ten thousand feet before they could hope to skim over the summits. Landing places were where one found them; a favorite one was upon the river itself, which possessed a mean current of three miles an hour. There were spots where fogs shut down on the flyer, forcing him to travel according to instinct and dumb luck. There was a canyon which seemed to suck an airplane into it, causing as much necessity for nicety in flying as that demanded in driving of a New York taxi driver. Captain McDonough endured it all and said nothing.

Tough Enough

The Nahanni work was finished. Gorilla Bob and Captain McDonough brought a plane across to Churchill, on Hudson Bay. There was no place to moor it, and an eight-foot rip tide was running. They threw out the anchor, meanwhile watching it drag, and then prepared to wait out the night. Hours passed; a pontoon began to leak. The ship was in danger of sinking.

"We'll have to throw off this radio apparatus," yelled Gorilla Bob. "Got to lighten 'er up! She's sinking on us!"

"We'll throw off nothing!" snapped Captain McDonough.

"But the ship's going to sink!"

"Let 'er sink!"

"Not with me," said Bob. "We've got to swim ashore."

"Do we?" asked the captain. "You know what'll happen if you ever hit that water? You'll cramp and die before you've gone fifty feet."

Growling and snapping at each other, they stuck out the night. They were wet, they were cold, they were in danger. Toward dawn, Gorilla Bob once more mentioned tossing that radio apparatus into the hungry tide.

"We'll throw off nothing!" came the reply.

The gray, miserable morning arrived. Out of the mists a vague form appeared—a tug coming to their assistance. As it steamed closer McDonough grinned and extended a hand toward his partner.

"Am I tough enough now?" he asked.

To Beat the Land

Thus is completed a cycle of heroism—the aerial invasion of the North is wholly that in its every phase, from the prospector who first finds the vein of ore to the laborer who fights flies and heat in summer, loneliness and zero weather in the winter, to sink the shaft that will convert a prospect into a paying mine.

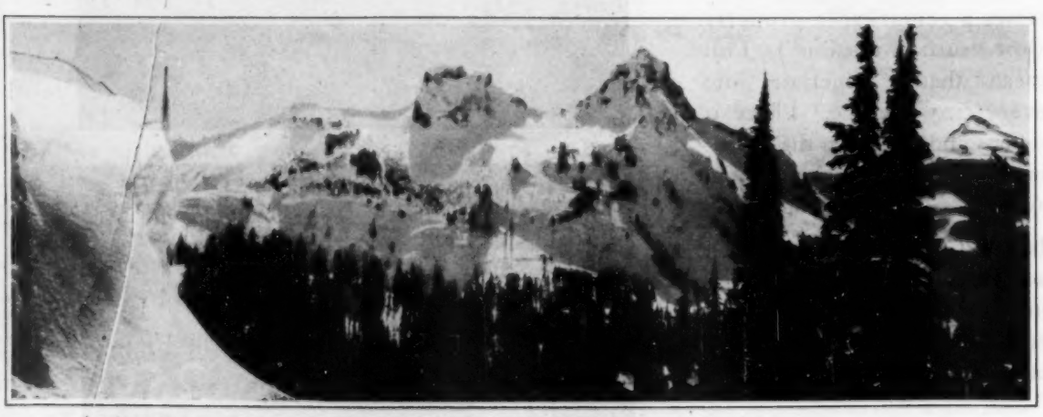
It isn't the money that makes them do it; it's something finer, something greater than money; it's a spirit of Tomorrow, the ability to see things to which other persons are blind, to build, at first mentally and then in actuality; a driving force which sends them on to many dangers and few glories, but to the satisfaction which only a pioneer can understand.

Perhaps by the time this is published a searching party will have gone out to look for the body of Joe Rutherford. Joe died on the trail last autumn; he gave out with his pack on his back, and the sweeping wind of a Hudson Bay gale covered him over, first with a film of snow; then deeper, deeper, deeper, until the faint smudge of a human form had been lost in the unending sweep of white, stretching without a break from horizon to horizon in a land of frozen gold. There'll probably be only the pack sack and the scattered remnants of a skeleton when they find him; there are tremendous Siberian wolves in that country which feed upon those who fall on the trail.

There'll be no cross for Joe; where he fell is bleak rock, with no timber to fashion a symbol of death. Perhaps they'll scratch one for him on the pre-Cambrian where he went down, and mark his name there.

Then quietly determined men—not saying much about it—will go onward, themselves to face privation, starvation, the crash of a giant bird tumbling from the sky, that they may beat the land which beat Joe.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Mr. Cooper.



Rainier National Park, Washington

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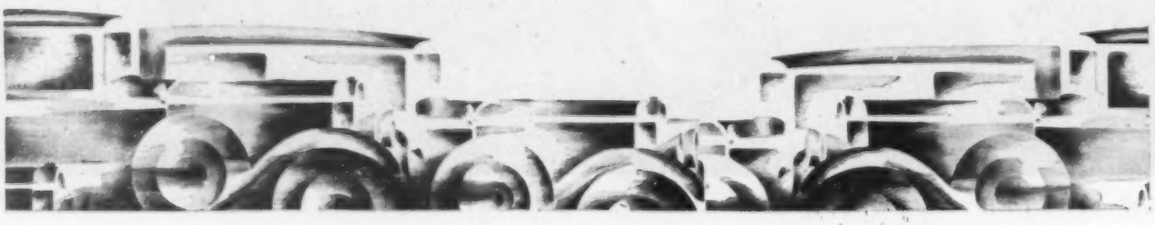

SUPREME RIDING COMFORT WITH . . . LOVEJOYS

THE LAND OF THE LEAPING LIRA—By Anne Roberts

THOUSANDS upon thousands of Americans each year, after an intensive tour of the Continent, strain every nerve to reach Rome for Easter week. The husbands and fathers who have been taken to Europe for a rest are soon appalled and exhausted by the number of churches rising up at every turn which a conscientious tourist should investigate. Motors driving at will on the right or left side of the street make them a bit jumpy and the air seems filled with willfully maddening noises. Constant comparisons are made and the Eternal City comes out a poor second to Oshkosh, New York or White River Junction.

They feel that if strength is granted them to reach Naples they stand a good chance of fulfilling that city's slogan, See Naples and Die. But on reaching home the raconteur spends many pleasant evenings telling about the narrow streets, the sidewalks that are sidewalks in name only, and the addlepated people who amble wherever the spirit listeth.

How, when two or more Italians are walking together and one is seized with a particularly pregnant thought, all locomotion instantly ceases while fingers, hands and words fly. If this happens in the center of one of the busiest streets the animated discussion goes on until a taxicab makes for them with apparent intent to enrich the mortician and not the hospital.

At such a moment the visitor to Rome wonders that any American can voluntarily choose such a place to live in. But when his shattered nerves are finally landed in an apartment in an old palace whose large rooms have high frescoed ceilings, and whose walls are at least three feet in thickness, the noises grow fainter and some of the joys and advantages of life abroad become apparent.

The joys that make the quickest appeal to the average American housewife are the discovery that a transplanted American dollar really buys something, and the incredible fact that domestics resemble in quality the domestics of the American vintage of 1890—that famous vintage of Annas and Hedwigs with the real Swedish punch, who did everything but the boots for five dollars a week, and who counted fifteen or twenty at table at Sunday dinner more to perfect themselves in counting in English than in a spirit of complaint.

Few Americans could live anywhere without longing for America, yet people can live in Italy in great comfort on an income which would provide only the bare necessities at home. It would take some years before the best-managed American family could get the results an Italian family gets from the same expenditure of lire, but some items from the budget of an Italian family may be of interest if one wants to attempt a few years in Italy.

The household in question consists of a man and wife and three children, a governess, two maids and a cook. They live in an apartment in Rome and have a house

(Continued on Page 68)

THIS chunky, powerful little jack weighs just 8 lbs. and is only 7 ins. tall—but it lifts any of the popular cars with a finger's touch.

Hydraulic oil-power is the reason. No gears or ratchets. To lower, simply turn the sturdy release valve with the handle tip, and the car eases gently down. This little Blackhawk "Scout" costs only $7.50.

Let your dealer demonstrate a Blackhawk. Write us for Automotive Circular—or Industrial Folder. (The Blackhawk Jack is complete—from 1 to 75 tons capacities). Mail the Coupon.

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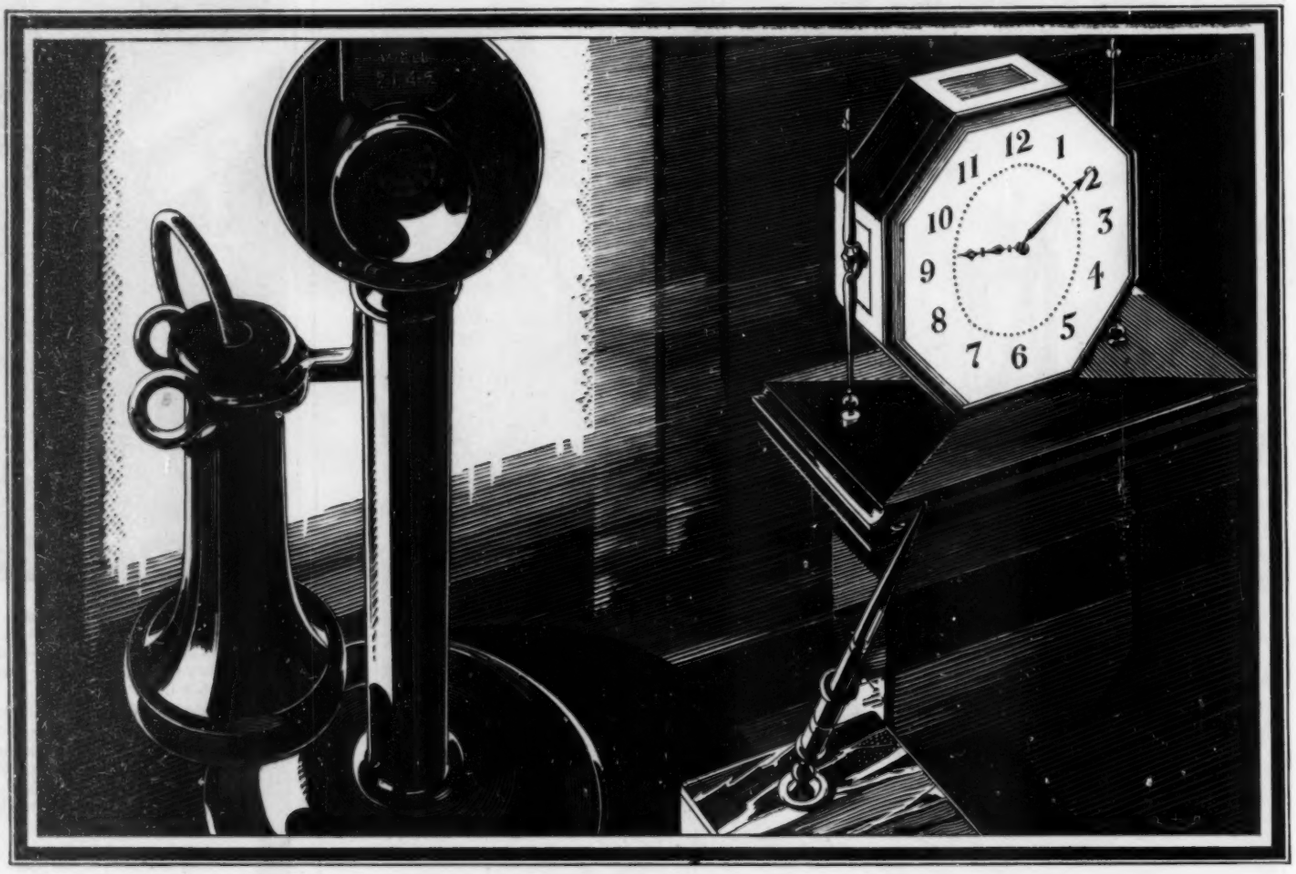

While every hour is telephone hour, there are certain periods of the day better than others to place your inter-city calls. Between the hours of 9.30 a. m. and 11.30 a. m., for instance, executives are busy answering correspondence, seeing visitors and attending to other details. Your calls —those that do not have to go through immediately— are more likely to receive undivided attention if made in the less crowded periods of the business day.

In fact, many business men prefer being called by telephone before 9.30 in the morning, others just before 2 o'clock, and still others after 4 in the afternoon. Telephone calls to other cities are easy and convenient, and the time and money they save are surprising. A New York executive had a business matter to be settled in Indianapolis. He was too busy to go. He placed a telephone call and made the round-trip without leaving his office.

The Bismarck branch of a packing concern estimates that it saves $2540 a month in costs and time out of the office by the use of inter-city calls. Calling by number takes less time. Bell Telephone Service is *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 67)

in the country with a resident farmer and his wife, who care for seven acres of terraced vineyards, almond, olive and fig trees.

The yearly expenditure is 120,000 lire. Reckoning the lira as worth five cents, or twenty to the dollar, that would represent $6000.

The wife is an American, which presupposes more entertaining than is indulged in by a strictly Italian family; greater carelessness of management, with a certain degree of waste; and the arrival of American dollars from time to time with which to replenish her personal wardrobe. The husband, a professional man of the highest standing, must be compared in America with a research worker of exceptional ability. This means people who like and are accustomed to live nicely, yet whose opportunities to make great strides financially are practically negligible.

The American housewife will first start gasping over the servants' wages. The governess receives 350 lire a month, the two maids and the cook 200 each—and 200 lire means ten American dollars. What they give in return for ten dollars a month and their bed and board is given cheerfully, quickly, intelligently and without being constantly reminded.

Dishwashing Made Easy

Their duties are the following: In the morning one maid raps on the bedroom door, at the same time saying, "*Permesso.*" Hearing the reply "*Avanti*" she brings in the breakfast trays to her master and mistress; then she cleans one-third of the house, and one day washes the silk and flannel garments, ironing them the following day. She also keeps her mistress' clothes brushed and pressed. The moment a dress or suit is taken off it is pressed before being hung in the closet. The nightdress is not fresh each night, but the bedtime hour finds it lying on the bed free of all creases and wrinkles.

By twelve o'clock the table must be set, the maid fresh and tidy in her black dress and ready to serve luncheon. The afternoon is spent in carefully putting away the dishes, quietly mending, and serving tea. Her final duty at night is to speed any parting guests by conducting them downstairs and unlocking the huge outer door of the *palazzo*, for at ten o'clock the concierge, or doorman, retires to his cavern and no power or disturbance can make him reappear before morning. Visiting Americans should remember that a small coin of the realm should accompany their "*Buona notte.*"

The other maid cleans all the shoes and takes care of the men's clothes. She places the shoehorn in her master's brogans so he need not reach for it. She serves breakfast to those who go to the table. She does her share of the housework and then attends to all outside errands, such as ordering calling cards, writing paper; buys toilet articles, stamps, mails the letters and does a thousand and one things that need to be done. If the master goes hunting, she sees that the cartridges are in the box and that all the hunting clothes and equipment are ready.

The cook goes to market each morning with a large basket, or more often a huge bandanna, which is tied in a double knot and slipped over her arm, and brings home the culinary needs of the day. The skill of a ship's captain in stowing his cargo, or the genius of a juggler, is needed to arrange in the handkerchief the potatoes, meat, cheese, macaroni, fruit, marmalade, vegetables and eggs. Fish and meat are accorded the courtesy of a piece of brown paper. Each egg is wrapped in a piece of yesterday's newspaper and bought by the egg and not the dozen, and the lot is put in another piece of newspaper. Everything else goes into the handkerchief unwrapped. Fish is never sold cleaned. Its cleaning is one of the cook's regular diversions and accepted as a matter of course. Nor does she have a *crise* and put on her coat of unborn plush and depart in search of an easier berth because a gift of a wild boar arrives, not in the buff but as he was last seen by his family. She may hesitate a moment and wish it had been a brace of larks, but without more ado seizes her knife, and skins, cleans and dismembers it.

The truly efficient mistress enters her kitchen each morning at ten o'clock and inspects the purchases. She looks them over carefully and if there seems to be short measure the article in doubt is weighed. Though the shopkeeper's honesty may be questioned, a sensitive or guilty cook will not have many articles found underweight. After this careful scrutiny is over, the mistress unlocks the larder and doles out the sugar and butter and all such supplies that will be needed for the next twenty-four hours.

When the cook goes to market each morning she pays for everything and each night presents her copy book with the morning's purchases enumerated and the amounts paid. Charge accounts are unknown to the vast majority of people.

Ten lire is considered a very fair amount to expend per person for food each day. This supplies the Continental breakfast of coffee, bread, butter and jam; luncheon of macaroni, vegetable, salad, fruit and wine; and dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, dessert, fruit and wine. Liqueurs are on hand if desired, and the American cocktail shaker is guilty of that insidious imperialistic act known as "peaceful penetration."

Cold storage and household refrigeration facilities are in their infancy. This, as well as economy, makes a varied meat menu very restricted. An Italian must have macaroni once a day at least. Macaroni, aside from satisfying an imperative need, is a most economical dish, in that it takes off the edge of one's appetite and the following fairly modest meat course is more than adequate. An American blanches as he sees an Italian help himself to his country's staple. The snowy mass on his plate, covered with a generous blanket of grated Parmesan cheese, looks like a model of Vesuvius before the cone blew off. And none is left on the plate for the cat. The crusty, unbuttered roll that accompanies each meal is not intended to serve as a pusher alone, or to be crumbled listlessly between courses. It first does duty as a pusher, then as a scourer of the plate, and then is eaten. The custom of the country is to clean one plate before another comes on.

A Strain on the Reader's Credulity

If one rings a bell a servant enters the room saying, "*Comando,*" and on receiving an order, at once replies, "*Subito.*" *Permesso, comando, subito*—three soothing words, in marked contrast to the more common demando heard so frequently in America.

The demon bridge builder, Cæsar, who was reputed to need only four hours' sleep before getting busy again at feats which were to harass the minds of youth of all succeeding generations, must have endowed the Comando-Subito class with some of his powers of endurance. Breakfast is served around eight o'clock. Luncheon comes at 12:30, tea from 4:30 to 6:30, and dinner at 8:30 or 9. After the dinner is over the servants have the rest of the night to themselves, with the exception of the one who must lead the departing guests downstairs. To add to the incredibility of this picture, the maid who places the shoehorn in her master's shoes raps on the living-room door each night around 10:30 or 11 and says, "*Possiamo andare à letto?*" In other words: "May we go to bed?" If there are guests she assumes the responsibility of retiring without permission.

One balmy summer night in the country several members of the family were enjoying the romantic glory of a full, golden, outsize moon. As midnight drew near and they felt they must retire, voices were heard near the kitchen wing. The servants had had an exceptionally busy day and had undoubtedly been dead to the world for some time. A halloo brought an answer from the cook and housemaid; the moon had been so appealing they had taken some laundry to the open-air fountain and were then hanging the wash on the fence.

The laundresses take the wash to the fountains, which are covered sheds scattered about the city. Many of the *palazzos* have fountains on their first floor for the use of the tenants, and this is what wash day means in Italy.

In the morning the clothes are first washed with cold water and soap on the slanting stone washboards. They are not rinsed but left soapy. In the afternoon they are put in *la conca*, which is a gigantic flowerpot with an outlet on one side near the base. First the oldest and least treasured articles, like dishcloths, and so on, are put in the bottom. Then come the choicest things, and then again the less important. In this way the best things, like a fine tablecloth with a spot or stain, are protected against the boiling water which would set the stain all the harder, and the least precious things, at the bottom, receive the most soiled water. A piece of cloth rather like canvas covers the top in the form of a sieve, and in this are placed six inches of wood ashes. Then a bucket of tepid water is poured through. A container stands under the flowerpot and catches the water as it seeps through the hole near the bottom. This water is returned to the stove and reheated, and for two or three hours this process continues, the water always increasing in heat. The last two waters are boiling, and just before the last is poured in, a plug is put in the hole of the *conca*. The wash stands this way overnight.

Hand Laundered

This method of washing removes all spots and has no destructive action on the materials. They last almost indefinitely. Sometimes in the cities acids are used instead of wood ashes, and the clothes last only half the time.

The following morning the clothes are removed and glanced over. If any spots remain, a slight rubbing routs them. Then the clothes are soaped less vigorously than the day before, rinsed and hung up to dry. Little time has to be spent on the too familiar sport of "Button, button; who's got the button?" for all the wringing is done by hand.

The general custom, even among many families of title, is to have the washing done every two weeks. Laundresses are quite elated to do the washing for a family of ten, including three maids, for sixty or seventy lire.

Everything goes to the fountain but silk and woolen things, or something that is not a fast color. These are done by the housemaids at home. And the *signora's* most intimate and delicate garments quite likely may be washed in the bathtub with American soap flake, which is held in the highest repute.

Coal is not one of Italy's resources and therefore the black lumps take on a golden sheen when purchased. But few homes have to think of coal. Today, in the cities, the cooking is generally done on a gas stove. However, its predecessor, which is made of brick with openings cut in the front and top, L-shaped, is still in use wherever gas is not to be had. Charcoal fires are built in these small openings, the pots and pans placed over them, and the cook fans the fire slowly or rapidly, as the case demands. Roasting and baking are done in metal containers, much like those used on the hearths of the Pilgrim Fathers. On the back of the stove is often found a small pair of andirons on which rests a kettle, the charcoal glowing beneath it. Wood is also expensive and no fire is ever lighted in the living-room fireplace just because an open fire is so cozy and cheerful.

Through economy and habit most Italians spend their winters warmed only by the glorious Italian sun, which is sometimes busy elsewhere, and food and drink.

A Roman with an American wife who had the success of such alliances at heart

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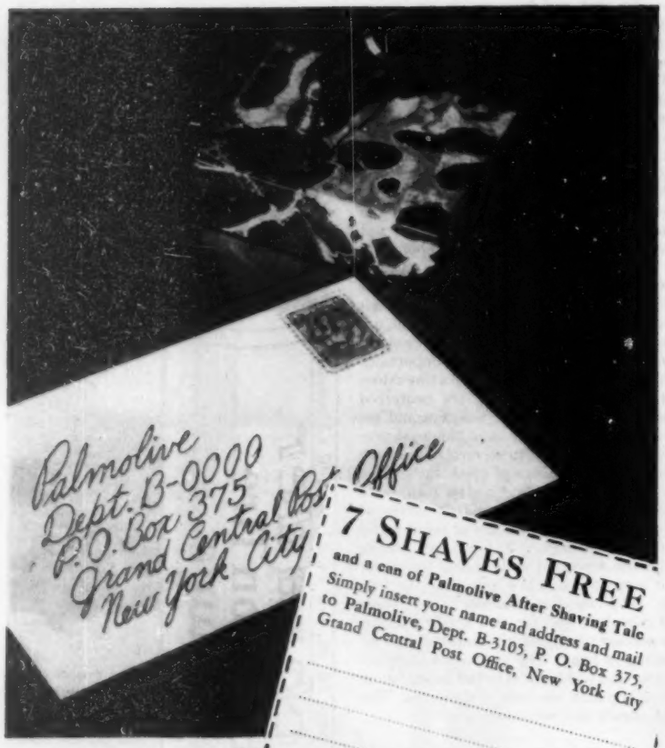
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1000 men wrote the specifications—130 formulas were tried to meet these requirements. Now try the result for a week at our expense.

GENTLEMEN: Men revolted at the shortcomings of old-fashioned shaving methods. So we set out to achieve the ultimate. We asked 1000 typical citizens their ideals in a shaving preparation. *They* wrote our specifications.

Then our great laboratories set out to fulfill this exacting order. Time and again, 129 in all, we rejected our formulas—then came success! In a comparatively few years our shaving cream has become a leader.

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Even though you are suited with your present method, *try* ours, please. We take the risk—not you. Just mail the coupon.

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the Shaving Cream.

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made a point of coercing any friend who contemplated following in his footsteps to install central heating. He felt that was the first requisite for a successful international marriage.

The furnace is generally a small stove set up in the corner of a storeroom or hallway. From it a pipe rises and wanders ostentatiously to the radiators in the rooms that will be most frequented by the American wife. The heat from it is generally felt only by the native-born Italians, who break into a mild perspiration at the word "fire," while the knowledge that one is actually burning causes the ears to redden.

Everyone who has packed and unpacked a Roman lamp many times before finally placing it on the library mantel gets a tremendous thrill when he finds himself in a home in the country where these lamps are the only means of illumination. Seen lighted for the first time, the picturesqueness is almost overpowering. But there is a decided fly in the ointment. The bowl that holds the olive oil is so small that the lamp must be refilled every two hours at least and the wicks poked and prodded and fussed with; also the light is such that lip reading should be the greatest strain to which the eyes are subjected.

But this is no hardship to an Italian. Conversation is the national sport and stands foremost among the many diversions which make small inroad on his pocketbook. Almost every American from childhood up has heard the chilling remark that "Talk is cheap." Thoughts do not go around and around inside an Italian's head while he is engrossed in silent rumination—every rumination is audible. All Latins can converse, animatedly and endlessly, on the color of the grass, the mailing of a letter, the maddening charm of Rigoletto, or the approaching *festa* of a remote relative.

Every Italian has a *festa* as well as a birthday, but only the *festa* is celebrated. There is a saint for every day of the year and your *festa* falls on the day of the year whose saint corresponds with your name. Since it would be impossible to picture life without a *festa* of one's own, Italian children are spared the agony of going through life trying to live up to the names of glittering, sparkling gems, modest flowers or uneuphonic surnames. The question never arises whether one will celebrate his *festa* this year or not, or who is to be invited. Every relative to the fifth cousins twice removed on the stepmother's side remembers perfectly just what day it is, and nothing short of meeting an automobile inopportunely in the street will prevent one and all from dropping in for a few hours at teatime. The saint's namesake is showered with flowers and sweets, but gift giving as known in America is wholly undreamed of.

Dodging Her Festa

An American who married a widower with several children achieved instantaneous success by celebrating the birthdays with ice cream and a birthday cake with candles, and the button, thimble and various coins hidden inside. Such a celebration could be quite *intime* without wounding the feelings of anyone. The first few months of married life brought several *festas* in their wake, and the American decided then and there that she would observe her birthday only. She was particularly fortunate in having been named Catherine, for there are two Saint Catherines, their days falling at different times of the year. So when a relative telephones and asks if the *signora* is celebrating her *festa* today, the maid replies, "Oh, no! The *signora* celebrated the other Saint Catherine's Day," and vice versa.

Children grow up with every moment so occupied with lessons, gymnasium, relaxing by taking the air on foot with an outside teacher who is conversing continually in a foreign tongue, and then home to prepare the lessons for the next day, that a child shuffling restlessly at his mother's knees and asking petulantly what he can do, and being dissatisfied with her suggestion, is a picture that would be hard to visualize in Italy.

At the same time an American would be unable to credit the simplicity and unenlightenment of many adult minds. This simplicity and unenlightenment foster countless superstitions. Every wine cart has a pair of steer's horns hanging from its axle, and many peasants' barns and houses have the horns over the door or rising from the roof. These avert the evil eye which is evidently expected to be lurking always in the immediate vicinity. Ill luck can be avoided by placing the thumb and two middle fingers against the palm of the hand. This leaves the two outer fingers sticking in the air in a hornlike manner. The charm is more potent if a piece of metal is touched at the same time.

But They Walk Under Ladders

On an Italian liner a group of passengers were taken on a tour of the vessel. As they were standing in the very bowels of the ship where, seemingly, only a sheet of steel separated them from the ocean, an American queried lightly as to what might happen if a hole were punched in the side of the boat. Instantly every Italian flung a two-fingered hand into the air, at the same time reaching with the other for his belt buckle. The ship's officer who was conducting the tour was foremost in his haste to protect himself, and had difficulty in keeping himself and his compatriots from rending the flippant American limb from limb.

To see a hunchback whom one has never seen before assures good luck, and there is no power known which can counteract the good fortune which comes to a person who touches the poor unfortunate. No Italian would wish a hunter success, for there is no cartridge in the belt that can kill a bird or beast after such a hope has been expressed. Also no true peasant mother would cut her child's finger nails before it was a year old. To do so would make the child a thief. Yet this superstitious nation, without a quiver, walks under ladders.

Constant churchgoing, combined with card playing for money, would seem an incongruous combination to many Americans; and there are people who would shake their heads in amazement at four staid grandmothers, every one of whom had celebrated more than seventy *festas*, whose daily program is a late-afternoon church service, followed by a small game of chance before each repairs to her own home for her nine o'clock dinner.

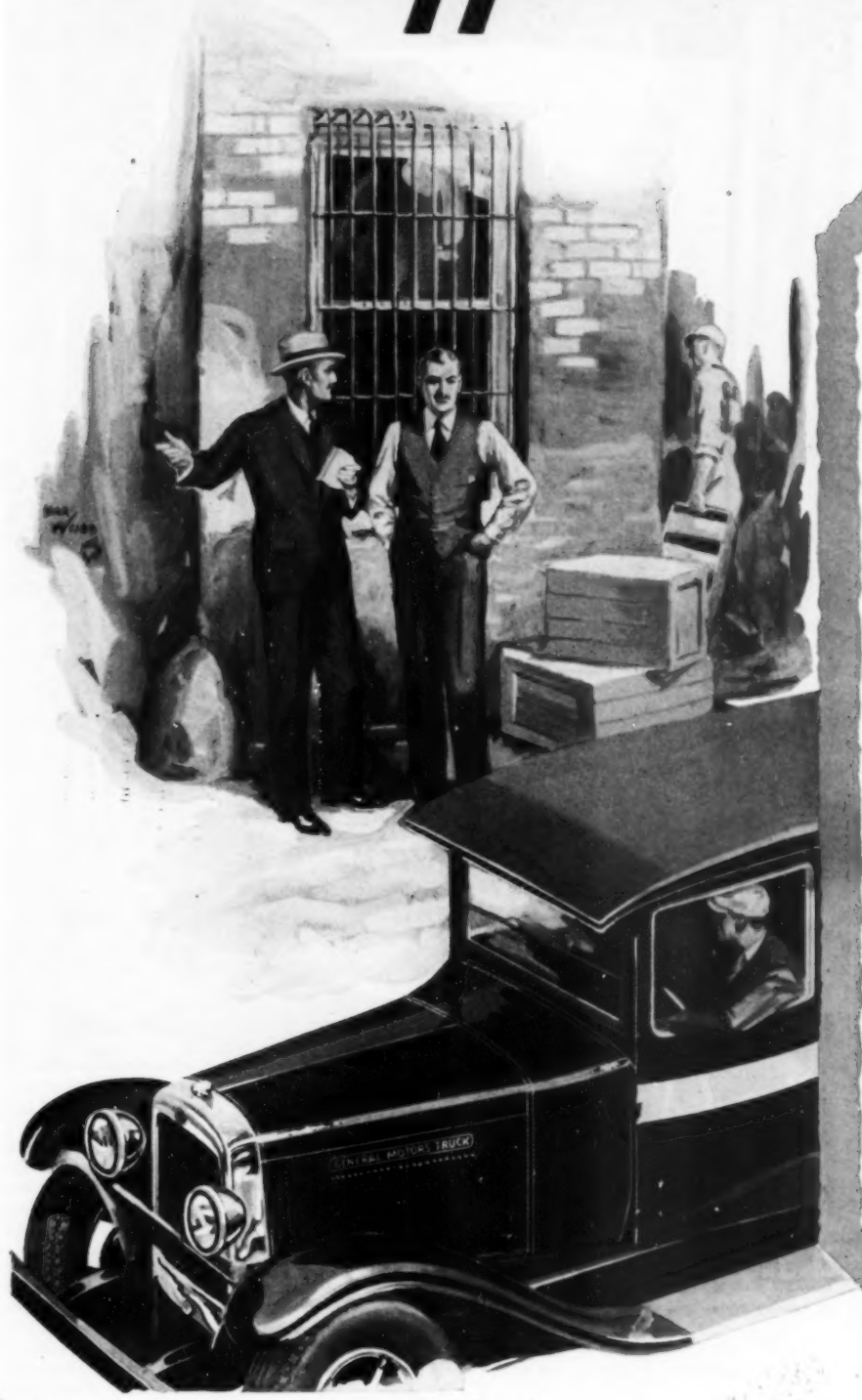
One of Mussolini's many orders is that *La Morra* shall no longer be played. This is the good old game where, at a given signal, one person draws his arm quickly from behind his back, at the same time flinging one to five fingers in the air. At the same moment his opponent shouts the number he thinks will appear. Mussolini's objection to the game was that, warmed by the sun and wine of the country, knives often followed fingers.

An Italian does not need to quaff the wine of the country in order to become excited. The youth of Italy today too young to have taken part in the World War is filled with excitable national arrogance. Last spring a group of freshmen from the university in Rome was going, by government cruiser and motor lorries, for a holiday into Tripoli. On the way to Africa the boat was to put in at Malta for a few hours and it was deemed necessary for one of the heads of government to talk to the boys before they left. They were exhorted to be calm and polite and quiet while at Malta, and to do nothing that might damage Italy's friendly relations with England.

The American who keeps house in Italy for a while has not only the gratification of seeing his dollars go further than they did at home but experiences a touch of feudal pride in finding that his servants look upon him as their master. This is particularly true in the country.

If America, with its boundless wealth, attracts and thrills Italians, Americans can, for a short time at least, find many and varied charms in Italy.

This is the GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK *Work-Test Offer* . . . . *that has brought a wiser and more profitable kind of* TRUCK*-buying*



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Cold *facts . .*

to help you choose an automatic refrigerator

HERE are the facts about Electrolux, the newest and finest development in automatic refrigeration.

How much does it cost? There are models at $210, $225, $245, $255, $345, $430, and $510, f.o.b. factory.

What is the operating expense? 25 to 55 cents a week. About half what you probably pay for ice.

What about noise? Electrolux is the only automatic refrigerator that is absolutely silent. It can never make any noise, for it has no moving parts.

What about mechanical troubles? Electrolux hasn't a single moving part to wear. There is no machinery to cause trouble.

Is it safe? Absolutely so. The refrigerant used in Electrolux never needs replacement. It is hermetically sealed forever inside a rigid immovable one-piece welded steel unit that has no openings of any kind.

Is it dependable? The N. Y. Herald Tribune Institute, one of the nationally known laboratories that tested Electrolux, reports that "the refrigerator will probably be one of the most dependable appliances in the household."

Will it freeze ice cubes? Yes, and quickly, too. Delineator Home Institute tested Electrolux and reports that "in an 80-degree room with standard load, water at 70 degrees F. in all the trays froze in approximately 4 hours."

How long will it last? Indefinitely. With no friction, no vibration, no wear, science can find no good reason why this refrigerator should ever wear out. A tiny gas flame does all the work. It circulates the liquid refrigerant that produces the cold. No motor. No moving mechanism at all.

You'll be keenly enthusiastic about Electrolux. There's nothing else like it. You are doing yourself an injustice if you do not see the Electrolux before you buy an automatic refrigerator. At the showroom of your gas company or other Electrolux dealer, you'll find many models and sizes in white and beautiful colors, offered on extremely liberal terms. Or we will send complete illustrated information if you address Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

Kitchenette model—ideal for the small family—freezes four trays of large ice cubes at one time.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

THE GROUND UP

(Continued from Page 15)

"How much," I asks bleakly, "just to make the place livable?"

"I want a colored slate roof," chimes in Olivia, "beamed ceilings, a big solarium, a porte-cochère, a pillared doorway, mullioned windows with diamond-shaped panes, a studio living room ——"

"—— and Mrs. Vanderbilt to wait on the table," I yelps.

"Offhand," says McCaffrey, "you can figure on from twelve to fifteen thousand to put the house on its feet. It might be more and it might be even more than that. Understand, this rough estimate doesn't take in any fancies; just plain repairs and necessary alterations."

"The bunk!" snorts Norfleet. "Let me handle the job and give out the work, and Olivia can have everything she's set her heart on for fifteen grand."

"You a builder?" asks McCaffrey.

"No, I'm not," retorts the boy friend, "but I know enough of the game to cut the corners and step on the overhead. These folks want building material put into the place, not builder's profits."

"You bite 'em," shrugs the contractor. "I'm busy, anyhow." And he takes himself off in fairly high dudgeon.

"Well," I remarks, "there goes the builder deep in the dust of the architect. What's the next step?"

"To take over all supervision ourselves," replies Norfleet. "Why should you pay a McCaffrey half of the give-up just for subletting work? That's what he'd do—deal out the plumbing to one bird, the grading to another, the roofing to a third ——"

"Probably," says I, "but carrying your idea to a logical conclusion, we ought to go out and buy the shingles and hire a couple of journeymen to lay 'em. Fine, but where's the responsibility? Where's the ——"

"I'll take it," interrupts Olivia. "I just love responsibility. Haven't I always been an excellent manager? Besides, I have heaps of books filled with specifications and those funny dotted diagrams about footings and facings."

"No doubt," I agrees, extra dryly, "but have you any that teach experience in three easy lessons?"

"What'd you do with experience on this job?" demands Dan. "The house is here with all its lines, isn't it? Where's the thick trick in adding a few modernizing touches? Remember, feller, you're not building or even rebuilding, merely repairing and remodeling. Anyhow, I'm here to help you. Haven't I already shown you something?"

"What?" I inquires.

"Isn't saving 10 per cent on an architect and about 30 on a builder something?" he comes back.

"Yeh," says I, "and taking out your own tonsils to save a doctor's bill is something too."

III

WHILE I'm the sort of laddie who goes to a barber when a haircut's indicated, Olivia and Dan are so steamed up over the prospect of straw-bossing the work at Atlasta that I finally agrees to let 'em try. I have misgivings a-plenty, but I must admit that the possibility of knocking off 30 or 40 per cent in architect's fees and the builder's bit is not without a pleasing tinkle to these aged ears.

Separate estimates got from roofers, woodworkers, steamfitters and such, in the aggregate, are not too much over the head of my assets, and within a fortnight carpenters' hammers are hitting and plumbers' tools are missing on the old Craddock property. The wife's getting her slate roof and beamed ceilings and I'm getting that contented canary-into-cat look from Norfleet.

I leaves practically everything to Olivia and Dan, merely coming out to Muchmore Manor from time to time just to see what the stubs in the check book marked "building" actually represent. At the jump-off I find nothing to moan about. The work's progressing rapidly and with each visit there's more of a dwelling and less of a debacle to meet the eye.

"Is this making a filly of the old gray mare?" inquires Dan complacently, as we're watching the painters operate on the outside. "Think McCaffrey could have done better by you and yours?"

"Looks hot and handsome to these lay lamps," I acknowledges, "but how about the grounds? If we don't fix them up the house'll look like a diamond on a dirty shirt."

"We'll take care of that later," says Norfleet. "In a trick like this you don't do everything at one fell swap. Even if you were building a new place, it'd take years before you'd have the landscaping the way you wanted it, and then you wouldn't want it that way. Talking of grounds, though, I hear from Swafford that the county is figuring on running a concrete road through a part of your land to connect up with Bay Drive. Is that a break?"

"I don't know," I returns. "Is it? Don't they always send an assessment out to bite you when they pull an improvement?"

"Not when they step on your square feet to reach for it," comes back Dan. "In spite of your efforts to escape, boy, luck still pursues you."

But not for long. In the house I finds Olivia trading gab with a tall, rakish damsel in long green earrings and a purple poured gown, who's apparently trying to sell the missis a load of something. She is.

"This is Sonya Cavendish," introduces the wife. "Miss Cavendish and her sister, Natascha, are the famous interior decorators ——"

"Oh, no, no!" interrupts the batik baby, throwing a delicate fit that rattles her earrings. "We are not interior decorators. Even dairy lunch rooms are that. We are Directors in Taste. You have perhaps seen our shop?"

"No," I replies desolately, "but I've often heard Bill Sheraton and Buster Chippendale speak of it."

"Miss Cavendish," goes on Olivia hastily, "has been giving me suggestions for furnishings and drapes and ——"

"Very kind of her," says I, "but I guess we're all set for this room, at any rate. That French Louie stuff we just bought for the apartment ought to stand out here like a ——"

A peal of laughter cuts me short. The Cavendish frill's rocking with mirth and continues, apparently, without power to control herself. Olivia and I gaze at her blankly. The gal's gone hysterical for some mysterious reason.

"Get some water," I tells the *frau*. "I'll smack her on the back and try to get her out of it that way."

"I'll be all right soon," gasps Sonya. "Oh, that's so funny!"

"What is?" I asks.

"French furniture," she gurgles, almost choking on a renewed spasm. "French furniture in this room. Oh, you're so witty!"

"Witty?" I repeats dumbly.

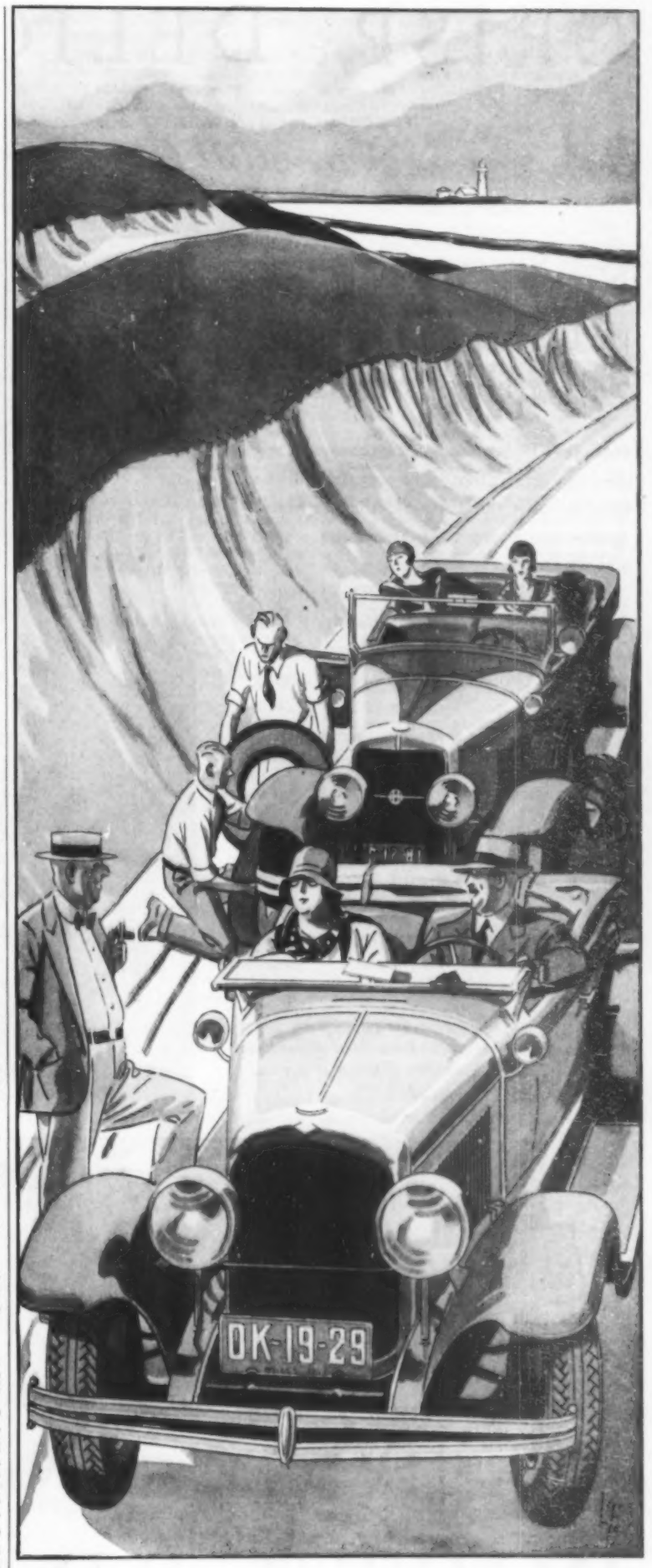
"Of course," frowns Miss Cavendish. "Surely, you're not seriously suggesting furniture of a Louis period for this house!"

"Lady," says I, "I'm suggesting no periods, not even commas. To me furniture is something to sit on, eat off of and trip over. May I also add that this domicile's being built for comfort, not for speed?"

"But how," she demands, "could you even be comfortable in an atrocious, barbaric setting? There'd be no quiet for the clashing. Imagine a gilt chair under a beamed ceiling! Why, you might as well think of putting a Palladian window in a Swiss chalet."

"I wouldn't go quite that far," I admits, "but I can see no reason why any style ——"

(Continued on Page 75)



"I'm lucky to have two husky boys along."

"I'll say you are. When your girls are married and gone as mine are, you'll have to buy Kelly-Springfield tires."

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And it's so good to eat, too! These toasted, delicate flakes, made more nourishing with other parts of wheat, are so temptingly flavored that people eat them every morning *gladly.*

In these hustling days when there's so little time to choose food carefully, so many men and women are apt to get too little bulk. Give Post's Bran Flakes a trial yourself regularly every morning, for the next two weeks. Enjoy it sometimes with milk or cream, sometimes with fruit—sometimes in the world's most delicious bran muffins. See if you don't feel better!

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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TRY IT THIS WAY, TOO!

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	1 egg, well beaten
3½ teaspoons baking powder	¾ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons butter, melted
2 tablespoons sugar	1 cup Post's Bran Flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour, stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

(Continued from Page 73)

"But I can," interjects Olivia. "Miss Cavendish is correct. An Early American house should have Early American furniture."

"What could be more elementary?" demands the slinky taste director. "This place is fairly shrieking for scroll-end sofas, Philadelphia slat-back chairs, bonnet-top highboys, block-front chests of drawers, mahogany roundabouts, sleigh-type bedsteads ——"

"Let it shriek," I growls. "I haven't enough long green to make gags with, and even if I had I wouldn't make 'em. I'm a man of simple, installment tastes. I need no Philadelphia slat-back chairs when I want to make a lap for myself, nor block-front drawers to find buttons that need shirts sewn to 'em. I've had good nights' rests on army cots and I don't know what a mahogany runabout is."

"Roundabout," corrects Miss Cavendish. "A sort of chair that fits in corners and alcoves. Only rarely," she goes on, "do I urge my views on people—my services are too much in demand as it is—but in this case I must insist that you surround yourself with Americana."

"Why," I wants to know, curiously, "must you insist in this case?"

"Because," says Sonya, with a smile that's practically a sun bath, "your personality demands the period. You yourself are an American Colonial type. In your features are the hardy, rough-hewn lines of a Roger Williams, a Cotton Mather, a John Winthrop. I can visualize you perfectly on a heavy oaken bench, a long clay pipe between your lips, but my very soul shrinks at the thought of you mincing your way among the spindly legged, gilded atrocities of a decadent age."

"I see," I nods. "Instead of being my fortune, my face, it develops, is my furniture. As a matter of fact, I never did particularly care for the Louie stuff, but the wife ——"

"For an apartment," protests Olivia, "it was perfectly correct."

"Perhaps"—shrugs Miss Cavendish—"but for an apartment your husband was never perfectly correct. His is the pioneer strain that cries for spaciousness. It takes a big background to set men of his sort off properly. I'm almost inclined to give you the furniture just to prove the effect."

"Well," says I, "we might experiment with some Americana. Perhaps a couple of the rooms that we have nothing for. How steep's the tariff going to be?"

"Quite moderate," Sonya assures me. "Replicas of Colonial furniture are to be had very inexpensively, and as for my fees, they shall be purely nominal. I shall regard the whole job as a labor of love." And she practically drips over me. Not a bad looker, that taste director, when you get your eyes full of her and hers.

"Why not sell all the old duffel," suggests the missis when Miss Cavendish departs, "and make Atlasta American all the way? There's no doubt this type of house calls for it."

"No doubt," I agrees, "but where're we going to call the money from to meet the call?"

"What if we even go into debt?" comes back Olivia. "There's certainly no crime in owing on a home. We'll probably never build or furnish again, and we may as well get set for keeps while we're at it."

"All right," says I recklessly. "Shoot the wad, but don't try to handle the decorating gag yourself. Keep Miss Cavendish on the job. She's got taste."

"Yes," retorts Olivia, "she has—in furniture."

IV

THAT "shoot the wad" crack costs me plenty in the following weeks. In an aberrated moment I'd given the missis Blanche's cart, and she certainly takes the old assets for a ride in it. All kind of gazipes are added to the house, most of 'em to provide proper settings for Sonya's decorative schemes and to make the furniture fit the crime. What started out as a twenty-thousand-dollar proposition now has all the earmarks of leaving just about enough out of forty grand to buy a weskit for a weevil.

"It's cheap at the price," asserts Norfleet. "You've got one of the show shacks of Long Island and a place that'll last you forever. And don't forget the land. That'll double in value when the road comes through."

"Maybe so," I comes back, "but we've sure traveled some distance from the original intention. We begin with the idea of repairing an abandoned farmhouse and finish with a beamed warehouse for early Americana."

"Well"—grins Dan—"if you insist on being a cross between Cotton Mather, Roger Williams and the Battle of Brandywine, you've got to pay the price. . . . Hello, what's McCaffrey doing here?"

"How you folks getting along?" inquires the building contractor, stopping his bus by us.

"Great!" returns Norfleet. "And not a builder's rake-off in a barrel. Want to take a look-see inside?"

"Don't mind if I do," says McCaffrey. "Nice paint job on the outside. Good roof job, too, from this distance."

He follows us into the house, nodding approvingly as Dan points out the various improvements. Suddenly the old boy moves away from us to the wall of the studio living room and sights along it. While we're watching him in puzzlement he motions us over.

"See anything?" he asks, putting me in position for a look.

I do—a distinct curve inward, perhaps of an inch or more. It's too noticeable even to escape Norfleet.

"Bah!" he snorts. "It's probably been bulging that way since the cold winter at Valley Forge. Just warped by the weather."

"Warped by your aunt!" snaps McCaffrey. "It's warped by weight. One load of snow on the roof and this place'll crack in like an eggshell."

"What's the trouble?" I asks, with a sinking feeling.

"The trouble," returns the builder, "is that these walls were never built to support a heavy slate roof and beamed ceilings. That's what you Smart Alecks get for not having an experienced man supervise the job as a whole. Roofers are not interested in walls. Neither are beamed-ceiling workers, plumbers, tile setters or garden laborers. The place's unsafe even now."

"Unsafe!" I gasps, backing away. "What's to be done?"

"Rip out all the walls," says McCaffrey shortly, "and put in stronger ones. Better do it before the inspector gets around or he'll condemn the whole layout."

"Just sore-head talk," scowls Dan. "If there's anything at all the matter—which I doubt—a carpenter can fix it in a couple of days. Leave it to me."

"Consider it not left," I yelps. "I'm through having bus boys prepare banquets." I turns to McCaffrey. "Will you take over this job and finish it?"

"I might," says he, "but I wouldn't touch it unless you got another opinion on those walls. If I were you I'd have an architect go over the whole ——"

"Architect!" cuts in Norfleet angrily. "What the devil could ——"

"Never mind what he could or couldn't do," I barks savagely. "What I wanted him to do in the first place, he'll now have to undo in the second place. Just a simple remodeling job, eh? I'll wager that by the time we're through with Atlasta Home there'll be nothing left of the Craddock house but the mortgage I took over."

I'm too sore for the next couple of days to do anything with the property, but I finally gets another building hawkshaw to look it over. There's no question about the added weight of slate and timber causing the curvature, so I arranges with McCaffrey to shore up the ceilings and the roof and slip new walls under 'em.

"I'm rather glad it happened," says Olivia. "Sonya and I'll now have the opportunity to do a number of things we're rather keen about. You must admit there were limitations to the old lines."

"I'm sure it's all for the best," adds Miss Cavendish sympathetically. "The more thorough the alterations, the greater my scope for impinging your personality upon the edifice."

"Go to it," I returns, "but the best I can promise you in the way of compensation is to make you a preferred creditor."

"To be preferred by you"—smiles Sonya—"even as a creditor, is something. By the way," she continues, "I ran across a real Philadelphia lowboy of Chippendale pattern the other day that can be obtained for a mere trifle—around three hundred dollars. Shall I get it for you?"

"Sure," says I. "It'll be great company for this New York low boy."

McCaffrey climbs into the job quick, and in a couple of days the house is back in a greater state of devastation than it was before I bought it. The walls, new paint work and all, are ripped out and sturdier stuff installed in its stead. Norfleet hangs around ready with advice and suggestions, but he'd have had more luck in Menlo Park whispering tips on candle power to T. Alva Edison. Both McCaffrey and I treat him as if he was something slimy that the cat had dragged in out of the rain barrel.

In a couple of weeks the new walls are practically in place and I'm again beginning to feel like a man of property, when another blow ups and ats me. I'm at work in town one afternoon when McCaffrey drifts into the office looking like the party of the last part at a funeral.

"What now?" I inquires with the careless bravado born of repeated pokes to the puss.

"The floors," returns the builder simply.

"Ah," I exclaims, "the floors! And what, my merry lad, has happened to the dear old floors?"

"Nothing," growls McCaffrey, "excepting that they're not strong enough to carry the new walls."

"Sad," says I, "but did not a vagrant thought occur to you before you started your job that such might be the case?"

"What if it had?" comes back the contractor. "You had to have the walls, didn't you?"

"I shouldn't have been happy without 'em," I admits. "And now I suppose we must have a new deal in floors."

"Sure," says McCaffrey. "The old ones were no good, anyhow. Spruce. What we need's oak."

"Oak, by all means," I agrees. "The sturdy oak—typical of my rough-hewn personality."

"What's that?" frowns the builder.

"Nothing," says I. "Go ahead and put in the new floors. By the way, would you mind doing me a favor as you pass down the hall?"

"What?" asks McCaffrey.

"Next door," I returns, "is a lawyer laddie. Ask him what it costs nowadays to go into bankruptcy and if the courts are running any summer excursions to the immunity baths this season."

The new floors mean the peel of another couple of thousand, but I'm too hardened by now to holler. If you've ever been the big loser in a poker game, you know the feeling. There comes a point of utter recklessness when chips cease to have a value and every boloney hand assumes one. You eventually get a sort of sadistic pleasure in tossing your dough away. That's me.

Despite the fact that I'm in the red for almost fifty grand on the remodeling skit, I remain in high good humor with Olivia and Miss Cavendish. I welcome cheerfully all their suggestions for further expenditures on Atlasta, and even urge the gals to renewed attacks on the privy purse. When, for example, the wife mentions a yen for a statuette or two for the house, I immediately offer to negotiate with the Louvre for the Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory.

"That's the spirit," applauds Sonya. "Get the best there is. You're only doing this once, you know."

"Why only once?" I comes back merrily. "I'm rather getting to like the game and its infinite variety. Even now I'm thinking of taking over a car barn and remodeling it into a lily pond for the public park."

Late in July McCaffrey calls up to tell me that the entire job's been completed and is ready for the owner's inspection. Dropping everything at the office, I picks up Olivia, Sonya and Norfleet and hastens to Muchmore Manor. Instead of a joyous reception from the builder, I'm greeted with a furrowed brow.

"I'm sorry," he mutters, "but something else's suddenly gone wrong."

"Oh, yes?" says I amiably. "Tell me, if it's not too painful to you."

"It's the foundation," blurts out McCaffrey. "The weight of all the new stuff's too much for it. The footings are crumbling and there's a sinking over in that corner. I'm getting busy on it right away."

"Very proper," I beams. "To tell you the truth, I'm rather glad it's happened. As you know, I originally wanted a new house built from the ground up, and now I shall have it. There'll be nothing at all left of the old Craddock place, will there, Mac?"

"Nothing but the picket fence out in front," he replies, "and the kids swiped that last night for a bonfire."

"Well," says Dan consolingly, "the house is still on the same old plot, at any rate. When the new road comes through ——"

"That reminds me," I interrupts. "I got a letter today from the county supervisors, but I didn't even get a chance to open it. Maybe it's about the road." I digs the communication out of a pocket and reads:

Dear Sir: In the course of a title search made at the instance of this board, it was discovered that the Craddock residence, recently purchased by you, is a hundred feet over the property line and in the public domain. The county requires this particular strip of land in its proposed highway plan. Rather than involve you in annoying litigation, we are prepared, at the taxpayers' expense, to have your house moved back into property on which you have clear title. May we hear from you soon?

Secretary Board of Supervisors.

"Completing the remodeling of the old farmhouse," I remarks lightly, and passes the letter to Norfleet.

"What does it say?" asks Olivia. "Is the road coming here?"

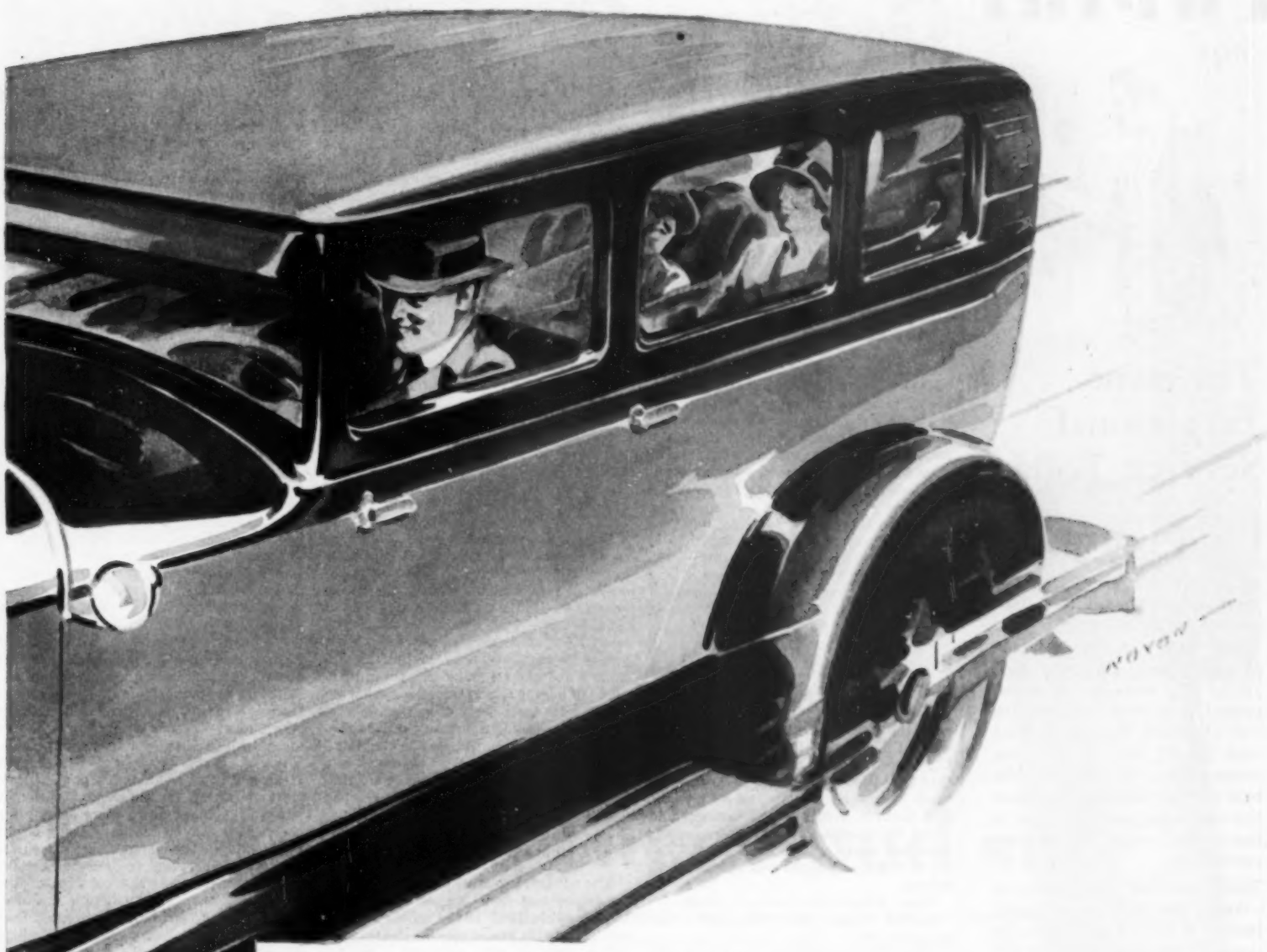
"Yeh," I tells her, "and how here!"

THE RELIABILITY CAR *of the year*

Winner of Famous French Classic—*the Tour de France*

Motordom is given conclusive proof of the outstanding reliability and performance of Essex the Challenger, in the 15-day running of the famous "Tour de France." The two Essex entries finished the race without a single penalty, winning by a great margin over the strong field of high-priced American and European cars. Q Not only the Grand Prize, but the Ansaldo Cup, for quick getaway; the Lyonnais Cup, the Pyrenees Cup, the Atlantic Cup, the Cup of Brittany, the Cup of Normandy and the Cup of the North were also taken by Essex the Challenger, for various phases of performance, reliability and economy.

ESSEX



ESSEX THE CHALLENGER has outstandingly established itself as the Reliability Car of the Year.

How sweeping and convincing are its proofs! In the hands of more than 200,000 owners, *the actual service records* prove the lowest service costs, and smallest service requirements of any car we know. And every American locality knows Essex the Challenger for some outstanding reliability record.

These are but the dramatic representation of the kind of reliability every Essex the Challenger owner knows. Under every condition of climate and road, in hard country usage as well as continuous city service, it has made itself known to its owners and through them to the world as "the Reliability Car of the Year."

CHOICE OF COLOR
AT NO EXTRA COST

$695

and up at factory

ESSEX *the Challenger*

EMPIRE
1845

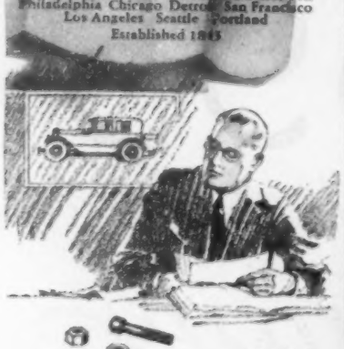
The Same Exceptional Service Today

IN the early days of America, when the Yankee clippers were startling the seafaring world, when the railroads were slowly extending their uncertain way into the wilderness, when the pony express and the wagon trains were getting the real measure of our country, when nuggets of gold were about to be discovered in far-away California, the firm of Russell, Burdsall & Ward were helping to make all these things possible, by making the best bolts and nuts these early mechanics had ever known, selling them at an honest price and delivering them promptly.

Today, more than three-quarters of a century later, the house of Russell, Burdsall & Ward is still making the best bolts and nuts possible, is still selling them at an honest price and is still delivering promptly, though specifications and tolerances have increased out of all proportion, and customers are numbered in thousands where they were formerly numbered in individuals.

As a result the Empire New Process Bolt and the Empire cold punched stay-bolt are the standard of the world.

RUSSELL, BURDSALL & WARD
BOLT AND NUT CO.
PORT CHESTER, N. Y.
ROCK FALLS, ILL. CORAOPOLIS, PA.
Philadelphia Chicago Detroit San Francisco
Los Angeles Seattle Portland
Established 1845



1929
BOLTS & NUTS

Getting On in the World

After Ten Years

IT IS ten years since I moved to a small Western industrial city and went into business for myself. I was just of age at that time and had been employed for five years in the hosiery department of a widely known Chicago store. The capital with which this business was started consisted of eight hundred dollars in cash, unlimited nerve and a lot of fixed opinions on how a business ought to be conducted. Most of these have become unfixed in the years that have passed.

There had been a notion stirring about in my head for a long time that a specialty shop selling women's hosiery exclusively offered a young man an attractive opportunity to make money and grow. Short skirts were coming into their own and the hosiery market was bound to expand. The cost of doing business in a large department store was too high and I thought the small shop could give just as good values as the big stores at a substantially lower price.

By a break of luck I secured a five-year lease on a very small space in the lobby of an office building at a reasonable figure. From this small beginning I have built a chain consisting of four full-sized stores and two smaller shops. I still handle women's hosiery chiefly, but also have lines of women's shoes, lingerie, men's hosiery and sports wear.

Done With Price Slashing

At the start I set down certain policies which I intended to follow out religiously. I believe the changes and modifications that have been made in this program—the result of experience in each case—give the best possible picture of my business and reveal the reasons why this enterprise was a success where others have failed. The list of business policies was somewhat as follows:

First. I must give excellent values.

Second. I must offer these at the lowest prices in town.

Third. To be able to do this, I must take every possible buying advantage. My knowledge of hosiery, my acquaintance with salesmen, my observation of seasonal fluctuations, will enable me to get lower prices than the ordinary department-store buyer.

Fourth. I must advertise more or less regularly in the daily paper, whenever business is brisk enough to afford it.

Over the years I learned, one by one, where each of these plans was wrong or incomplete. Today only one of them remains—the first one. I still believe that in order to succeed my business or any other must place first emphasis on good values to its customers and must spend much time and effort in trying to find them.

The first change in the line-up came when it was forced upon me that my price policy was all wrong. Under the plan as I started out, competition was setting my prices. I constantly visited the other stores in town or read their advertising. Whenever they put a number on the counter at a sacrifice I felt it incumbent upon me to beat their price. It was not long before I found this policy to be ruinous. After exercising all the skill at my command to find a good value for my customers, I would practically have to give it away just because someone else was conducting his business with judgment as bad as my own.

My present price policy is simplicity itself, though volumes might be written on the principles that lie behind it. I price every number in stock at the cost of the article, plus my cost of doing business, plus a reasonable net profit for myself. If I cannot do business this way I shall stop doing business. If lower prices than mine could put me out of business, I should have been an inmate of the poorhouse for the past eight years. The first rule of doing business, it seems to me, should be that competition must not be allowed to control. If a store can't stand on its own feet, exist through the virtue of the service it renders to the public, it has no reason for being there.

The next thing I learned was that my fancied ability as a buyer was not doing me so much good after all. My painfully acquired knowledge of silks was not required under new conditions—mainly, the rise of advertised brands. They are all good; it takes no expert to determine that. You look at the name tag and you know what you are getting. So does the public. Another place where I made an error in planning my buying was in thinking I could get lower prices from study of market fluctuations or by taking advantage of salesmen with flexible discount sheets. Almost always a good buy meant an overstock of a certain number or several numbers. That played hob with my stock turnover and lost me too many cash discounts.

Driving Away Hard Times

The advantage a store like mine has over its department-store competitor is not a buying advantage. It is a selling edge. I can operate on less overhead. I can get a better turnover rate, provided I use my head and do not buy job lots. I can supervise my business more closely and stop the leaks. Combining these three factors, my cost of doing business on a single number is often as much as sixty cents below that of the department store.

I have, therefore, quit trying to take advantage of anyone who tries to sell me anything. I put all my time and attention to the lowering of my own selling costs. In that direction I can accomplish much more than if I spend my time haggling with salesmen.

Another thing I have learned much about is advertising. I still advertise, both in the daily paper and by direct mail. But I am not doing it with the same attitude I held at first. Today advertising is the heart of my business. I have a definite budget amounting to 4 per cent of my gross sales devoted to advertising, which is increased to 6 per cent whenever we have a strike or other local condition normally pointing to business depression.

I have noted one very odd thing about advertising. Whenever I have a real value—something much out of the ordinary—my advertising pulls three or four times as heavily as for the ordinary run of bargains. On the other hand, when I have made a mistake and have something in stock which, at the price established, is not a good value, no amount of advertising seems effective in getting many folks in to look it over. The important thing in an advertising plan, in other words, is the value behind the advertisement. My advice to business men is: Don't advertise unless you have something worth making a noise about. The most failures of advertising are due, I firmly believe, to chief emphasis on the advertising rather than on the value behind it.

Keeping Track of the Losses

There is one thing more, vital to my business, but which I was so inexperienced as to leave entirely out of my calculations at the beginning. This is accounting. I have learned by experience that a definitely informative accounting system is the best thing a business can have. If advertising is the heart of a business, then the accounting set-up is its brain and nervous system.

Today my accounting is based upon a perpetual inventory and is so arranged that I know, every morning at ten o'clock, just how much money was made by each of my stores on the previous day. Every month there is a recapitulation and a check-back which must balance within a reasonable margin which allows for thefts and losses. The worth of this kind of accounting is that I can get on to trouble promptly. If one store shows up for three days with net losses, I am right down there looking for the cause. Maybe the advertising is not right. Maybe the employes are discourteous to customers and are driving business away. Sometimes it is a question of dishonesty. Maybe the mistake is my own, through having put numbers in stock that do not appeal to the trade in that locality. In any event, I make the claim that I can discover any possible source of loss and have it corrected within a week. With the customary type of retail accounting, such accurate control of profits is impossible.

I believe my little chain of stores will grow. I believe, further, that I have discovered the necessary factors which go to make retail merchandising successful. These are, briefly summarized:

First. Give real values to your customers.

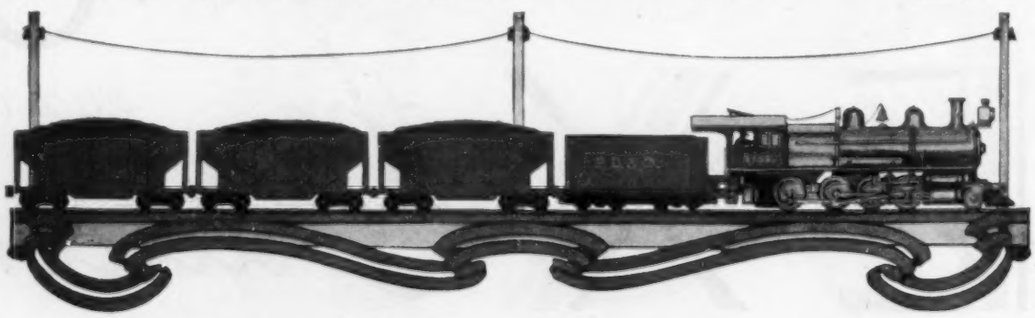
Second. Chief emphasis on selling, not on buying. Buy only standard merchandise, and only as much as you can sell at a good turnover rate.

Third. Keep operating costs low by intelligent management, and pass your savings on to the purchaser.

Fourth. Have something to advertise and advertise it according to a carefully drawn plan.

Fifth. Keep the progress of the business clearly pictured on your desk at all times by an accounting system that gives real information.

—GEORGE BIGGS.



Your Children ... is their food safe?

YOU, as a conscientious mother, buy the best food for your children, prepare it with scrupulous care and cook it correctly. Yet, in spite of all, you may be giving your children food which is not wholesome—possibly dangerous!

For even the best food becomes unsafe to eat unless it is *kept* at the proper degree of cold, which medical authorities agree should be 50 degrees or less—always. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply, food is contaminated—becomes a menace to health.

There is only one way to be sure that your children's food is fresh and healthful—correct refrigeration. There is one refrigerator that assures you of scientifically perfect refrigeration at all times—the General Electric. Faithfully, quietly, day and night, it maintains a temperature safely below the danger point—50 degrees.

The General Electric is ideal for the home. Its simple mechanism, which you never need to oil, is mounted on top of the cabinet and hermetically sealed in a steel casing. It has a simple accessible temperature control, makes a generous supply of ice cubes, creates no radio interference. It has the only *all-steel*, warp-proof cabinet—easily-cleaned, sanitary.

The price of this new all-steel refrigerator—the small-family model—is now
$215 AT THE FACTORY

Your dealer will be glad to explain the spaced payment plan, which makes it so easy to own this faithful watchman of the family health. If there is not a dealer near you, write Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for booklet S-9.

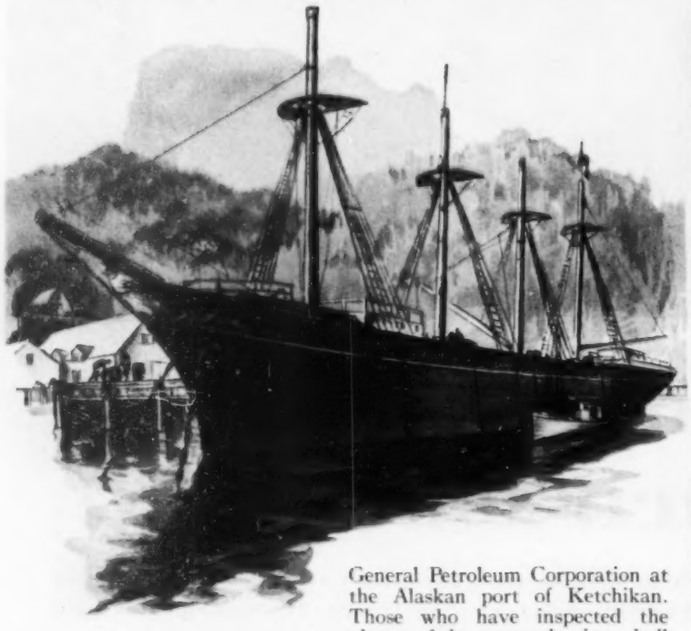
An unmatched record

There are now more than 300,000 homes enjoying the comfort and protection of General Electric Refrigerators—and not one of the owners has ever had to pay a single dollar for repairs or service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

50 years at Sea

This Wrought Iron Vessel is Unharmed by Corrosion ▸ ▸ ▸



FROM Calcutta to Ketchikan, through varied fortunes and in altered guises, the good vessel, "Falls of Clyde," has done duty for fifty years. Her sides and framework are of honest wrought iron and she is sound and seaworthy to this day.

The "Falls of Clyde," a full rigged ship launched at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1878, was one of five sister craft designed for the East India trade. After some years plying between Calcutta and Liverpool with the aromatic and romantic cargoes that the East barters with the West, she was bought by the Matson Navigation Company, re-rigged as a four-masted bark, and sailed out of Honolulu flying the Hawaiian flag. In 1898, when the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States, automatically she became an American vessel. She has passed from owner to owner, from use to use, and is now in service as an oil tanker for the General Petroleum Corporation at the Alaskan port of Ketchikan. Those who have inspected the plates of her wrought iron hull find them intact and declare that she could easily be fitted out again for ocean service.

On sea or land, in widely varied uses, the peculiar virtues of wrought iron are more and more appreciated. In pipes for plumbing and heating, water supply, or gas; in boilers and tanks, in engine bolts, staybolts and other vital parts of locomotives and railway cars; in ornamental gates, grilles, and fences, fire escapes, and the like—wherever high resistance to corrosion, toughness and dependability under repeated strain, ease and security of welding, are important, no other material takes the place of wrought iron.

WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
1111 Union Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Inquiries about any particular use of wrought iron are invited and will be given careful attention.

Wrought Iron
RUST-RESISTING · SAFE · ENDURING

NAVY YARD GATE

(Continued from Page 11)

arrogant countenance, and grunted. "Not well enough to waste any time on the Navy," he growled. "What d'yu want, Selwin?"

Selwin laughed and flicked cigar ashes on the spotless floor. "Navy, eh?" he threw back. "Maybe you'll have time to consider the Navy after you straighten out this Marine outfit you brag so much about."

The colonel rose up in his chair. "Brag about!" he shouted. "Why the hell shouldn't I? Any time you web-footed spray swallowers get an outfit half as good, come around."

Selwin smiled. "I'm not so sure your—er—high-pressure watchmen are as good as you think."

"Why not, why not?" demanded the colonel belligerently.

"Well, last night I managed to get a guest through the yard without a commissioned escort." Selwin grinned derisively.

The sergeant of the guard in the next room groaned in despair. Visions of chain gangs and rock breakers at Portsmouth prison flashed through his mind. His heart rose and half choked him as he awaited the colonel's answer.

"What's that?" howled the colonel, popping to his feet. "What time was this?"

"About 11:30."

"Sergeant major!" bellowed the colonel, in a voice like the blast of a fourteen-inch salvo.

Across the partition the sergeant of the guard watched the sergeant major disappear. He gathered himself for the ordeal he knew was about to take place.

"Yes, sir," acknowledged the sergeant major.

"Get me the sergeant of the old guard, quick!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The sergeant of the guard straightened his already immaculate uniform, quieted his drumming nerves and thumping heart by sheer effort of will, and strode toward his doom with his head up. The sergeant major entered the colonel's office first and moved inconspicuously to one side. The sergeant of the guard marched stiffly up to the desk and saluted smartly. The colonel glowered at him sourly for a moment.

"You on duty last night?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Instantly the colonel's manner changed. With eloquent and exaggerated politeness he rose from behind the desk, stepped to one side and bowed deeply, with an elaborate sweep of his long arm. "Come right in, admiral," he invited the sergeant in a smooth but exceedingly thin-edged tone. "Come right around the desk and take my seat, sir. Glad to have you with us this morning. Will you have a cigar, sir?" He snatched a box from a lower drawer and extended it to the sergeant. The sergeant remained stiffly at attention. "I beg you to come around, sir," pleaded the colonel mockingly, "and take my seat." He leaned across the corner of the desk and thrust his red face into the equally reddened face of the immobile sergeant. "You won't come, eh?" he demanded.

"No, sir," answered the sergeant, still rigid.

The colonel stretched his neck another aggressive inch. "Why won't you?" he demanded more insistently. "Is it because you realize that you're not the admiral?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why the hell do you assume authority to revise orders that I issue and that the admiral in command of the yard approves?" The colonel's big voice boomed and echoed. There was no answer. "The admiral approved the order on no guests without commissioned escort, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"And last night you let a guest through in violation of that order, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?" The word burst like a bomb.

The sergeant's eyes and his bearing gave no hint of the intense resentment that this question lighted. But when he answered, the words issued grimly from that side of his mouth nearest Commander Selwin. "As a personal favor to the commander, sir."

The colonel relaxed, but his eyes spit fire. "Oh," he sneered, "a personal favor, eh? You must be one of those great big brothers of all humanity." The words seemed to pace across the desk, slowly at first, then with increasing cadence. "You must be just too full of kindness to resist appeal, even on duty. I suppose you can't help it, eh? I suppose you've just got one of those great big bleeding hearts, eh? Got to help everybody that asks you to, eh? Well"—his booming voice rose to the ceiling—"your great big bleeding heart can bleed in the brig!" He swung on the sergeant major. "Lock him up, sergeant major!" he raved. "Lock him up! Lock him up!"

"About, face," commanded the sergeant major. "Forward, march."

As the sergeant of the guard paced out and waited for a moment in the corridor while the necessary instructions were being issued by the sergeant major, his beet-red ears caught the colonel's stern tones rolling toward Commander Selwin. "As for you," came his voice, "we've been kidding each other about our outfits for a long time, but I always thought there was some respect and decency under the surface on both sides. You can leave right now, and the next time you open your trap to me, be sure it's in line of duty only."

The commander slapped his thigh and guffawed, but rose, nevertheless. "When you get as good a one as that on the Navy, let me know, colonel," he chuckled.

The special-duty sergeant followed the humbled sergeant of the guard to the guardhouse. "He's got a crust," he consoled, "lockin' up a sergeant as if a noncom was an ordinary private. He can't lock you up till he takes your chevrons away."

"He can't, eh?" returned the other in a dead voice. "Well, here I am, ain't I? And I'm only thankful I still got those chevrons. I got no kick, anyhow. Thought he'd say general court, like that. I'll get the run of the guardhouse and maybe it'll be nice to get a real night's sleep again. My fault, the whole thing. Women and duty don't mix."

"Can you beat that backbitin' Selwin? If it wasn't for a few like him, the Navy would be a good outfit."

"Aw, I might have known from experience. The Navy's got no monopoly on people like him. I've run up against a few in our own family. Well, see you later."

"I'll drop in once in a while. Anything I can do for you?"

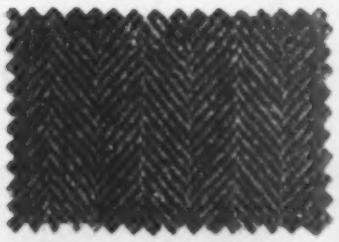
"No, thanks. Not unless—say, if you get up by the Sands Street gate and happen to see a nice-lookin' little frail hangin' around in a dark coat and one of them green helmets, an' if she asks for the sergeant of the guard, tell her I'm transferred to China or somewhere."

The sun set and rose on a bleak Navy Yard. It set and rose again, to send its nine o'clock rays through the barred windows of the guardhouse at the marine barracks. The disgraced sergeant of the guard sat on the edge of a canvas cot and thought of slim fingers that had grasped similar bars. He looked grim and pale. Forty-eight hours of meditation on duty and trickery and the colonel and on other things had not improved his health. In seven years of service he had never before been punished. "If that little pick-up hadn't got me to feelin' soft," he told himself, "I never would have been in a frame of mind to let Selwin put it over. Damn all women. If I ever get out of this pesthouse, I'll be rock-bound for life."

The guardian of the brig moved toward the door in response to a rattle of the knob. The sergeant looked up quickly. Was it news that he was to be tried by general court-martial? No, it was the special-duty sergeant. He had a paper in his hand, but

(Continued on Page 82)

O. R. Brandenburg, D. D. S., chose † 1627



YOU merely need feel this sturdy worsted to know it will wear and wear. *Tailors handsomely, as you will note by a glance at this informal snapshot of Doctor Brandenburg.*

NOR was Doctor Brandenburg alone in his preference. In fact, 248 men —in cities as far apart as New York and Los Angeles—selected this rich, new pattern during the first month it was shown in the Nash line!

Brown, as you know, is one of the very smartest shades in men's clothing this Fall. And the beautiful tone of No. 1627 is only one of many distinctive brown blends obtainable in Nash custom-tailored clothes.

Further indication of how correctly Nash has anticipated the Autumn and Winter preferences of well-dressed men will be found in the 307 patterns now being displayed by 1800 tailor-trained resident representatives, everywhere.

A phone call to your local Nash man will bring him to your office or home. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

O. R. BRANDENBURG, D. D. S., *one of Milwaukee's leading dental surgeons, owns an extensive wardrobe of Nash suits. He is one of 8,795 doctors who appear professionally well-groomed in Nash individually-tailored clothes.*

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

© 1929, The A. N. Co.

Most men have dry scalps • here's the relief you need

A WEEKLY massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic will do wonders to correct the excessively dry condition of the scalp, of which most men complain. Before the shampoo, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and rub it in vigorously with a rotary motion. Continue this massage until the scalp feels loose and the whole head tingles. Once or twice a week, between the regular treatments, use a tiny bit of the Tonic as a dressing for the hair. It will keep it well-groomed and not sticky and at the same time benefit the scalp.

Two simple, easy things to do. And they will banish that dryness, cleanse the scalp, stimulate the hair, help prevent baldness (for hair won't grow on a tight, dry scalp).

Get A Bottle TODAY

You can buy "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at the nearest good drug store. It is sold in bottles of two sizes, with a shaker-type top. Very convenient to use. Start your treatments for a healthy scalp now.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 80)

his face was beaming. He rushed in, thrust the paper at the marine turnkey, and slapped the ex-sergeant of the guard on the shoulder.

"You're out, sergeant!" he cried. "Free as galley smoke! Take a walk before the Old Man has a change of heart!"

"What d'yu mean? How come?" The sergeant was dazed.

"Plenty how come. I'll tell you. It's rich. Ten minutes ago the Old Man stamps into the office, feelin' awful. Right on his tail comes your friend Selwin, feelin' worse an' beefin' about it. It seems some dame wants to go aboard ship to see Selwin at one o'clock this mornin'. She's in a taxi. Selwin don't believe it and wants to talk to the jane. She hops right out of the taxi and gives him hell over the phone. Tells who she is and demands he come right up and get her or his name's mud. In two sentences she has him reelin'. He gets the actin' sergeant of the guard on the phone and tries to get the taxi sent down, but everybody's wise to what happened to you. So Selwin has to break out of bed, get dressed and pike up through a mile of cold Navy Yard—and listen: When he gets to the gate the dame has flickered. Soon as the phone's hung up she's breezed out the gate without sayin' hello, good-by, go to hell, or anything. Selwin tells Old Man Huff that the guard put over a dirty trick on a naval officer and he wants the whole Marine Corps locked up. Then the Old Man flies off the handle. Tells Selwin what a low piece of tripe he is and ends up by laughin' in his face. Tells him to go get himself a corpus dilictee—whatever that is—and Selwin goes out boilin'. The Old Man laughs himself sick for five minutes straight an' then ups and orders you released an' restored to duty. Says you or some of your friends has got brains. You go on watch tomorrow."

Pop-eyed and open-mouthed, the newly released prisoner looked at this bearer of glad tidings in amazement. "But how—who could have done it?" he finally stammered. "Can't Selwin check up on his friends?"

"He did," chuckled the other. "Told the Old Man it was an impersonation and a frame-up, besides bein' insubordination and what not."

"Then who was it?" demanded his friend.

"Who was it? Come to, fella. Didn't I talk to your little girl friend for an hour last night? And didn't she tell me she was kinda glad, because it might give her a chance to prove somethin' or other she told you once? It was her. I knew early this mornin' when the third watch was chewin' about it at chow. They told what she looked like."

"Well, I'm damned. Say, how much money you got?"

The grim iron teeth of the Navy Yard gate snarled in silent menace up the poorly lighted slope of Sands Street. A slim, tall sergeant paced nervously back and forth inside. He was not blasé, nor was there chewing tobacco in his mouth. A neat blue cap was set correctly on his sleekly combed hair, and red-striped blue trousers emerged from the bottom of his perfectly pressed overcoat.

When his frequent impatient glances toward the street were finally rewarded by the sight of a timid feminine figure in a bargain-sale coat, his impatience vanished and a buoyant exuberance took its place. He faced the gate and assumed a stern expression. The girl approached with hesitancy, stopped, and began to scratch gently at an imaginary spot on one of the iron bars.

"Hello," she said finally, glancing up.

"Hello," he answered briefly.

"Isn't—isn't everything all right?" She was puzzled and embarrassed.

"Huh," he answered gruffly. "What was the idea—buttin' in?"

"Oh, I didn't mean ——" she quavered. "I thought I was awfully good at imitations and I thought I was provin' that a girl could help." She was on the verge of tears.

The sergeant suddenly pulled the gate to him, and slipped through the crack, and grasped her by both elbows.

"Believe me, kiddo," he said in a choking voice, "you did. You got me out and I take back everything I said. And now, baby, name your show, an' your eatin' place, an' any night club you want to see. I've borrowed every nickel there is in the barracks."

WIVES NEVER TELL

(Continued from Page 25)

have to help him through with that. There was one last office, though, which must be performed, and performed quickly. The very expression of hatred and agony lingering in those eyes was in itself an accusation. He leaned forward and stooped down, only to find himself once more rigid. There was a slight noise at the door. He turned his head. The handle was slowly being moved backward and forward. Now it was gently shaken, a second's silence, then a soft but insistent tapping. Bradman wiped the perspiration once more from his dripping forehead, choked down the horrors and got to work. He emptied drawer after drawer of the safe into his medicine case. He filled it full, filled his pockets, closed the safe. Then, carrying his two bags, he walked to the door and opened it. It was the girl who stood there, calm and unperturbed, but with a dangerous light in her eyes.

"Why have you kept me waiting here?" she demanded.

He paused to clear his throat.

"I am sorry. There is bad news," he told her. "Mr. Lazenby died whilst I was examining him, soon after you left."

"Come back with me, please," she insisted, entering the room.

He followed her to the bedside. She stood looking down at the dead man without a quiver. Then she glanced around, and her large, dark eyes took note of many things. She picked up a glass and smelled it.

"Why did you give him this?" she asked. "It is much too powerful for a man with his heart."

"What do you know about it?" he rejoined.

"I was a hospital nurse for some years," she confided dryly. "Wait, please. Don't go away."

She leaned down and, lifting the mattress, touched a button in the wooden foundation. A drawer slid out. She helped herself to a bunch of keys, unfastened the safe, opened the drawers one by one—the drawers swept empty of their treasure.

"You might have saved yourself a great deal of trouble if you'd known of that secret hiding place, mightn't you?" she asked, with a curious, half-human gleam of sarcasm shining in her eyes. "Please come downstairs."

He followed her obediently, anxious only to reach the front door. She divined his purpose, however, and calmly blocked the way. He looked down at her. Was this the psychological moment? Unless he committed another and a very risky crime, he was in her hands. Better to bargain perhaps. Besides, there was something in that cold, sweet smile, the almost insolent uplifting of the eyes which stirred him queerly. Better to bargain.

"I wish to talk to you for a few minutes," she said. "Please come into my sitting room."

He followed her, but he ventured upon a faint protest.

"There are things which must be done at once," he pointed out. "A nurse ——"

"All those things will be attended to in due course," she interrupted. "Sit down, please."

He obeyed, wondering whether it was by chance that she seated herself by the

(Continued on Page 84)

Kardex flashes green ...and in 5 hours 2 *girls* do 5 *weeks' work*

SHOULD THEY—or shouldn't they—continue exclusive dealer franchises?

This was the all-important problem before the board of directors of the Gibson Art Company of Cincinnati, largest manufacturers of greeting cards in the world.

The only way to set the right policy was to secure information—accurate, complete information—in a hurry.

They thought this would take months. But they hadn't counted on the speed of their Kardex sales control record.

In five short hours, Kardex gave them the name, town and state of 18,000 dealers, the population each one served, the amount of his business, his quota standing, the number of lines he handled, and the name of the salesman.

With this data at hand, the answer was obvious—to retain the exclusive franchise.

With ordinary ledger records, the two girls who did the job in five hours would have required five weeks.

Every business can use it

For stock control, credit, installment collections, information files, and dozens of other uses, Kardex can help you save money and make money.

Kardex enables thousands of American executives to know where their activities stand every day. Without fumbling over scattered reports, bulky ledgers, or hidden cards, they just glance at the neatly arranged trays, and see *today's* PICTURE *of their business.*

Three Kardex features make this possible: the edges are visible, the signals are simple, and no card can be misfiled.

Modest Cost—Easy Operation

For helping to increase sales, or to speed up collections, or to cut inventory to the bone, Kardex Visible Records ask only a slight investment. A schoolgirl can handle it.

A Remington Rand analyst will be glad to look over your records, and advise you on the most profitable system for your needs. He will give you an impartial answer to your problem, for he represents an organization that manufactures most of the great control systems of the day. Call one of the nearby branches or write Remington Rand Business Service, Buffalo, N. Y.

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BUSINESS SERVICE

KARDEX
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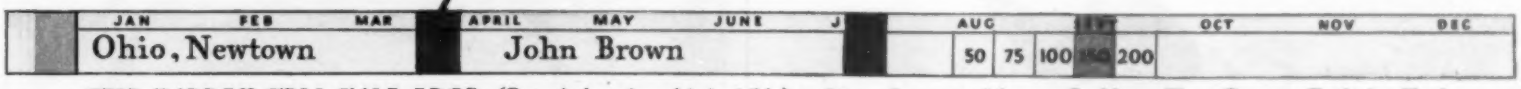

THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE: (Remainder of card is invisible) *Orange* Salesman Jenkins *Green* Exclusive Dealer
Purple Salesman last called on customer in July *Red* Customer buying 50% more than last year

"With Pipe and Book at close of day, O! what is sweeter, mortal, say!" —Richard Le Gallienne

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD—AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

Pipe smokers:

There's romance in tobacco, too. "Wellman's Method," the basis of Granger's good taste, is a sixty-year-old tobacco secret, carefully guarded and used only in making this one brand. And through Col. Wellman's secret a pipe tobacco acquires a cool, full-bodied flavor.

Just the sort of tobacco a pipe smoker wants. Richly fragrant, and cut the *one* right way—"Rough Cut," in large shaggy flakes that burn slowly, last longer, and smoke freely down to a clean dry ash.

Packed in heavy foil, extra-wrapped; ten cents.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

...in more pipes every day!

(Continued from Page 82)

side of the telephone. Even in those few moments of suspense he was conscious of a different atmosphere in the small, shabbily furnished apartment.

There were some books upon the table, a couple of water colors upon the wall, a few cheap flowers. Everything was spotlessly clean.

"Listen carefully," she begged. "I have looked after this old man Lazenby for five years. I left the hospital to come here with him. He has made me do the work of a servant as well as nurse him. He has paid me not even a pittance, but he offered to leave me the whole of his money. I refused. I knew that he had relatives. 'Leave me half,' I suggested. He agreed. Yesterday he asked me to telephone for his lawyer to run through his will. Whilst he slept I read it. He had left me fifty pounds, and the whole of the rest of his property to his nephews and nieces. I also discovered that he had secretly sent a cable to them, and that they are even now on their way back from Australia."

"Filthy old beast!" Bradman exclaimed. "What did you do?"

"For a time," she went on in the same unemotional tone, "I did nothing. I just thought. I reviewed my life during the last five years. I thought out the whole situation. Then I burnt the will. I telephoned to the lawyer not to come until he heard from me again, and I deliberated whether I should kill the old man and take the money, or just walk out of the house and leave him and his money to perish. Quite a problem, wasn't it?"

Bradman was incapable of speech. The girl's voice and manner affected him amazingly. His whole being was absorbed in listening.

"When you rang the bell," she went on, "I was going into the gardens to walk for an hour, and think. I didn't altogether believe in you, as I felt at the time that you were an impostor. However, I let you in and I went."

He leaned suddenly forward.

"And what decision did you arrive at?" he inquired.

"To kill the old man and take the money," she answered coolly. "When I returned, found the door of his room locked, and knew that you were still there, I felt that things might be different."

Bradman was a man of many experiences. He had been a brilliant surgeon, a criminal and a sinner. Life had throbbed fiercely in his veins more than once, but never with the same peculiar virus of excitement.

"What do you propose?" he asked swiftly.

Her eyes searched his face.

"Are you married?" she demanded.

"I am not," he replied. "What of it?"

"A piece of excellent good fortune," she declared. "You will get a special license tomorrow and marry me on Monday."

"You might tell me your name," he suggested, trying to imitate her coolness.

"Mary Lawson. I am quite a nice person. From the snobbish point of view, I will tell you that I am a doctor's daughter and the niece of a bishop, and, for the side of you which I hope also exists, I will confess that my flirtations have been trivial, that I have never loved or been loved. Our marriage, you see," she went on, "constitutes a partnership. A wife cannot give evidence against her husband. The bottle containing that rather strong draft shall be destroyed. Also the list of the numbers of those bank notes will go on the fire, and a few other documents. The currency, then, with which you have filled your bags will be untraceable. The nephews and nieces will find deeds of some property and a considerable balance in the bank, but nothing else. All that you have in your bags you will keep—our joint property. Do you consent?"

"Who wouldn't?" he asked, a queer passion underlying his words.

He advanced across the room, leaving the two bags to look after themselves.

"You are going to marry me Monday," he reminded her hoarsely.

She stretched out her arms, and the reflection of his passion flamed in her own pale face. Presently she pushed him away with a laugh like music.

"Don't forget the death certificate, the nurse, or the bags," she reminded him, as he opened the door. "What about Doctor Hammond?"

"He's my friend," Bradman confided.

"Then everything should be quite easy," she said.

Bradman was late when he reached the bar at Flood's Club that night, but Grant was still there, and, as it chanced, alone.

"Well?" he asked.

There was a strange sparkle of excitement about the doctor. He had lost his listless manner. Even his voice sounded more human.

"Sixty thousand pounds in easily changed notes after making a split of twenty," he announced. "A clean bill of risk and a wife."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in the October fifth issue.

DRAWN BY H. P. TRENT, JR.

Burglar: "Gee, I Oughta Put Them Out of Their Misery"

Edison ...the sleep wizard

By WALTER VARNEY

HOW did he do it?

The whole world has heard those dazzling stories of days and nights on end without sleep while that tireless heightened brain turned its steadfast white light on the vast and unexplored problems of electrical energy.

Edison is famous for his "two-hour snatches." In those days of unceasing inventive production, he could sleep for as long or short as he willed to!

He has been a thorough Bohemian in matters of rest—unconventional, original—yet for his purpose of effective output, brilliantly successful!

Today, after years of astounding achievement—his fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the incandescent lamp has just been celebrated—his mind is an unfrayed one. His clear, vigorous thought guides a thousand enterprises.

It is because, wizard though he may seem to the rest of us in his habits of sleep, Edison has actually been, all through his life, a great economist of his own energy.

Ruthless in his pursuit of knowledge—yet never reckless. Master of his every faculty.

Thrifty of sleep, as a Scotchman of pennies, yet never lacking it! Always alert at the switch—master of a well-rested, fully charged mind and body!

A great controller and intelligent director of powerful forces—his own not least of all!

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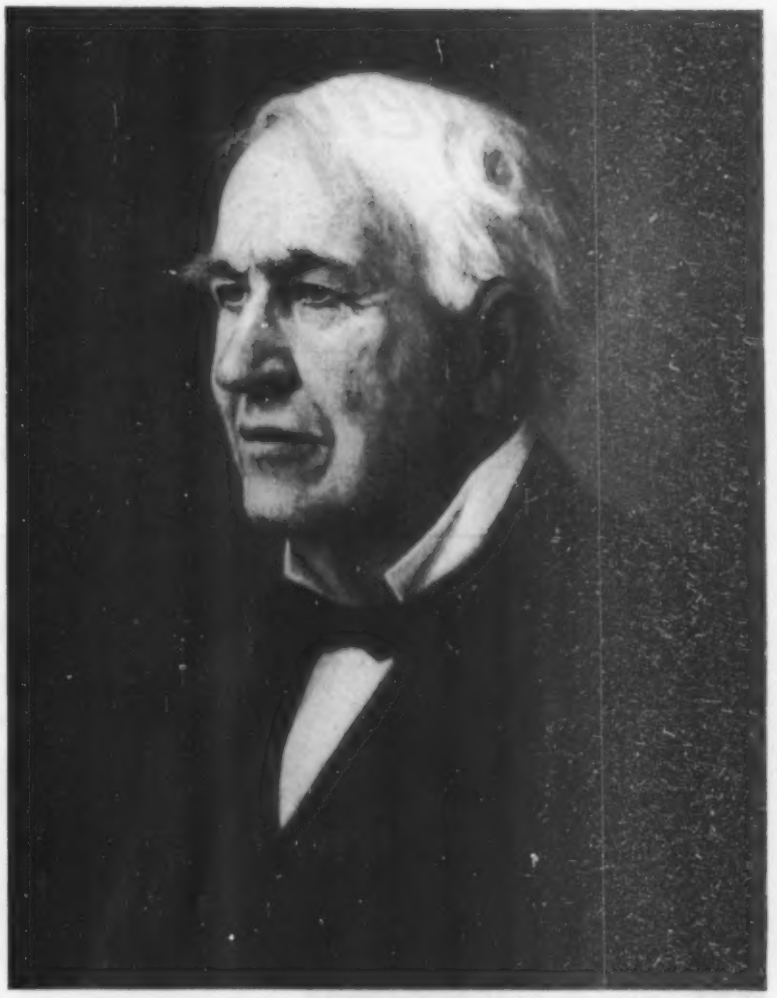

ONE OF A SERIES OF SKETCHES AND INTERVIEWS

reflecting the views of some of the greatest men alive today on the value of sleep and the importance of a well-rested mind and body.

Simmons, largest manufacturers of beds, springs and mattresses, have devoted their endeavor towards developing the scientific sleep equipment which produces complete relaxation and sound, restful sleep.

This they have achieved in their Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring. The mattress is made with the unique inner coil structure which has superseded stuffing, and the spring, strong and buoyant, is finished to match it in every detail.

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

What the inside of the Beautyrest Mattress looks like.

The Ace Box Spring is finished to match the Beautyrest.

(Left illustration) The hundreds of closely packed sensitive coils which fill the heart of the Beautyrest make it extraordinarily resilient. Each coil is encased in a cloth pocket which allows separate action, greater buoyancy. Over coils, thick layers of upholstery. The whole is covered in damask—choice of two patterns, six colors.

(Right illustration) Finely tempered wire coils, tied by hand eight times, frame of seasoned lumber, steel braced, thick upholstery on top and sides, tell the story of the superior construction of Simmons Ace Box Spring. It is covered in damask in patterns and colors to match the Beautyrest, with stitched sides and taped edges.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

Every tested improvement has been built into

MUSIC FROM THE AIR OR RECORDS WITH THE REALISM OF THE RADIOLA

RCA *Radiola* 66 A new, improved RCA Super-Heterodyne with RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer. Built with master craftsmanship throughout. Finest Super-Heterodyne ever offered at this price. $225 *(less Radiotrons)*

When buying a new radio set make sure that it is an RCA Radiola, equipped with RCA Radiotrons and an RCA Loudspeaker. All the world's knowledge of radio is back of the RCA trademark.

New Super-Heterodynes —new high-powered Screen-Grid receivers —new battery-operated sets—and new radio-phonograph combinations—the finest offering of RCA radio instruments ever announced to the public.

Designed by a staff of more than 200 expert engineers in the RCA associated research laboratories, these Radiolas embody every tested improvement for finer radio.

For the first time RCA provides the radio-phonograph in combination, both in Screen-Grid and Super-Heterodyne models. These remarkable instruments will appeal to lovers of fine music, as they offer the choice of programs both from the air and records—with the realism that only Radiola can give.

The famous RCA Electro-Dynamic speakers in these combination sets reproduce music as well as the voice—and in any desired volume—with a fidelity unequalled by any other method of sound reproduction.

The superior performance of Radiolas—their superb fidelity—their amazing realism —their acknowledged dependability—are everywhere recognized as the finest achievement of the radio art.

High-quality Radiolas are now priced so low that no one need deny oneself the satisfaction of owning a real Radiola carrying the RCA guarantee of fine workmanship.

* * *

The new Radiolas are on display at RCA Radiola Dealers everywhere. Purchase may be arranged on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE
The incomparable in fine radio
RADIOLA SCREEN-GRIDS
with the new high-power Radiotrons
RADIOLA-with-PHONOGRAPH
Music from the air or record
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For the unwired home
RADIOLA LOUDSPEAKERS
Electro-Dynamic or Magnetic
the famous RADIOLA "ALL-ELECTRIC" 33 *with the A. C. chassis that revolutionized radio*

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for finer radio
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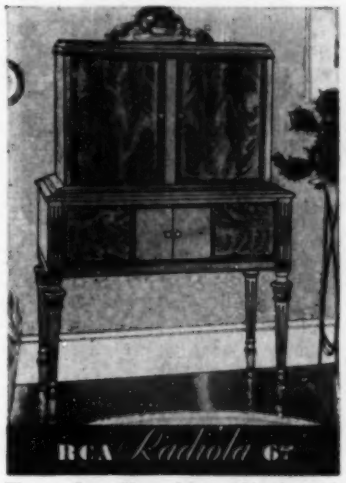
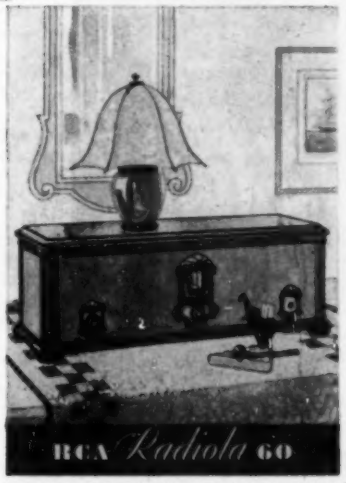


The new Super-Heterodyne combination with RCA Electro-Dynamic loudspeaker giving electrical reproduction of records. The complete home instrument; brings to you at will "Music from the air or record." $690 (less Radiotrons)

The newest RCA "all-electric" development in Screen-Grid radio combined with the phonograph. Radio and phonograph utilize the same improved built-in Electro-Dynamic reproducer. "Music from the air or record." $275 (less Radiotrons)

Cabinet Radiola with the new *Screen-Grid* Radiotrons. Built-in RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer. A powerful, efficient receiver of most modern design. $179 (less Radiotrons)

RCA Super-Heterodyne receiver de luxe. Supersensitive and super-selective. Remarkable tone realism made possible by improved RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer. $550 (less Radiotrons)



Beautifully designed table model of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, the most selective circuit known in the radio art. $130 (less Radiotrons)

Utilizing the sensational new *Screen-Grid* Radiotrons. Circuit incorporates latest engineering refinements. High amplification, great selectivity and sensitivity. $110 (less Radiotrons)

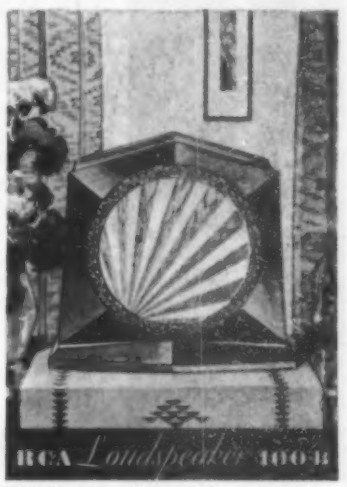
The nationally famous "all-electric" console type Radiola. Realistic reproduction of music and the voice from nearby or distant stations. A quality instrument at a low price. $54 (less Radiotrons)

RCA Screen-Grid Radiola for battery operation, with RCA loudspeaker enclosed. Reproduces voice or instrument with great fidelity. $135 (less Radiotrons)

For battery operation. Specially-designed Radiola employing the high-powered Screen-Grid Radiotrons. $69.50 (less Radiotrons)

Electro-Dynamic speaker of amazing range, capacity and tone fidelity. Operates from A. C. house current. $49.50

The leading magnetic-type radio reproducer. Designed to harmonize with home furnishings. $22.50



With the rich, mellow tone characteristic of the popular "100" type of reproducer. The design matches Radiola 33. $17.50

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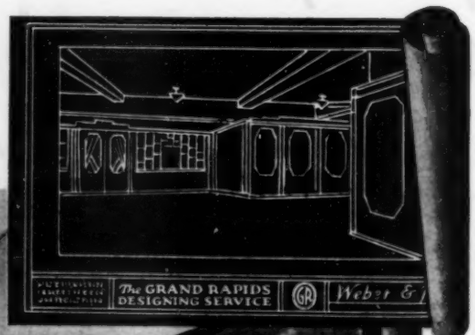
"IMMEDIATE SUCCESS"

for two new Women's Shops—

Grand Rapids planned and equipped



Weber & Heilbroner, New York

Two new, smart women's shops were recently opened at 57th Street and Broadway, and 179 Broadway, New York. From the first day they were highly successful.

These shops were planned and equipped by the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation for Weber & Heilbroner, long famed as men's clothiers and haberdashers.

"As newcomers in the women's apparel field," write Weber & Heilbroner, "we were confronted with several difficult problems, not the least important of which were the layout and appearance of the new departments.

"It was our intention, as you know, to offer New York women the utmost in efficient service, and to surround our merchandise with an atmosphere, both luxurious and modern. You rendered invaluable assistance in suggesting materials and color schemes, and your experience enabled us to overcome many handicaps in space and arrangement.

"The best evidence of the satisfactory appearance of our two smart shops is their *immediate success* from the opening day. We have been told that there are few shops of their class in town which can equal them for harmony of tone, *practicality* of arrangement, and that intangible air of *feminine charm so vital to modern retailing.*"

This letter from Weber & Heilbroner is typical of letters from stores, large and small, the country over. Grand Rapids Store Planning *does* increase sales. Grand Rapids Store Planning *does* contribute much to a store's success. The proof is found in the records of thousands of stores planned and equipped by us over a period of nearly 30 years. Now is the time to enlarge *your* business, to increase *your* sales. A Grand Rapids representative is near you. 60 store planning engineers are at your service. Write for complete information and without obligation send for the latest edition of "The New Way Method in Merchandising."

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Factories, Grand Rapids, Portland, Ore., Baltimore, New York City. Representatives everywhere. *Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment for department stores, ready-to-wear and specialty shops, haberdashery and men's clothing stores, drug, jewelry, shoe stores, etc.*

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

(Continued from Page 27)

"Eddie," he said, "I don't know just what to think about you tying in with Dan Rafferty. You have always been a good steady worker and a dependable honest fellow. Just what effect this political nonsense is going to have, I don't know."

That made me a little sore and I answered, "As long as I ain't workin' for you, boss, you don't need to care, do you?"

He said, "No. No, I don't need to care. But I think you ought to. To be honest with you, Eddie, I don't think you are smart enough to play that game. I think you will find yourself in trouble before you're done with it. Though, as you say, it is none of my business."

"We ain't disagreed on a single thing so far," I answered, letting him know that it certainly was none of his business. He shrugged his shoulders and lit his own cigar.

Pretty soon the girl came in and laid the check on his desk. He picked up a pen and signed on the line. The girl leaned over and blotted the signature and her hands were very white and clean-looking. When she moved them it was very nice and dainty. I had never seen hands like those.

"Eddie's leaving us," the boss told her in a queer tone of voice. She glanced at me. Her eyes were blue. "He's going into politics." I knew when the boss said that, he was just riding me before this girl. And somehow I could not think of anything to say while she was there.

She smiled a little bit and that did more things to her cheeks. I saw her teeth. They were very white and even except for one that seemed to turn just the least little bit so that it was prettier than if it was straight. I could see that she did not know what to say and I guess she could see that I did not.

"Eddie's been foreman of the cleaning floor for the last three years," the boss told her, "and he's worked for us here about five years. I thought you might like to wish him good luck in his new venture."

"Yes, indeed," the girl said quietly.

"Thanks," I said.

More and more I felt uncomfortable, because it seemed to me the girl understood the boss a lot better than I did. He might just as well have told her that I had turned crooked. It wasn't what he said; it was the way he said it.

I stood up and reached for the check and the boss handed it over without a word. That perfume was in the air again and it certainly made a lot of difference.

"Well, Miss Golden," I said to the girl, "thank you very much for wishing me luck. Me an' Dan Rafferty are pretty good friends."

The girl lifted her eyebrows a little bit and then she said very slowly, "I see." Her voice was just as nice as everything else about her.

The boss drummed a little bit with his fingers or I might have said something foolish. Finally, though, I just reached for my hat and said good-by and walked out of the office. I made up my mind right there that Miss Golden was a lot too good for the boss, and anyway, it didn't seem to me that such a pretty girl should have to work—that is, work outside the regular things a woman is supposed to do, like cooking, washing dishes and things like that.

I went right down to Dan Rafferty's insurance office and on the way I was a little bit worried about how soon I'd get my hundred dollars. I puffed at the boss' cigar pretty fast and it gagged me again, and finally I had to throw it away. I felt like smoking, so I lit up a cigarette. I was smoking that when I walked into Dan's office and asked if he was there.

The office was not a very big place. It was only two rooms, and in the outside room there was a pimply young fellow that worked a typewriter, and a sort of bookkeeper and manager who handled things when Dan was out. There were no girls in Dan's office. Dan used to swear a lot and the whole office smelled like a wet cigar.

Dan heard me outside and called out so that I could hear him through the partition: "Come in, Eddie lad—walk right in."

So I winked at the pimply kid in the corner, went over and opened the door and walked into Dan's private office. He had a big oak desk he used to put his feet on. It was a covered desk and along the flat part of the top there were rows of letter files. The files were made of brown cardboard with red and blue streaks running through it and on the back of each one was written Letters. They were pretty dusty and I guessed they were a stall. The desk in front of Dan was piled high with papers and they were dusty, too, and cigar ashes were on them.

Dan kicked a chair around and I sat down. "Step on that coffin nail, Eddie, it stinks," he told me. Then he pulled one of his cigars out of his vest and handed it to me. I stepped on the cigarette and put the cigar in my mouth. He pulled a slide out of the desk and set an ash tray on it in front of me. The slide was all burned from cigar and cigarette stubs.

"How'd you make out with the boss?" Dan asked me.

"Oh, I put it over," I said. Then I pulled the check out, tossed it onto his desk. Dan grinned and picked it up and fingered it.

"He had to come through all right," he said.

"It wasn't so easy. He did a lot of squirmin' and talkin' before he scratched that one off," I told Dan.

"How far did you have to go with him?" Dan asked.

"The roof, the fire escapes and the—conduits."

"Had to use 'em all, eh?" Dan grinned. "I guess he was a little sore about that touch on the back taxes."

"I guess he was."

"Well," Dan mumbled, "it ain't always pleasant to put the finger on good guys, but the game is the game an' he'll feel different when I find a way to square it with him."

As he spoke, Dan was looking at the check, and at last he said, "What's the idea—Dan Rafferty Voters League?"

"Well, Dan," I explained, "I didn't want it made payable direct to you and I didn't want it payable to me, an' I thought if I said cash he would think that looked funny. So I figgered he could show this as a campaign contribution an' give it to your organization an' that would let all of us out."

Dan chewed the end of his cigar a minute; finally set his teeth so hard that the ashes fell down into his lap. He held the check in his left hand and brushed his vest and trousers with the palm of his right.

"That ain't so dumb at that, Eddie," he grunted. "I'm beginnin' to think you got some sense—not much, but some."

"Maybe you're right," I laughed. "Anyway, how about my hundred bucks?"

"You bet your life, boy!" Dan boomed. "You bet your life! Nobody waits on Dan Rafferty dough. How do you want it, Eddie?" He reached inside his vest and pulled out a roll of bills. They were all yellowbacks. "Want a century note?" he smiled. "Did you ever own one?"

Well, I never had owned one and it would have been kind of nice to get the feel of it. But now that I was using my head, instead of beating castings to death on a cleaning floor, I thought it over a minute and finally told him, "No, I don't want a hundred-dollar bill. In the first place, there ain't three guys in the district can change it; an' in the second, there ain't two in the district that wouldn't wonder where I stole it."

Dan stood up and laughed till the windows seemed to shake. Then he slapped me another of his wallops on the back. Finally he counted out five new twenty-dollar bills. I folded them up and put them in my pocket and felt pretty swell about it.

"Well," Dan said, "that settles that. Everythin's square an' on the level, ain't it, kid?"

"It sure is, Dan," I agreed. "But on the strength of what you were sayin' last night, I quit my job at the foundry. What's the next thing to be done?"

Dan walked across the room and looked out the window into the street below. The glass was pretty dirty, but he did not seem to notice it. To me he looked mighty important as he stood there. I could see he was thinking things over, so I kept quiet until he turned around and came back and sat down at his desk. Then he leaned over the slide and stubbed his cigar in the ash tray there. Our heads were pretty close together.

"I got some new dope on Creedon," Dan said in a low voice. "He's after us, all right. I figgered the best punch in a fight is the first punch, an' I landed that myself this mornin'."

"You socked Creedon?" I asked, surprised.

"No," Dan grunted in disgust. "I just put the bum out of business, that's all. I'll show 'em who's runnin' things around here!"

"You closed up his joint?" I asked. Dan always did things in a big way. Nothing surprised me.

"After I left you last night," he admitted, "I went right around and saw certain people, an' when Mr. Freddy Creedon showed up to open his pool room this mornin' he found two cops there waitin' to serve a court order on him. Some people livin' near his place sent in a sworn statement that the billiard room was a common nuisance. They said men were drinkin' in there, the place was noisy, an' they asked that it be closed because it was a menace to the youth of the neighborhood."

As he spoke, Dan grinned his big gold tooth into sight, his eyes beamed and his stomach shook under his big vest. He got a real kick out of it, all right, and to save my life I could not help laughing.

"Dan," I said, "you're a knock-out!" He laughed some more and so did I, and we had kind of a love feast there. Dan agreed with me that he was a knock-out. Finally I figured I had a little credit coming too. So I said, "I ain't so tough myself, Dan. It took me less than a half hour to clip the boss fer five hundred bucks."

Dan laid his big hand on my arm and squeezed it a little bit and winked. He said, "What, you ain't started yet!"

Just then the older fellow from the outside office knocked on the door and came in. I sat quiet and Dan looked up.

"Yeah?" he asked the man.

The old fellow had a paper in his hand and he brought it over to Dan's desk. Dan reached up and took it and looked it over. I leaned back in my chair and did not pay any attention to them. The fellow from the outside office stood there waiting while Dan read the paper. I saw that his shoes needed shining and there were big bags in the knees of his pants. Those pants got plenty of pressing, but it was all where they shone most and that was on the seat.

When he reached to take the paper from Dan I saw his hands. They were thin as bird claws and just about as yellow. They might have been claws except that the black hair on the back of them was very long. From the first I did not like this little fellow. He looked and acted too much like a mouse.

"Tell 'em to jump in the lake," Dan said, referring to the paper. He waved his hand and the little fellow backed away and went out of the room. He was an important guy all right! Dan turned back to me.

(Continued on Page 91)

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Thousands have profited by following this advice. You can profit, too. Here is a method that is simple, dependable and inexpensive. At the first sign of a leak in an old roof, or when the roof looks badly worn, give it an all-over coating of Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating. It's as easy to do as painting. It makes the roof good as new for years to come at a fraction of the cost of a new roof.

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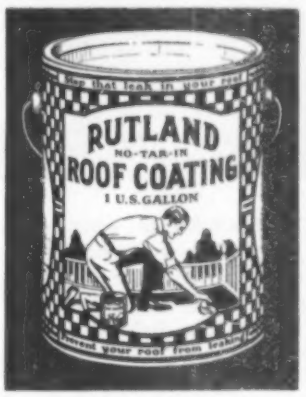

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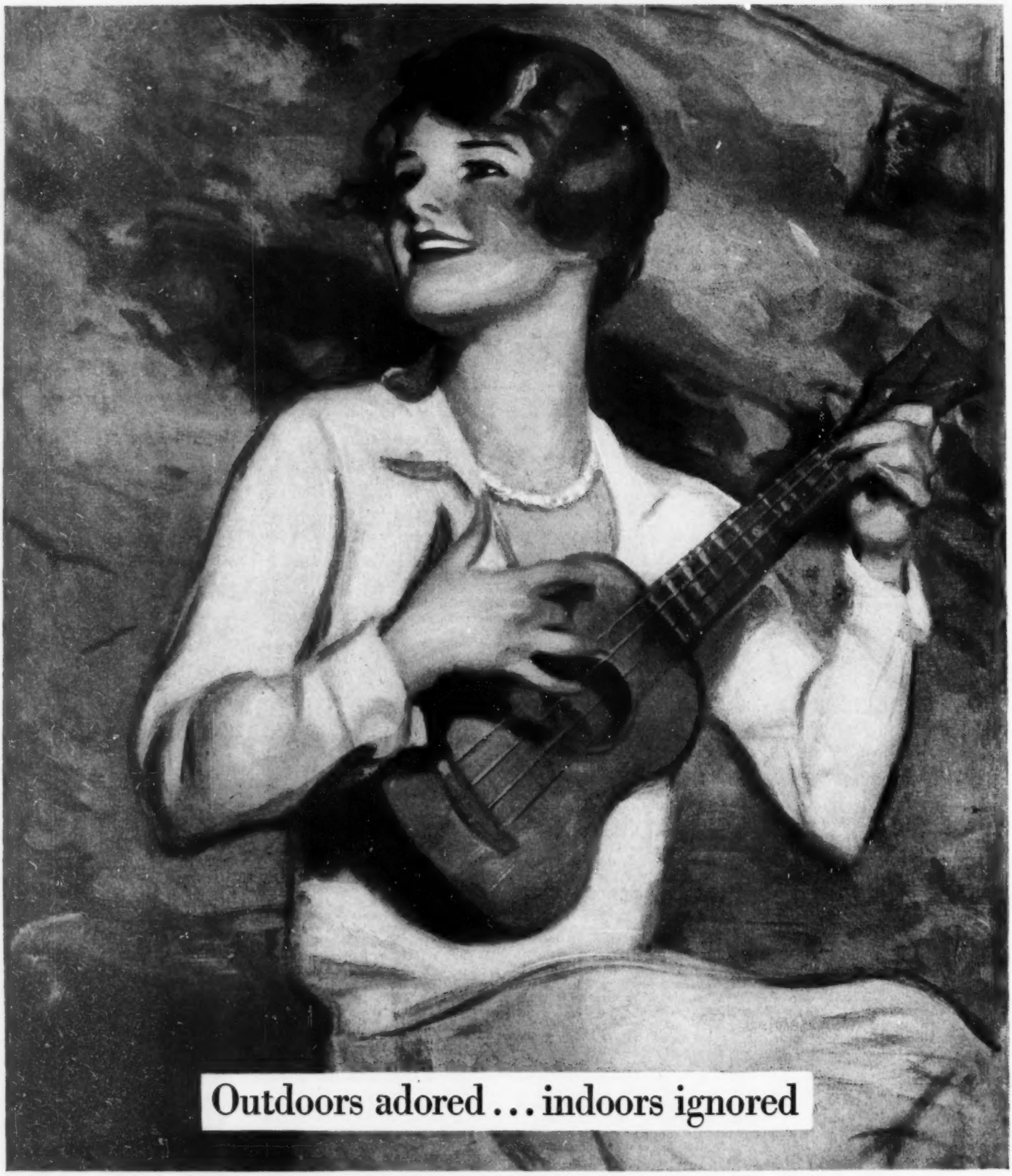


Outdoors adored . . . indoors ignored

OUTDOORS they adored this gay Philadelphia girl. She was continually surrounded with admirers. But indoors it was another story. She was hopelessly out of things.

The truth is that her trouble which went unnoticed in the open, became instantly apparent in the drawing room.

No intelligent person dares to assume complete freedom from halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Surveys show one person out of three is an occasional or habitual offender. This is due to the fact that odor-producing conditions (often caused by germs) arise constantly in even normal mouths.

The one way of keeping your breath always beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine every morning and night and before meeting others.

Being a germicide capable of killing even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves.

No fastidious person should overlook this precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 89)

"No," he said, "you ain't too tough. You're goin' to do pretty well with me, Eddie. First off, we got to lick this Creedon. After that, I'll use you as organization committeeman right here in this district. I got big plans an' they're going to work too. Maybe in a coupla years I'll make you ward committeeman, an' you know what that means."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," I agreed. "That suits me all right. Gee! Ward committeeman! That's a good job."

"You just stick to your knittin' an' you'll have it, kid," Dan promised me. "I like your idea about gettin' contributions for the Dan Rafferty Voters League. I think we'll just form that little organization an' elect you treasurer, Eddie. That'll let people know where you stand an' explain what you're livin' on."

Well, if I had used an X ray I couldn't have found anything wrong in that idea. I figured I had better play it up with him, so I said, "I did pretty well my first try. I'll get better as things go along."

Dan took hold of my arm again and squeezed it and winked at me. He grinned. A little piece of cigar was stuck on his gold tooth and it looked queer.

"We'll keep it goin', all right, Eddie," he told me in a low voice. "How does it seem not to be walkin' around that cleanin' floor? Pretty good, don't it?"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," I answered.

"Well," Dan went on, "I got a few things buzzin' around in my belfry an' I want to think them out a bit. This is your first day off. Take a walk around the street an' maybe spend a little of that soft dough you got. Come back here about 4:30 or 5 o'clock an' I'll have somethin' to say to you."

I walked outside and the air seemed fine. I felt great, because I knew I would not hear any noon whistles or have to listen to any conversation while I grabbed my lunch sitting on a switching track outside the foundry. Dan had said it was my first day off, but I knew better. I knew it was my first day as a politician. So I went over to Rourke's place and bought a round of drinks for five or six of the boys that were in there trying to pick up after the outing.

Three or four of them were from the foundry. I explained to them that I had quit my job out there because Dan Rafferty knew that certain grafters were trying to bust up the unions and get an open shop, less pay and longer hours.

"Dan told me," I explained to them, "that if somethin' wasn't done about this, all you guys will be on the loose before you know it. He asked me to quit an' go to work to beat this racket, an' I did. I won't make as much money as I did out at the plant, but I'm a single feller, an' if a man can't do things for his friends, he ain't much of a man."

A couple of the boys wanted to know who was starting trouble, and finally I told them it was Creedon, and that he was trying to tie in with the big politicians and capitalists so that he could make all the workingmen work longer for less money and so make more for the banks and the capitalists. You can imagine how well that set with them.

One of them said, "There's only one thing to do with a guy like that Creedon—that's knock his block loose. As far as I'm concerned, I'd just as soon sit on a hydrant in some dark street until he comes along."

"No rough stuff," I said. "You guys have got to leave it to Dan an' me. But when we need you, we want you to be in line." They all said they certainly would be.

I bought another drink, and while we were drinking it Cap Felton came in. Cap was the head timekeeper out at the foundry, and just as soon as he showed up there I got an idea that the boss had sent him. I did not care about that. There was nothing going on that I had to hide from the foundry boss. I called Cap over and asked him to have a drink and he sat in at the table.

None of the fellows were feeling any too good and they all went home along toward dinnertime. That gave me a chance to have a talk with Cap Felton.

"I seen that little girl—that secretary of the boss'," I said to him.

"Yeah?" Felton asked. "That's little Nellie Golden. You know who she is?"

"Nope," I said, "I don't."

Cap looked surprised, said, "She's worked out at the foundry three or four years. Don't you remember her old man—the cop that was bumped off down at the docks?"

"Jim Golden?" I asked, surprised. "You mean the one that went after that warehouse bunch?"

"Sure," Felton told me, "that was her old man. You remember—they gave him a big funeral here in the district. He got an inspector's honors."

"Sure, I remember that," I said. "Gee, I never knew that kid was his daughter. She's a peach."

"She's a nice little girl," Felton said. "Everybody likes Nellie. She's worked up to a pretty good job out there too."

Then I remembered that Dan Rafferty used to talk a whole lot about what he did for Jim Golden's widow and kid, and it all came back to me that Rafferty had run a big benefit for Golden's family. Everybody around the district knew that he went to the front in some way and had the widow's pension increased and got some kind of an insurance thing for her so that she could keep her home and educate this little kid, and everybody loved Dan for it.

I felt kind of good about that, because if all this was true, the organization had done a whole lot for Nellie and her mother and I could not see where she would have any kick about politicians. What the boss had said to her about me going into politics must have made her madder than it did me.

Anyway, I changed the subject with Felton and figured I'd have a good talk with Dan about this girl. I had never known many girls, because at that time I would just as soon have made fudge as go to a dance. But this Nellie Golden had just about knocked my eye out. I figured, if the breaks came my way, to get to know her better.

▼

WHEN Cap Felton and I separated I still had some time before 4:30, so I just walked around the streets, and first thing I knew I had walked right down to the section where old Jim Golden lived before that bunch of river thieves bumped him off. It was funny that way. All the time I thought I was planning about how Dan and me would work in the future, and trying to guess out how many more soft hundred dollars would come my way, I really was thinking about Nellie Golden. You know, I was not thinking about her exactly, but she was in my mind. Sometimes things are like that.

I walked down past the house where she lived, and maybe being in politics and having a hundred dollars, with more in sight, and no hard work to do, kind of went to my head. I walked very slow past the steps of her house and looked things over pretty carefully.

If anybody had told me a week before I would be a politician with plenty of money and talking inside stuff with Dan Rafferty, I would have said they were crazy. So I couldn't see where it was any crazier to think that maybe after I got to be a big shot, I could take Nellie out of that house and give her a real place to live. There was another funny thing about it all—I never even thought about how Nellie might feel. I guess I was just dreaming.

At 4:30 I was back at Dan's office. When I went in the hairy old guy in the outside room looked up at me and scowled.

"Hello, Palsy," I said, kind of snappy. "Is Dan around?"

"He's inside," the old mouse snapped back at me. Then he turned and went to the door of Dan's office and stood there a couple of seconds holding his skinny hand up in the air like he was figuring on whether he should knock. I hate guys like that, so I pushed him aside and took hold of the knob and opened the door.

I stuck my head in and said, "Ready fer me, Dan?"

Dan was sitting in his big chair with the black cushion. He had his feet on the oak desk and there was a cigar in his mouth, but it was not lit.

"Hello—hello, Eddie," he said. "Sure, I'm ready. Come in." When he talked, the cigar danced up and down and more ashes fell on his vest. He got up and brushed them off and then he shook hands with me like he had hold of a country pump. After a few seconds he kicked my chair around and we sat there at the slide of the desk again.

Dan said: "Now you listen to me. I'll show you what it can mean to a young chump like you to get in with a smart politician." I grinned and Dan went on: "The reason I tell you all this, Eddie, is because Creedon is goin' to make us quite a lot of trouble and the first thing we got to do is beat him."

"We'll beat him all right," I said. "I already had a talk with half a dozen guys from the foundry an' I tipped them off that Creedon was tryin' to bust up their union. I said he was playing with the capitalists an' the bankers, an' one of the boys said he'd be willin' to sit on a hydrant on a dark street until Creedon came along."

Dan grinned and nodded his head. "That's good work," he said. "But we don't want to pull any rough stuff if we can do it the other way."

"Whatever I do, Dan, I'll take my cue from you."

"It's just as well to be ready with the rough stuff in case we need it," he answered, "but don't start nothin' until I say so."

I nodded and Dan reached into his vest pocket and pulled out his watch. It was a very heavy gold watch and you had to press the stem to open it. Inside the case was pasted a little picture of Dan's wife. I looked at the face of the watch and the figures there were very big and black. I figured it was a railroad watch. It was three minutes to five.

"Tomorrow mornin' you can call on a couple of fellers that ought to be ready to kick in good for the Dan Rafferty Voters League," Dan said slowly, his big thumb rubbing over the crystal on the watch. "Come in about nine o'clock in the mornin' an' I'll tip you off on how to work each one."

"That's O. K. with me," I agreed. Dan leaned back in his chair and I puffed my cigar a minute and then I said, "Say, Dan, you did a lot for old Jim Golden, didn't you?"

"Jim Golden, the cop, you mean?" Dan asked. "The feller that was bumped off by the Mickey Driggs gang?"

"Yeah," I said, trying to speak casual, "the bull that left a widow an' a young kid named Nellie."

"I'll say I did!" Dan boasted. "No sooner was Jim cold than I was around talkin' to his widow. Right here in the district I bought coal an' a couple of big baskets of food an' sent 'em right around to their house. I told her not to worry a bit because I would see that Jim had a good funeral, with honors, an' it wouldn't cost her a dime."

"His widow's still livin' down there in the same old place, ain't she?"

"Sure," Dan said. "Jim was back in his premiums, but I fixed that an' got her full insurance. Then I straightened out her pension for her an' ran a benefit so she could get some dough an' educate her kid."

"She did it all," I said kind of slowly. "Little Nellie Golden has grown up now an' she's secretary to my old boss at the foundry."

"Sure, I know that," Dan said; "an' a damn nice little girl too."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," I said. Then I was going to ask Dan if he wouldn't fix it up some way so that I could get cozy with Nellie Golden, but before I got a chance to do that, the mouse from the outside office was tapping on the door.

Dan looked up and hollered, "Come in!"

The old bird came in and laid a newspaper on Dan's desk. With his hairy yellow finger he poked at a notice that he wanted Dan to see specially. Dan picked up the paper and smiled his gold tooth into sight. Then he tipped his chair back, put his feet on the desk and grunted at the old fellow, who immediately went out, closing the door behind him.

Dan said to me, "Listen to this, Eddie. I guess Creedon won't feel great when he sees this!" He started to read it aloud, but I got up and walked around and looked over his shoulder, and there in the paper I read:

BILLIARD ROOM CLOSED BY OFFICIAL EDICT

GLAVIN ISSUES ORDER UNDER COMMON-NUISANCE ORDINANCE

The pool and billiard room operated by Frederick Creedon is desolate today. When the well-known proprietor appeared to open for business this morning, he found in the familiar doorway two uniformed police officers who courteously but promptly barred his entrance. They handed to Mr. Creedon an order under the hand of Judge Michael Glavin, restraining the proprietor from opening the premises because of continuous complaints which have been received against the place.

Creedon, who is well known in the district and commonly reputed to possess considerable political power, immediately went to the captain of the precinct and entered violent complaint against what he called the high-handed efforts of his enemies. The captain, however, was obdurate. It is reported that the official pointed out that the steps taken against the billiard room and its proprietor were entirely within the law, and it was not within his power to do anything about it other than to see that the court order was enforced.

Creedon left the station house in a high temper, but assured newspapermen that the whole thing was what he called a frame-up.

"Don't have any fears," Creedon said. "I'll have the place open inside of an hour. Everybody with half an eye knows that my place has always been orderly and well operated, and my standing in this community is a little bit too well established for any gang of hijackers to get away with a scheme like this."

He spoke also of men whose names carry considerable weight in the politics of the district and hinted broadly that this was a move on their part to break up the political support which Creedon has been acquiring for the purpose, he says, of putting an end to the dictatorial, high-handed methods of grafters who for years have controlled that section.

One of the newspapermen present asked Mr. Creedon why he did not call on the ward committeeman and recognized political boss, Dan Rafferty, and state his case in that quarter.

Creedon scowled darkly and answered, "If I never get the place open, I wouldn't go to him for a favor."

"Do you wish us to infer," one of the reporters asked, "that Mr. Rafferty himself is at the bottom of this move?"

"I don't wish you to infer anything," Creedon snapped, "but I will say this to you: Dan Rafferty, or anybody else, better not get in my way around here. This is the cheapest political trick I ever heard of, and you can bet your last dollar they are not going to get away with it. I am a reputable business man of years' standing, and I am going to fight this thing through to the very last ditch. We'll find out whether there is any justice in our courts. The men who thought out this trick will find that all they've done is hurl a boomerang that will come back to them harder than they sent it out."

A reporter later telephoned to Dan Rafferty at the River Trust Company. Mr. Rafferty appeared to be surprised to learn of the closing of Creedon's billiard room.

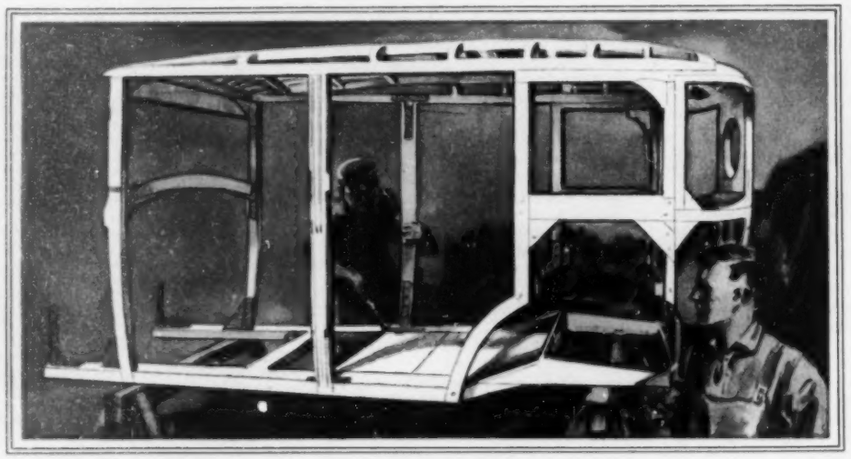
After he had been told Creedon's remarks, he laughed genially and said, "Anybody that wants to be ward boss around here can take my job. All it's ever done for me since I had it is cost me money. But you can tell Mr. Creedon, or anybody else, that I am too busy with my insurance and banking business to run around closing up one-horse pool rooms."

"Gee," I said, when I finished it, "that's a beaut, Dan! It certainly makes a sucker out of Creedon. Did he get the billiard room open today?"

"He did not," Dan boomed, "an' you can take it from me, he won't. An' the next thing Mr. Freddy Creedon knows, the Social Club of the Blues will be raided as a gambling dive. We'll see how he likes that."

(Continued on Page 94)

Fisher uses, in *all* General most scientific principle of



DURABILITY . . . The primary reason for the unexampled durability of every Fisher Body is the strength of the hardwood framework, which is scientifically reinforced, with steel braces at all points of stress and strain, assuring lifelong solidity.

FISHER is doing a remarkable thing in body manufacturing. In the lower priced car field, Fisher is using wood-and-steel construction—the same basic principle of body construction employed in bodies for cars of the highest price. Fisher's engineering and quality construction in car bodies in *every* price range is one of the most notable achievements in American industry—and it is an achievement which Fisher alone has been able to realize. Not only does Fisher achieve this notable result—but it employs the wood-and-steel principle so scientifically as to place Fisher Bodies definitely apart from and above all other wood-and-steel body construction. Because *all* Fisher Body cars employ the same basic wood-and-steel structural principle and the same basic engineering ideas, you can be absolutely sure of longer body life and greater body satisfaction in every General Motors car—*all* of which are equipped with Body by Fisher. The insistence by Fisher and General Motors upon wood-and-steel body construction for even the lowest price General Motors cars is also the strongest kind of assurance that both Fisher and General Motors build *up* to a set standard of quality—rather than *down* to a price.

A few questions about bodies to which every motor car owner should know the answers

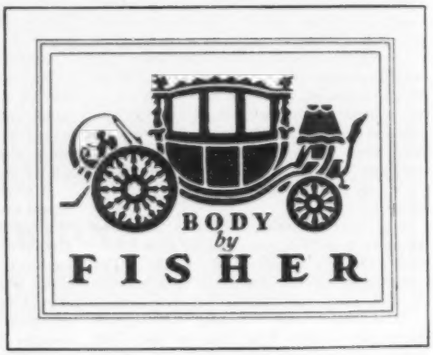
* * *

Why is wood used in building all the expensive car bodies—and why does Fisher use it in every body which it builds?

Wood is the only shock-and-sound absorbing material which combines great strength with resiliency—and resiliency is necessary to good body construction.

What are the factors which lend strength and resiliency to a Fisher Body framework?

The basic structure is wood, to obtain resiliency, to assure absorption of road shock and to eliminate "drumming". This wood framework is heavily reinforced throughout by Fisher's scientific method of steel bracing. The wood pillars, for instance, are faced with steel, the steel reinforcing the wood and the wood reinforcing the steel. This is the strongest construction known to the body-building art. Powerful steel braces are used at the top and the bottom of every pillar and at other locations where great strength is desirable.



LOOK

Motors car bodies, the wood-and-steel construction known to the industry

How are the measurements of the framework controlled?

The finished wood parts—completely assembled and machined—are placed in large jigs, made especially for each body model. These "jigs" or molds are accurate to the thousandth part of an inch. It is by means of these close measurements, and the use of scientific bracing, that Fisher achieves a solidity and a comparative freedom from noise which are a revelation to those familiar only with conventional-type bodies.

How many wood parts go into a Body by Fisher?

In a Fisher Body there are no fewer than 200 wood parts, requiring in their manufacture about 1200 operations.

How does the wood-and-steel body ordinarily compare in cost with bodies built according to other structural principles?

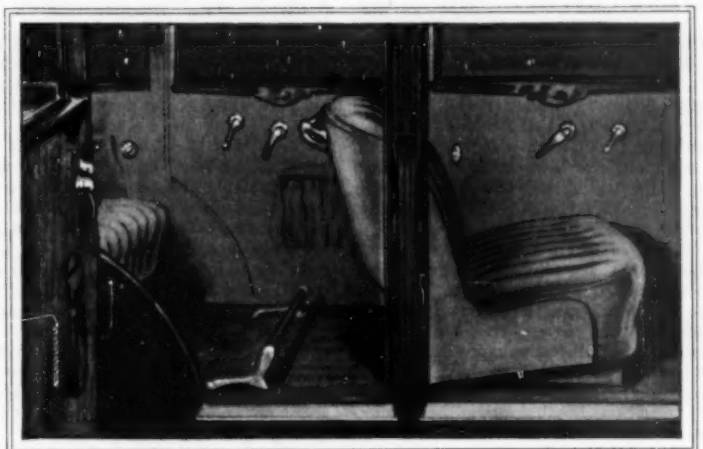
Wood-and-steel bodies are ordinarily much more expensive to build because they require much more work and material. The result, however, is longer life and greater owner satisfaction.

Why can Fisher afford to manufacture fine wood-and-steel bodies even for cars in the lower price field?

Fisher is able to achieve remarkable economies in wood-and-steel body construction because of unique production methods; because it owns and harvests its own immense timber tracts; because of its huge production; because of its certainty of market—enabling Fisher to plan its production months in advance; and because its body-building plants are located close to the plants of those of its customers—the car divisions of General Motors. These Fisher advantages help Fisher Body to hold down a car's first cost and to increase its resale value.

STRENGTH . . . This powerful steel brace is one of many which help to make Fisher Bodies unusually strong and durable.

One third of a car's cost is represented in the body, but its importance to your pride of ownership and in the resale value of the car exceeds even this high percentage. Before considering any car, therefore, make sure that it is equipped with a Fisher Body, not only because *every* Body by Fisher is superior wood-and-steel construction, but because it is also far better dollar value.



COMFORT . . . Passengers in Fisher Body cars enjoy comfort of mind as well as comfort of body, due to their knowledge of Fisher Body strength, safety, and freedom from "drumming."

CADILLAC . LASALLE
BUICK . VIKING . OAKLAND
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GENERAL MOTORS

TO THE BODY!

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Send This *Coupon*, Try it *FREE*

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 29-G-57
1776 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name .....

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Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., W. Toronto 2-Ont.

(Continued from Page 91)

That seemed pretty raw to me and I wondered if even Dan might not go too far.

"It's all right if you can get away with it," I said, "but can't he go to the courts?"

Dan's stomach shook again under his big vest and he spread out his hands, palms upward. "Sure, he can go to the courts," he answered, "but what courts are there? There's only one, an' Mike Glavin runs that. It'll take Creedon a year an' a half to reach the supreme court on an appeal. Inside o' three months I'll have him so broke an' disgusted that he'll be lookin' for a homestead in Oklahoma."

"Well," I said, "I'm strong fer that. I'll go through."

"We'll go, all right," Dan growled. "You show up here around nine o'clock tomorrow, an' before the week's over we can raise quite a little money. Then we'll keep you busy callin' on voters an' keepin' 'em lined up for us."

I went outside and walked up the street, smoking one of Dan's cigars. It was a cinch to figure that my game now was to watch my step mighty close and to work cozy with Dan, but at the same time to watch him. I began to see good big money in the future and a lot of political pull that would make me a big guy around the district. My mind was full of those things and I felt pretty well satisfied with the way everything had gone. But even at a time like that I remember asking myself should I do something right away, or should I wait until I was a bigger shot before going around to call on Nellie Golden.

That is the way with things like that. Just when you think you are laying some pretty smart plans, something happens that you never figured on. This time it was a very big something, so to speak, and it upset the whole apple cart. It certainly changed Dan's life and mine, and, I guess, Nellie's as well.

I was sitting in Rourke's back room letting Flatfoot tell me how big a guy I was going to be, when I was called on the telephone. It was the ratty-looking manager in the outside office down at Dan's. I was still smoking the same cigar Dan had given me in his office, so you can see how quickly things happened. The minute I heard his voice I knew something was wrong. He could hardly talk. At first I thought maybe Dan had bawled him out for something, but I mighty quick found it was not that.

"Dan just left here," he whined at me—"he just grabbed his hat an' ran out. He's on his way home now."

"Well, what about it?" I asked. "What's the idea?"

"They telephoned him. . . . She was all right one minute—talkin' to a neighbor, she was, an' laughin'; an' then she just fell right there on the front steps an' the neighbor says they can't bring her to."

By this time I had the creeps, because I did not know who he was talking about.

"Who fell on the steps?" I hollered into the telephone. "Who is it Dan ran out to get?"

"His wife," the manager said—"Mrs Rafferty. . . . I guess she's dead an' they just didn't want to tell Dan."

I did not wait for the rest of it. I knew that, rough as Dan was, he loved this wife of his who had come along through life with him from the days when he was nothing right up until now, when he was rich and powerful. It took just such a message as this to make me realize that it was not entirely the easy money I had got through Dan that made me like him—it was Dan himself.

I never would have worried about Dan in a fight, either political or fist. But this thing about his wife—I knew that would hit poor Dan where he could not fight back. I just left the receiver hanging there in the telephone booth, and when I walked out of Rourke's and Flatfoot spoke to me, it seemed unimportant and I did not answer him.

I walked along the street and people told me afterward that they spoke to me. I do not even remember seeing them. I was in a kind of a daze. It was queer, too, because I never even had seen Mrs. Rafferty, but I just knew inside me that she was dead.

After about half an hour trying to figure things out, I went right to Dan's house. I wanted to get to him—wanted him to see for himself that he could bet on me right to the last drop.

Dan lived in a brownstone house and there was a little garden in front of it on each side of high steps which ran up to an old-fashioned entrance. There was a silver plate on the door and in old English letters of black was Dan's name.

Two or three women were standing on the sidewalk in front of the house and I could hear them gossiping. They told how Dan had reached those steps just a little while before and had seen in their faces that his wife was gone. They whispered among themselves about how Dan had stood there and run his big hand through his hair and finally said, "God above! I never even had a chance to bid her good-by!"

About the house, the very air seemed different. I hated those gossiping women. To me they were like vandals walking on Dan's flowers. I turned away from them and walked through the alley beside the house to the back door. I knocked and nobody answered. I opened the door and went into the kitchen. Dan's colored cook, Chloe, was sitting there beside the stove and her hands were clenched in her lap. She was rocking back and forth on a kitchen chair. Tears were streaming down her cheeks and now and then she would moan very softly.

I looked at her a minute, then asked, "Where's Dan Rafferty?"

She tried to answer me, but could not. I guess her throat was filled. I wanted to see Dan—wanted him to know that I was right there. I left Chloe and walked into the hall, and then I could hear Dan upstairs. He was pacing the room. His footsteps seemed heavy; they sort of dragged across the floor.

I raised my eyes and it seemed I could see him above me there, walking, walking, walking. Before I had a chance to do anything, someone came quickly downstairs, and it was Nellie Golden. She stopped when she saw me.

I said, "Hello, Nellie. How's Dan? Is Mrs. Rafferty—dead?"

She came down off the stairs into the hall and put her lovely hand on my arm and looked up at me. Even though Nellie did not say so, I knew Mrs. Rafferty was dead.

After a minute she said, "You're his friend, Eddie?"

She glanced up the stairs.

"Right from here through hell an' back again, Nellie," I promised; and it did not seem at all strange that I should talk to her that way, because that was just how I felt.

She nodded. "Dan is dazed," she told me. "I'm trying very hard to get him to rest. . . . There are so many little things we can do ——"

It seemed to me that Nellie just knew everything that ought to be done, and she sort of took charge of things for Dan and me. I made telephone calls and got people there who had to be there. We arranged the house for all the unhappy things that had to happen there in the next few days. Some way or other, Nellie and I seemed to get awful close, because we were both thinking of Dan and we both knew that we'd do anything for him. She never said that, but I knew it. I remembered all Dan had done in his big rough way for Nellie and her mother.

The telephone rang a lot and I answered it each time. I felt like I really was helping Dan by taking these telephone calls and answering people who came to the house.

Everybody was nice and all that, but they would have been nicer if they'd stayed away. I talked with the newspaper people when they came, and just as soon as it became generally known about Mrs. Rafferty, hundreds of Dan's friends sent beautiful flowers. I took them and banked them around the room under Nellie's direction.

It was eleven or twelve o'clock at night before everything like that was done and I could see Dan. Then I went into the room where he was. He was just sitting there very quiet, with his elbows on his knees and his fingers twining and untwining. His face was wrinkled and he looked very pale.

He seemed hunched forward and somehow did not look as big as usual. Nellie was standing beside him, running her fingers through his shaggy hair, and Dan just looked at me a second, started to speak, couldn't, then looked down.

I walked over and put my hand on his shoulder, but like the fool that I am, I could not speak either. Pretty soon Nellie pulled his head over against her and her white hand rubbed his cheek a little. She looked at me and nodded toward the door. I went out. Nellie knew everything.

I tell you all about this because in many ways the sudden passing of Mrs. Rafferty changed Dan. No wisdom on earth is so wise as that which comes through suffering. This suffering of Dan's served later to temper his wisdom and his roughshod sense of justice with an understanding of human weaknesses which he never could have got in any other way.

I stayed at Dan's house, and Nellie and I were up with Dan most of the night, though he never made any fuss. Nellie tried to get him to eat a little something, but he would not. About three in the morning I got him to take a drink, and that seemed to help him, although he still was dazed. Now and then he would get up and go into the room where Mrs. Rafferty's body was and just stand there and look at her for a long time. Then he would walk back to us and never say a word.

It was about 9:30 the next morning that Tom, the mayor, called at the house. He paid his respects and saw Dan just for a second. On his way out he took me by the arm and drew me out into the kitchen. I could see he had been in Dan's place lots of times before, and though people were standing around out on the street just to get a look at the mayor, I knew, just like Dan knew, that, after all, he was not such big pumpkins. When he spoke there was uncertainty in his voice. He glanced around the kitchen to see that we were alone.

Then he said, "These things have to happen, Eddie. Life is made up of them. . . . I never saw Dan hit so hard. He couldn't talk to me at all."

Something inside of me burned at that and I looked at the mayor and said, "Tom, if you had any brains, you wouldn't have tried to make him talk."

It didn't seem strange for me to be talking like this to a mayor. He straightened up and looked a little important, but it did not click with me, and he saw that. He put a lot of dignity into his next words.

"At a time like this in the lives of men like Dan Rafferty," he said slowly, "others have got to think for him. Dan is my friend. I know that he also is yours. He has taken a great fancy to you and has some big plans in mind. Anything I try to do now will be for Dan's own good, and I assumed, because of his friendship for you, that you would feel the same way about it."

"I'll go right to hell fer him," I answered, and I meant every word of it. That seemed to make the mayor understand better, because he said something about me being upset, too, and then went quickly into other things.

"What about Creedon?" he asked. "This thing could be a great break for Creedon. With Dan not fighting back, he can upset this whole ward. I happen to know of the connections he's made. The other party is willing to spend quite a lot of money down here just to weaken Dan's position. As long as Dan don't fight, somebody's got to. As mayor of this city I cannot very well do it—but I can help you do it."

"I'll do anythin' fer Dan," I said dully.

"I knew it. There's just one way to beat Creedon in this district and beat him right. That's to break his hold with the other party." *(Continued on Page 96)*

Can *any* toothbrush actually provide a pleasant surprise?

With one of these replace the brush you used this morning —then compare results

IF your toothbrush gives you whiter, cleaner teeth it does you a lot of good for a very small sum of money.

And the right brush, properly used, will do exactly *that* for you. It will *not* make you a million dollars, or turn you into a movie star overnight. *But it will give you whiter teeth*—

Just get the right brush—one *small* enough and of proper shape to do the best possible job of cleaning teeth.

Then—*don't keep it in service after honest wear has impaired the cleansing and polishing qualities.* Most people do. That is why we offer this reminder to everyone who uses a toothbrush.

This brush—DR. WEST'S—is famous for the polishing action made possible by its correct design. Now it has been made doubly effective by the use of still finer materials.

These snowy, springy bristles are the costliest the world's markets supply. Only DR. WEST'S new brushes have them. They are specially trimmed and spaced to enter and sweep clean all crevices—as well as to polish the surfaces.

FREE: *25c tube of the sensationally successful* **DR. WEST'S** *Tooth Paste —with purchase of this famous 50c toothbrush.*

YOUR druggist has new DR. WEST'S toothbrushes for every member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional brush," 50c. Each brush thoroughly sterilized, and sealed. And each is fully guaranteed. Get some today. *Results may really surprise and delight you.*

THE EASY, CORRECT WAY
to brush teeth

Brush always away from gums towards the cutting edges of the teeth; always *with* the crevices, never across. This is what dentists advise. And they recommend DR. WEST'S because it is of right shape and size to make correct brushing easy. Do this twice daily, and you'll soon have whiter teeth.

WHY IT CLEANS *every tooth and crevice*
This diagram shows how DR. WEST'S correct design enables you to sweep every crevice clean—and to cleanse the dangerous inside curve of teeth, or teeth far back, as thoroughly as those in front.

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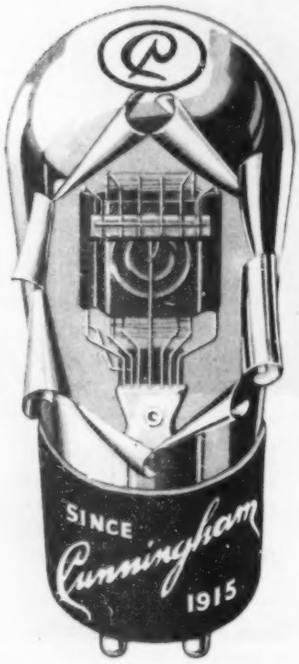
Cunningham RADIO TUBES



Inside facts about tube Quality

Exact, uniform construction in all Cunningham Radio Tubes is reflected in their absolute dependability.

Rigid tests prove what this in-built integrity means in quality performance.

Ask for them by name

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(Continued from Page 94)

"How are you goin' to do that?" I asked, seeing the logic of what he was saying.

The mayor laughed shortly. "Mike Brennan ran on the other party's ticket for member of the legislature from this district. He ran because Dan promised not to fight him here. He's up at the capital now and wants an appointment on the Ways and Means Committee. He never can get it without Dan Rafferty and he knows it. The state administration is ours.

"The thing for us to do is to get hold of Mike and tell him he goes on the Ways and Means Committee just as soon as his party drops Freddy Creedon. We'll also tell him he never goes on the Ways and Means Committee if his party don't drop Creedon. Have you got that straight?" Well, I could see Tom's angle all right. I nodded my head and Tom said, "You get in touch with Brennan. Don't wear kid gloves when you handle him, either."

"Had I better work on him first," I asked, "or had I better see the leaders of his party here in town?"

"Work on him, Eddie. Tell him that you are Dan's friend and acting for Dan, and you can even tell him you've talked with me about it. If he puts up a squawk let me know. But if I know Mike Brennan, he won't. Go outside now and get him on the long-distance from Dan's office. If he don't believe what you say, tell him to call you back there, because he knows Dan's number. Then he can see that you are talking right over Dan's own telephone. You can take my word for it that Dan will shake your hand for this."

I began to have a lot of respect for this mayor. I could see that he had a good political mind. So I shook him by the hand.

"I haven't had any sleep or any breakfast," I told him, "but I'll beat it out now an' get myself shaved an' cleaned up. Then I'll get Brennan on the telephone an' let you know what he says."

The mayor left and bowed solemnly to the people as he walked down the front steps. Twenty-four hours before that I would have thought it was a big thing to have those people hear me calling the mayor Tom and walking to his car with him and shaking his hand good-by. But that morning it did not mean a thing. The sun was out, but it did not shine very bright. That is, it did not shine very bright for me.

I felt in a kind of a daze. I knew when I walked along the street that people were looking at me and whispering among themselves. They knew I had spent the night with Dan right there at his house and everybody seemed to realize how hard this business had hurt Dan. I went into a barber shop and got myself a shave. I told the barber to put a hot towel on my face.

He said, "I guess I better wash your eyes out too, eh? They look pretty sleepy. You must've had quite a night with Dan. How does he take it?"

"Yeah," I told him, "wash my eyes out with somethin'." I never answered him about Dan.

After I was shaved I went on to Dan's office. When the little manager there started to ask me questions it seemed to make me mad. I told him to shut up and get out, and I went on in and sat down at Dan's desk. Even feeling as low as I did, I got kind of a thrill out of taking hold of his telephone and putting in a call for Mike Brennan. It was easy to get Mike and easy to talk to him. I told him who I was.

"I'm speakin' from Dan Rafferty's office," I said.

And right away Brennan's voice changed and he answered, "Oh, yes, Dan Rafferty. Yes, indeed. We just heard up here that Dan's wife has passed away and we certainly are sorry for him."

"Yeah," I said, "he takes it pretty hard."

"Well, well, well," Brennan muttered so I hardly could hear him, "he takes it hard, eh? You never can tell! I've always said that no matter how hard a man is, he's got a soft spot somewhere an' he squirms when you hit it. . . . Not that I mean Dan is a hard man, but—well, you know ——"

"I'm speakin' for Dan," I interrupted him, "an' I just had a good talk with Tom, the mayor."

"Yes, yes—yes, indeed," Brennan babbled along. "Fine fellows, both of 'em. Big men, too—smart—smart an' fine —— Yes, sir-ree!"

I could feel it coming over me that this fellow Brennan was a bunk artist, and after I discovered that, the fact that he was in the legislature meant nothing to me.

"About that ways-an'-means thing ——" I said very importantly. Before I could go any further he cleared his throat so it sounded like static on a radio and very quickly I said, "Don't forget this is a long-distance call an' costin' money."

That calmed him down a little, and finally he said, "What does Dan want?"

I could tell by his voice that anything Dan wanted meant a lot to Brennan, so I took the bull by the horns just like I did in digging up that five hundred from my old boss.

"It ain't what he wants—it's what he's gonna get."

"Of course," Brennan said—"sure thing. Dan knows where I stand."

"I'll tell the cockeyed world," I said to Brennan. "If you're ready now to hear just where things stand, I'm ready to tell you. Dan's home with his dead wife now, but I'm speakin' for him, an' if you want to prove that, you can call back his number right here or you can call up Tom, the mayor."

"No, no," Brennan assured me—"no, indeed. Go right ahead."

"All right," I cracked, "if you want to go on that Ways an' Means Committee, you see that your leaders here in town serve notice on Freddy Creedon that they're all done with him. The minute your party breaks with Creedon, you go on the Ways an' Means Committee."

I thought that was putting it briefly and right to the point, and I guess Brennan did, too, because it took him about ten seconds before he could think of an answer, and then he said, "Does that come straight from Dan?"

"Well," I said, kind of laughing, "don't pay any attention to it an' see if you ever land that Ways an' Means Committee assignment. If you cross up Dan, you won't even go back to the legislature."

Brennan cleared his throat again and said: "My friend, this isn't a matter of politics. It's a matter of friendship. My loyalty to Dan Rafferty stands above any political bone of contention. If I can do for Dan what he wants done with reference to Creedon, you can assure him for me that it's as good as done."

"This'll put you on the Ways an' Means Committee sure as hell," I told him. "Now you let me know right away what you've done."

When that conversation was over, I called up Tom and told him about it, and he just laughed and said, "Everything will be all right, Eddie. You can mark my words on that. Brennan's high ideals and loyalty to Rafferty are just what we need." He was laughing when he said it.

I went out and had some breakfast and then went to my room and changed my clothes. I fingered the crisp twenty-dollar bills that Dan had handed me such a short time before. When they crinkled it was like a voice that talked to me. Between pitying Dan and getting into politics, I guess I was in kind of a mess. But it seemed to me that Dan needed somebody that was hard-boiled right now, and I figured I better be hard-boiled for him, because he was up against it.

I knew I would be busy around his house for the next day or two, so I took two of the twenty-dollar bills and went and bought myself a black suit and some black shoes. That took most of the day, because some of the padding had to be taken out of the shoulders.

On my way back to Dan's I stopped at the office and the hairy little guy told me that there was a man inside waiting for me. He also said that Brennan had called up from the capital and left a message.

"What'd he say?" I asked the old book louse.

"He just said to tell you everything was all right," he answered.

Then I opened the door and went into Dan's private office, and there was Freddy Creedon. He was looking pretty blue, but he got right down to business.

"I'm licked," he told me. "I know I'm licked and I'm here to make the best terms I can. All I want of Dan is to get that order off my pool room so I can make a living an' support my family. I'll make any statement he wants, an' I'll even throw the support of the Blues to him in the next campaign. I know Dan was big enough to close my business an' now I see that he's big enough to turn the whole state loose against me. I'm just licked. All I want is a chance to open up an' do business again."

I felt kind of sorry for poor Creedon. He had hold of a lion's tail, so to speak, and couldn't let go until Dan muzzled the lion. For a minute I did not know what to do, but I thought of Dan sitting there in that room all quiet and crushed and I knew he had softened up a lot.

"Well," I told Creedon, "Dan is a good guy. I'll speak to him about it an' see what he can do."

He thanked me and shook my hand and said, "I'm sorry about his wife, Eddie. That's a tough break for Dan, an' you can tell him that too. I sent some flowers up there with my card on 'em, an' as far as I'm concerned, if he will just let me open my business up, I'll play the game with him an' call everythin' even."

"See me in the mornin' here," I said. "I guess it'll be all right."

Then I went back to Dan's house, and Nellie was there and her mother too. Nellie was in the kitchen with Chloe and they were fixing something for Dan to eat. I could hear him walking upstairs, and I looked at Nellie and there was a strange look on her face. It was a little bit different.

"I think he'll eat something now," she said. When she said it, her voice was a little different too. Even Dan's step on the floor overhead was different. I turned away and went upstairs and so into the room where Dan was. He was walking up and down the floor and his jaw was set. He looked more like his old self—more like an elephant crashing through reeds.

"Eddie," he said, his voice hard, "look at the nerve of that skunk!" As he spoke he held out his right hand and opened the fingers. There, crumpled up, was Creedon's card which had come with the flowers. I took it and straightened it out and read it slowly. Dan continued pacing. He was thoroughly mad.

After a minute I told him the whole story about Brennan and Tom and Creedon. Dan stopped short when I said that I had told Creedon I thought things would be all right to open his pool room.

"You told him that?" he bellowed at me. "What's the matter with you? If I'm goin' to make guys I break, what's the use of breakin' 'em? You go back to Creedon, Eddie, and stuff this card right down his gullet! Tell him, with my compliments, that when I break a man he stays broke!"

Then he took to pacing again and I just kept quiet. In the room there was a heavy odor of flowers. Everything was quiet and kind of awesome except the sharp steps of Dan as he walked—and the hardness of his voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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57

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

IMPROMPTU

(Continued from Page 5)

what man was made of. The wheel turned upon the fact that they had never met him and had no proof that, from time to time, he had played a hand unethically.

There was a droll side to it. Like going to some lodge meeting; you had to have a passport, a secret sign. Proper credentials, or you wouldn't get into the Hood camp. Bidding for the Blue Rajah would take place in the morning. Perhaps.

But somewhere along the line he had made a mistake, being human and fallible. But there was this in his favor—the men he was soon to meet were, like himself, human and fallible. The mistake might never be discovered.

Why hadn't she laughed when his pipe had dropped into the water? The picture must have been funny—shoutingly funny. Did he know the King of Belgium? She knew how to set a barb stinging, suavely. He sighed. He would have liked to know her, and under other circumstances he would have gone toward this desire boldly. The high road and the low road. She on the bank and he in the stream.

He wondered if Hood owned any of the stream. Hood. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. The oldest law. On and on he rode with reckless speed.

"Ha!" he cried aloud; for suddenly he observed twinkling lights in the distance. That would be the camp. And yonder was a byroad.

They called them camps, he mused. Hot and cold water, porcelain tubs. Persian rugs, all the comforts of a Park Avenue residence. When all a man needed was a war blanket, a pup tent, a gun, a rod and a hatchet.

He turned into the byroad and shortly rolled under the wooden porte-cochère and struck his horn. At once the door opened and the butler came down the steps. A gaunt man with a stony face.

"The name, please."

"I'm Berks—Roger Berks."

"Your letter of introduction?"

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo! Berks piped inwardly. Hood was a fool. Had he conducted this affair in New York, he would have been as safe as in a church. Miles from anybody. What would they do here if anybody had the toothache? He produced his credentials—a letter signed by Hood, with a blot of ink in one corner. All very childish. The blot, anyhow. Still, Hood had to know who was who.

"Very good, sir. Your luggage?"

"In the rear. Just the bag."

"Yes, sir. Why, you are all wet!"—astonishedly.

"That's true. Had to go fishing. I am unfamiliar with the habits of the house, but I shouldn't mind a stiff peg of whisky. Medicinal, of course."

"I'll bring up the peg, sir. Be so good as to follow me."

As they entered the house, Berks observed that all the rooms were empty of human beings.

"Have the others arrived?"

"Yes, sir. Came in shortly after luncheon."

"What time is dinner?"

"Eight o'clock, sir. This is your room. You will find hot water for bath and shaving."

"How about telegrams?"

"We relay them by telephone. Any urgent message, sir?"

"No. I might want to get in touch with my client."

"The telegraph office closes at nine and does not send or receive again till eight in the morning. But we can get long-distance to New York. The railways are thirty miles east and west of us."

"Seems to me you're pretty far off."

"We have our own gas station and three cars. Either way, we can make the railroad in less than an hour, unless there's been a cloud-burst. I'll have the whisky up in a jiffy, sir."

Jiffy. Come, come! thought Berks. The old gargoyle had something human in him despite his looks. Jiffy. He hadn't heard the word since boyhood. Evidently up here "Whoop" was still the word; "Whoopee" hadn't yet arrived. Heaven forfend that it should! Of the two kinds of American Indians, Berks preferred the red.

The door closed and Berks stared at the panels moodily. Long-distance to New York. Would the unknown mistake lie in that direction? Puddles on the birch floor. Off with these togs, and also good-by to them forever.

Berks stood in his shorts before the shaving mirror, when a tap came on the room door. He hurried to it, half his face in lather. The saturnine butler passed in a small decanter and a tall glass.

"Thanks. That will do nicely."

"If you will leave your wet clothes in the hallway, sir, I'll see to it that they go to the drying room. Mr. Hood will receive you just before dinner."

"I'll be down as soon as I bathe and dress."

This time Berks locked the door, completed his shaving, finished with the tub, then attacked the whisky. A hot sling, which threw comfort and well-being over him at once, but which warned him that one would be enough. In his condition he responded too quickly. There were no tailor's labels in any of his clothes. That would not be the mistake. The bag, which he had purchased in a secondhand shop, was unidentifiable.

So then, at five minutes to eight he stood before the mirror and inspected a presentable young man, ready for Piccadilly or the Champs Élysées or Park Avenue after dark. In the lapel of his dinner coat was a bit of red ribbon. In regard to this his conscience was in good order; he could lawfully wear the Order of Leopold. It was absolutely necessary to impress his host and the other guests, to mitigate such dubiousness as they might hold for him.

"Do you know the King of Belgium?"

Hang the girl! There was no room in his thoughts for a woman; he must not wander mentally for a second this night.

He thrust the automatic pistol in the inside pocket of the dinner coat and the stone loosely in the left outside pocket. Ironically he glanced into a coat sleeve—the thunderbolt was there, ready to be launched. He kneaded his sinewy hands for a minute, then unlocked the door and proceeded downstairs.

Immediately he was gone, the butler came stealthily out of another room and silently entered Berks'. He deftly went through everything belonging to Berks, examining even the inside of the collars. Ready-made, everything. A scowl rippled over the butler's saturnine face. Quietly he stole out of the room and down the servants' stairs. A gentleman, with ready-made clothes, even to his collars, his military brushes unmarked, and no labels on the worn suitcase.

Berks saw a group of men by the fireside, and he approached with the air of a man who knew his way about. He recognized Hood instantly, and his body felt as if the stream was flowing over it. Introductions were made, perhaps somewhat stiffly. The other guests had met before.

"Make yourself at home, Mr. Berks," said the host, a handsome man about sixty, beautifully gray. "Magazines in the library. Dinner will be twenty minutes late. Tonight you are simply my guest. No business till tomorrow morning."

The young man smiled, but inwardly grew cold. No business till tomorrow, when he had staked everything on tonight!

There was some desultory talk about the condition of the highways, the stock market, the German debt. Berks readily understood that they had drawn into their shells, gravely polite.

"Are you gentlemen armed?" he asked quietly.

The others fell back a step, dumfounded. Van Cleve was first to recover, and he did so good-humoredly.

"Yes, I am armed. The man who bids in the Blue Rajah may have to defend it on the way back to New York."

"My opinion too," Morgan admitted, while MacFarlane and Descamps looked distressed.

"We are all armed, then?" Berks laughed. "The bootlegger, the dopester and the bandit ride abroad. But it strikes me as droll—dining with guns in our pockets."

Leaving this bomb smoldering, he sauntered into the library, where he discovered a fine piano. Good. He had shocked them, now he would enchant them. He must win the respect of these hard-headed beggars. He was in the mood for Chopin; and he began the Fantasie Impromptu, C sharp minor. He played it exquisitely and with fire. When he had done he dropped his hands and bent his head, searching for something else to fit his mood.

"Beautifully done! But for all that, this is private property, and I must ask you——"

He leaped to his feet. Across the piano, smiling into his face, was the young woman of the stream.

"You?"—in a whisper.

"So you do know the King of Belgium?"

III

EVIDENTLY shocks were running deuces wild. He was speechless for a moment. He had an instantaneous picture of his project from a new angle. Detour. He was like a man driving furiously in the night and coming, with a shriek of brakes, upon an unlighted detour sign. He would have to rearrange his plans. But how? He recovered his mental balance.

"It isn't fair," he said.

"What isn't?"

"To surprise me two times in one day."

"You are Mr. Berks. I am Miss Hetherstone, Mr. Hood's niece. Why didn't you tell me you were coming here?"

"Word of honor, I didn't know where I was."

"I knew that there was someone playing. The mechanical touch is never quite the same as the human. And, oddly enough, that very piece is in the piano this minute. It is a player. What else do you do—beautifully?"

There was no irony in her voice now, but there was mischief. Very well; he would pick up the foil. Mischief for mischief.

"How many times have you lost that trout?"

"Too many times."

"I suppose my skill filled you with envy."

"I was glad to see you lose your pipe."

He laughed, attached the roll and started the player. The difference between the human hand and the automaton was easily distinguishable. Even to the man peering into the window—a man with bleak gray eyes.

"Don't!" the girl cried. "It isn't the same at all."

"Nevertheless, it's Paderewski."

"I had the notion that you would be an older man."

So they had been discussing him? "I am very old," he gravely replied.

"You like Chopin. So do I. Are you on the concert stage?"

"No. I do not sell the gift; I give it away. For the fun of it."

He had need of some clear thinking, and he could not accomplish this while engaged conversationally with a young woman who, if he once let go, would set a spell upon him. Perhaps he had not committed any mistake; perhaps he had planned perfectly. But fate was always stronger than human perfections. He began one of Bach's lovely chorals.

With folded arms, she leaned against the piano. Poise, he thought. She would have gone to Buckingham Palace with the same unstudied grace. Devil take it, she was in the way, and he would have to maneuver around her!

For the fun of it, she thought. Waded streams in golfing clothes. Threw away a gift which would have made him rich and famous, for the fun of it. Yet that wasn't the jaw of an idler. She was quite sure that there were serious actions in this young man's life. Gems. To be sure. He carried them across oceans and continents, at the risk of his life. Caution, alertness, doggedness, quick thinking—he would apply these attributes to his work. But when he played, it would be with whimsical recklessness. And to have a man like this enter the house when she was at the peak of her boredom! What intensely blue eyes he had!

He played a mazurka and a nocturne, but during the performance he did not look at her directly, which most musicians would have done—male musicians. Suddenly he saw light. She would be an asset rather than a liability. A young woman wanting the society of a young man who was not without attractions, in a house where all the other men were middle-aged. She was not the type to select companionship carelessly. He would use her interest in him, but not to her hurt. As a fisherman and a musician he had caught her fancy. It would raise him considerably in the eyes of the others.

He would not deviate a hair from the line. He might be defeated. Aviator, mountain climber, hunter—aye, and gambler—he had known defeat. Yet he had never retreated in fear of defeat. But unless the Blue Rajah was brought out tonight, his defeat would be absolute.

"Have you ever climbed mountains?" she asked irrelevantly when he had done.

"Why, yes! What put that question into your mind?"

"Up here we are rather informal. We ask questions frankly. We do not observe the amenities of convention strictly. You strike me as a man who must always be extending himself physically, not caring anything about the cost."

"This time you astonish me," he replied. "I haven't thought much about it, but you are quite right. I am always slam-banging into excitements. I like impromptu adventures such as this afternoon's. I always like to leave something to chance."

"Where angels fear to tread?"

"'There came an angel in the wilderness,'" he quoted.

"I neither look nor feel like an angel."

"Oh, I don't know how you feel."

"But to you I look like one?" She laughed for the first time.

"My idea of an angel would be a woman who would let a poor devil of a poaching fisherman have his meed of sport before she called him to a halt. Who would, in the event of a serious injury, have gone instantly to his aid."

"You are a very wise young man."

"You say that with the air of Methuselah's wife. You are younger than I am, and I am only thirty. In these thirty years I have met many women."

"Yes?"

"They are all different."

She broke into laughter again. "Serves me right!"

"Pardon?"

"I thought I was going to be given a compliment."

"To some women it is not necessary to pay compliments."

"I'll accept that statement as one. You play beautifully. Under whom did you study?"

"Busoni. At twelve I decided to become a second Paderewski. At fifteen I gave one concert. I learned that I hated audiences, hated applause. At eighteen I decided to take up aviation."

"And you went to war and the King of Belgium decorated you. Then you became

(Continued on Page 103)

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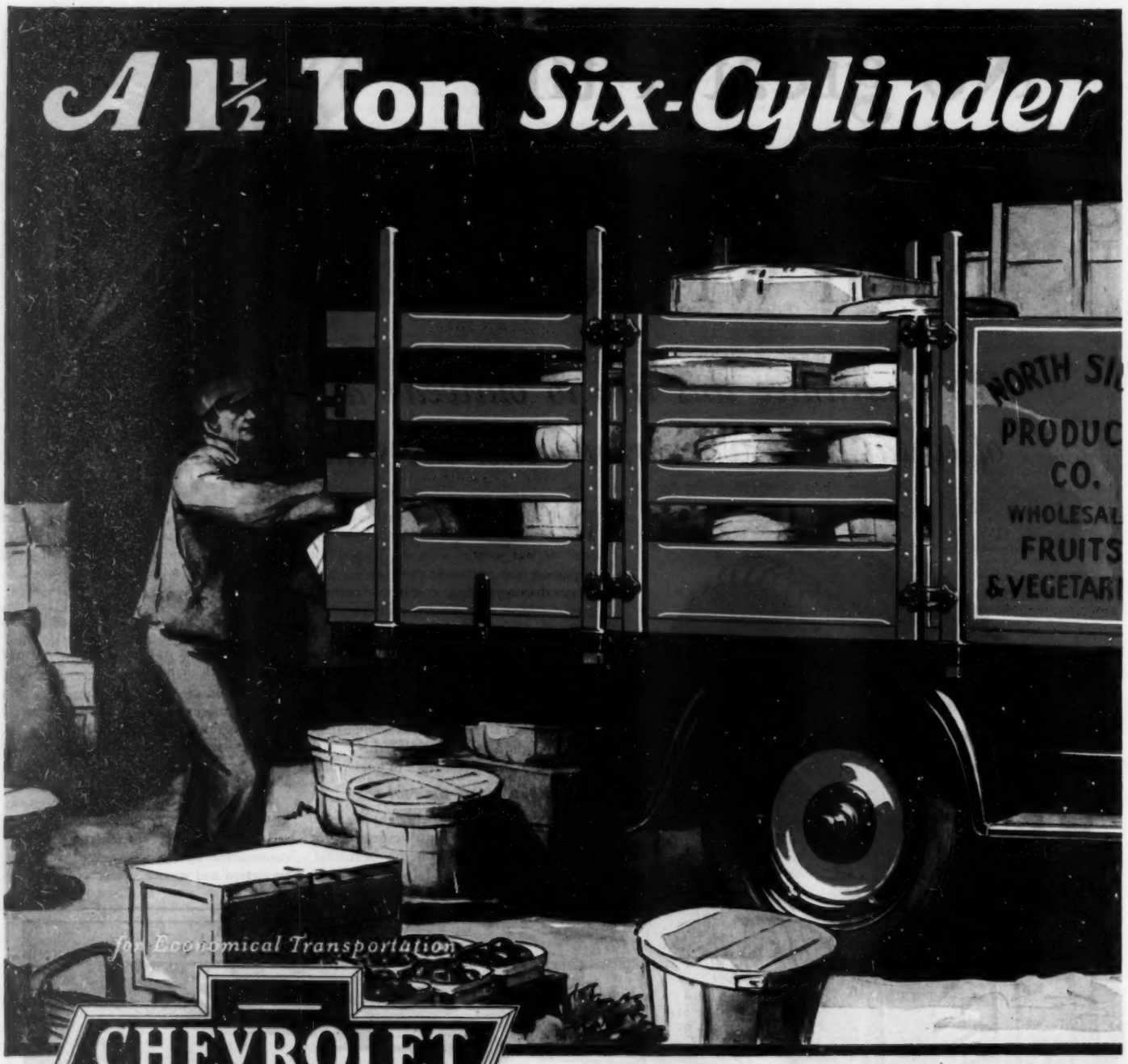

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interested in gems, because there was risk in handling them. But frankly I do not like this business." Her eyes became troubled.

"You mean our being here?"

"Uncle Mark could have transacted the sale in New York. Suppose one of you buys the Rajah and you are robbed between here and New York? Secret? How can you keep a thing like this secret?"

Aye, how indeed? Did she love this uncle of hers? Was it possible that Hood could inspire love in anything that lived?

She went on: "This cannot be wholly a secret in your offices. There will be some untrustworthy man in the secret. The Rajah represents a fortune. It is one of the most beautiful diamonds in existence. Whenever it is in the house—in any of the houses we live in—I feel an oppression. I don't like it."

"Your uncle is a very rich man. Why should he wish to sell it?" The young man's nostrils dilated slightly.

"He has become superstitious about it."

"Superstitious?"

"He is sixty and not well. The stone has a sinister history, as you know, and it has begun to work upon his imagination. He is quite mad about the collection."

"He has his collection up here?"—incredulously.

"He cannot be separated from it."

"How did the others arrive?"

"They all came in one car."

"Well, whoever buys it will be protected by the other three."

"But you are here to buy it, and you will be going alone."

"True. But I'm afraid that Van Cleve will be able to outbid me. My client does not care to tie up too much money."

"Is it just adventure, or do you really care for gems?"

"I am quite mad about them. To have that stone in my pocket and to carry it back to New York!" He shrugged.

"I understand. The brigl.t face of danger. But you are young and adventurous, and shortly my uncle will be an old man. I love him! He has been the only father I have ever known."

Berks lowered his eyes, ill at ease. Devil take the way fate intruded! Perhaps the finest specimen of young womanhood he had ever met. Why couldn't she have been somewhere else? His purpose was to wring her uncle's heart; indirectly he must wring hers too. His jaws stiffened. No deviation from the line.

"Do you live in New York?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "We really live in Paris. But every summer we have a month here. There's nothing like it in the old country. My uncle used to be an ardent fisherman, but now he leaves the rod to me."

"How about the servants?"

"Except for the chauffeur, all are old in service. The butler has been with us for twenty-odd years. He is English, but he speaks French very well. The caretakers live here the year around, and they sometimes act as guides."

"And all of them know about the collection?"

"I suppose so. But we have a very odd wall safe. A man might break into it and still not find what he sought"—enigmatically. "And where do you live?"

"I have no real home. Hotels, mostly. Probably that is why I am driven into excitements. I have no home life to tame me."

"Would you want to be tamed?"

"That depends"—smiling.

"Dinner is served."

The saturnine butler stood in the doorway, eying Berks coldly.

IV

THE Blue Rajah had behind it seven known murders. Its history began with the rajah himself. No one knew where he had got it. He had worn the stone sewed in his white turban at a durbar. He was knifed in his tent pavilion that night. The stone popped up in Constantinople. Two murders there. It was next heard of in St. Petersburg. One murder. Berlin, Paris, London, Liverpool; in each city someone had paid. Then for twenty years the world lost track of it. Berks wondered what the history was previous to its possession by the rajah. It had not been cut by any modern machinery, the facets being without conformity. A medieval or pre-Christian gem. No one had ever thought to cut the stone in halves, thereby enhancing its commercial value. As it was, no woman would care to wear it with one-half of its beauty always hidden. It was, in truth, a collector's stone. Seven murders and one man who had died of a broken heart.

Berks knew that he would always remember this dinner. Tension. If he sensed it, surely the others must. Drawn up here, miles away from civilization and the protections which civilization offered, the sinister history of the stone must be in the process of review in each mind. Everybody calm outwardly but jumpy within. He himself had not been conscious of nerves till the girl's voice had come across the piano. Indeed, he had not known how deeply the vision of her had impressed his imagination till he saw her the second time.

He sat at her right; Morgan, Van Cleve, the host, Descamps and MacFarlane. To Berks each face was worth a study. Hood and Van Cleve alone seemed normal. Morgan, Descamps and MacFarlane looked dour and suspicious. Naturally; they were on a queer business. Berks switched his glance to the butler, and received a shock. The man's eyes seemed like coals in his head. More than that, his hand shook as he set down the bouillon cups. The old fellow's phlegm seemed to have gone out of him. Guns—all of them were carrying guns!

"What caused you to smile then?" abruptly asked the girl.

Caught off his guard, Berks stared at her bewilderedly. "Beg pardon?"

"You smiled oddly. What struck you as amusing? Remember, we are not formal here."

"A joke," he said. "You know how irrelevant things flash through one's head. You were talking to Mr. Morgan, and this joke popped into my head. Too infantile to repeat."

A colossal joke! If Hood did not show the Rajah tonight, the enterprise would represent zero. And it would be the last chance he would ever have. Part of the joke was that he himself might not ask to see the stone. He must commit no act which would focus attention, no act which related to the stone.

Yes; she was in the way, because of the loving glances she sent down the table to her uncle and because of the loving glances her uncle returned. Detour, red lanterns; and he must go smashing on!

"Mr. Berks, you play extraordinarily well." Van Cleve was speaking. He spoke English with but little accent. "You should be on the concert stage instead of selling gems."

"Crowds bother me."

"I see. Stagefright."

"No. I do not believe I am afraid of anything. Just do not like crowds."

"That's possible," replied the Hollander. "I see you wear the Order of Leopold."

"Aviation during the war"—simply. The truth, so why shouldn't he tell them?

"Ah! Now I understand your distaste for crowds. The eagle is a lonely bird. He flies over the city, but never through it." Van Cleve smiled amiably. "I'd give a good deal to know who your client is."

"There, there!" interrupted Hood. "No business tonight, if you please."

"But surely," said Descamps, the Frenchman, "you are going to let us see the Rajah? To keep us on—what you say?—hooks ——" He gestured excitedly.

"Tenterhooks," assisted MacFarlane, warming a little.

"On tenterhooks all night is not fair. An unofficial inspection. Eh?"

"Come, Mr. Hood," said Morgan. "We will promise not to quote prices or use our micros. We all know the stone, but none of us has seen it."

"I have," said Van Cleve. "When I was a young fellow. It came to my father. One of the ends was slightly chipped. My father himself polished it down."

"What do you say, Elsie?" Hood called down the table.

So her name was Elsie? Berks rubbed his palms upon his napkin. They were beginning to sweat.

"Let them see it," said Elsie. "They are human."

"Very well. Go and get it."

To Berks it was as if he had been holding his breath under water and his head was now in the air again. And yet, there was a cold ripple over his spine. Too easy. The whole affair had cut like cheese; and that wasn't fate's way. There would be a trip somewhere; it was inevitable. But being suspicious of fate was as good as being forewarned.

Elsie. He would never see her again. You had always to pay an extra price for the Rajah. The imagined woman. The physical reproduction of a dream. You met the one woman in a drawing-room and did not recognize her. You met her under the sky and by the side of a wild stream, and you recognized her at once. . . . Damn his palms! They were like watersheds!

Elsie departed upon her errand. Berks became conscious that the butler, who stood behind Hood's chair, was eying him covertly. But there was something else in the old chap's attitude. He was listening. What did he expect to hear? Was there more than one impromptu on tonight's program?

Elsie returned presently, holding her handkerchief in her hand. She stopped at her uncle's chair and gently unrolled the contents of the handkerchief on the tablecloth. The elliptical ball of prismatic fires was plainly visible to Berks, even though he sat seven feet away. The pulse under his jaws began to thump. Could he do it? Well, if he failed, there was the thunderbolt in his sleeve.

Hood passed the gem to Van Cleve. The butler immediately stepped over to the light buttons.

"Henry!"

"Yes, sir."

"You need not worry about the lights," said Hood reprovingly. "This is not the cinema or a detective story."

The butler embarrassedly returned to his position behind Hood's chair, while the gem experts eyed him amusedly.

Van Cleve rolled the stone about. "The same. I never have forgotten it. If I were rich I should have the mania too." He passed the stone along to his neighbor.

The experts had no reason to conceal their ecstasies. The highest bidder would take the stone away with him. Eventually the stone came to Elsie, but she at once pushed it in front of Berks.

He did not touch it immediately but stared at it with half-closed eyes. The others were looking at him interestedly. "Let's see what you know about it!" they seemed to shout at him.

"Old," he said. "But what puzzles me is what has become of the other great stones. The sea and the earthquakes and the fires cannot have swallowed them all. This is one evidence. *Adamas*—adamant—*diamant*—diamond. Pliny speaks of them. The story goes that this comes from the ancient sandstones of India. Am I right, Mr. Van Cleve?"

"Yes."

"Have you any notion how it was worn? I mean in olden times?"

Van Cleve answered. "My father told me that it hung in a little gold-wire basket, around a woman's neck. Though priests were also known to wear them that way."

Berks reached out to take the stone. As his hand hid it for a second he drew back both hands suddenly and gripped his side. His face became lined. The Blue Rajah still lay upon the table cloth.

"What is it?" asked Elsie anxiously.

He smiled. "Stitch. Had a fall and smashed some ribs. Rheumatism. It's what I get for wading that trout stream this afternoon. There, it's gone. Sorry." With the tip of his finger he rolled the Rajah toward Elsie.

"I caught him at it, Uncle Mark," Elsie called down the table. "He had Old-Timer on a barbless hook."

"Old-Timer?" cried her uncle. "And he lost him?"—hopefully.

"Alas! I had to make him let it go, thinking he was poaching."

"In spirit I was," said Berks, straightening up and vigorously rubbing his side.

The laughter was general.

"Your butler saw the state I was in when I arrived." Berks touched the stone again. "What a queer business! Sometimes it amuses me to think what men will do to each other for something like this—a mineral with colors in it."

Hood stared at his plate and made bread crumbs absently.

"There is another phase," put in Van Cleve. "The collector has no successor. His heirs are always sure to put the collection on the market. Hence, our reason for being. I remember ——"

"Drink a little of your wine," advised Elsie.

"I had a peg before I came down," replied Berks. "I never drink except when I need it."

"And you don't need it now?"

"There are other and better kinds of intoxicants"—looking directly into her eyes.

What she saw in his eyes caused some warmth to flow into her cheeks. Well, she had opened the door. She had told him that one spoke frankly here, by lip or eye. "Anyone wish to see the Rajah again?"

All shook their heads. So Elsie wrapped the stone in her handkerchief, and with a bright nod went her way to return the Rajah to the safe.

Suddenly the butler turned his gaze toward the hall.

"Is that the telephone, Henry?" asked Hood, looking up from his plate.

"Yes, sir."

After a few moments the butler reëntered the dining room.

"Long-distance from New York, Mr. Berks," he said.

Berks sat perfectly still for the space of several wild heartbeats.

V

NEW YORK? What had happened down there? He pushed back his chair and rose.

"Excuse me for a moment, gentlemen. Probably my client. Where is the telephone?"

"Under the hall stairs, sir. Follow me," said the butler.

The telephone stood on a small stand; there was no booth. Berks sat down in the chair and took the receiver. He was about to call when he observed the butler, close beside him.

"I'm afraid this is going to be private," said Berks, smiling.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I wasn't thinking."

The butler walked slowly back to the dining room, wiping his palms on the sides of his trousers.

Meantime.

"Who is it?" asked Berks, lowly but clearly.

"Gerry," came from New York. "When I went back he was gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes. Watch your step."

"Thanks."

Berks hung up the receiver. He did not rise at once. It was now after nine. Nine hours. Berks knew that he would not dare make a get-away till all had gone to bed. Nine hours. And why hadn't he telephoned? No doubt he had solved the riddle by this time. Berks frowned darkly at the green-covered telephone wire. No fault of his; purely accidental, like the presence of this girl in the house. And all of them carried

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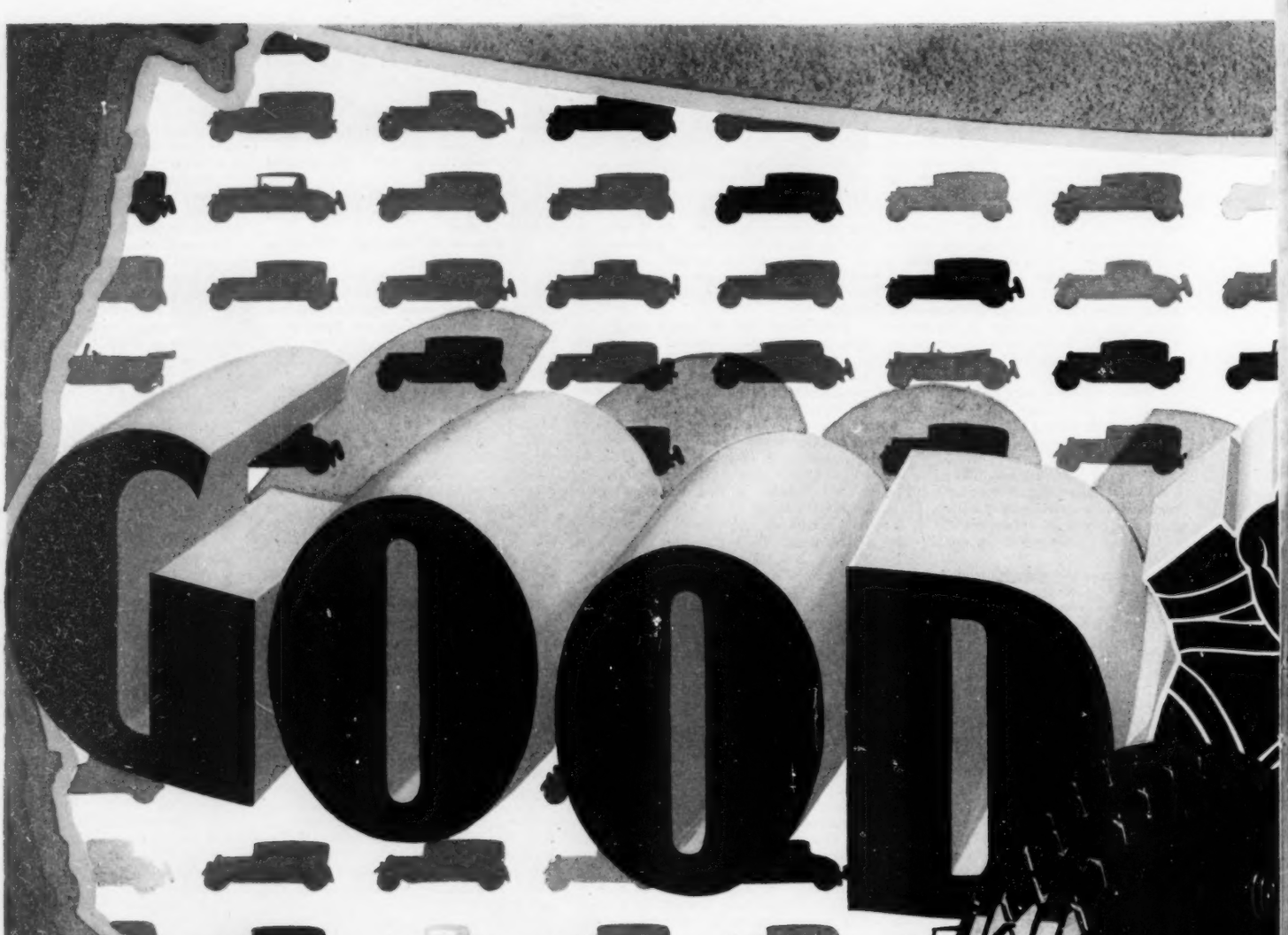

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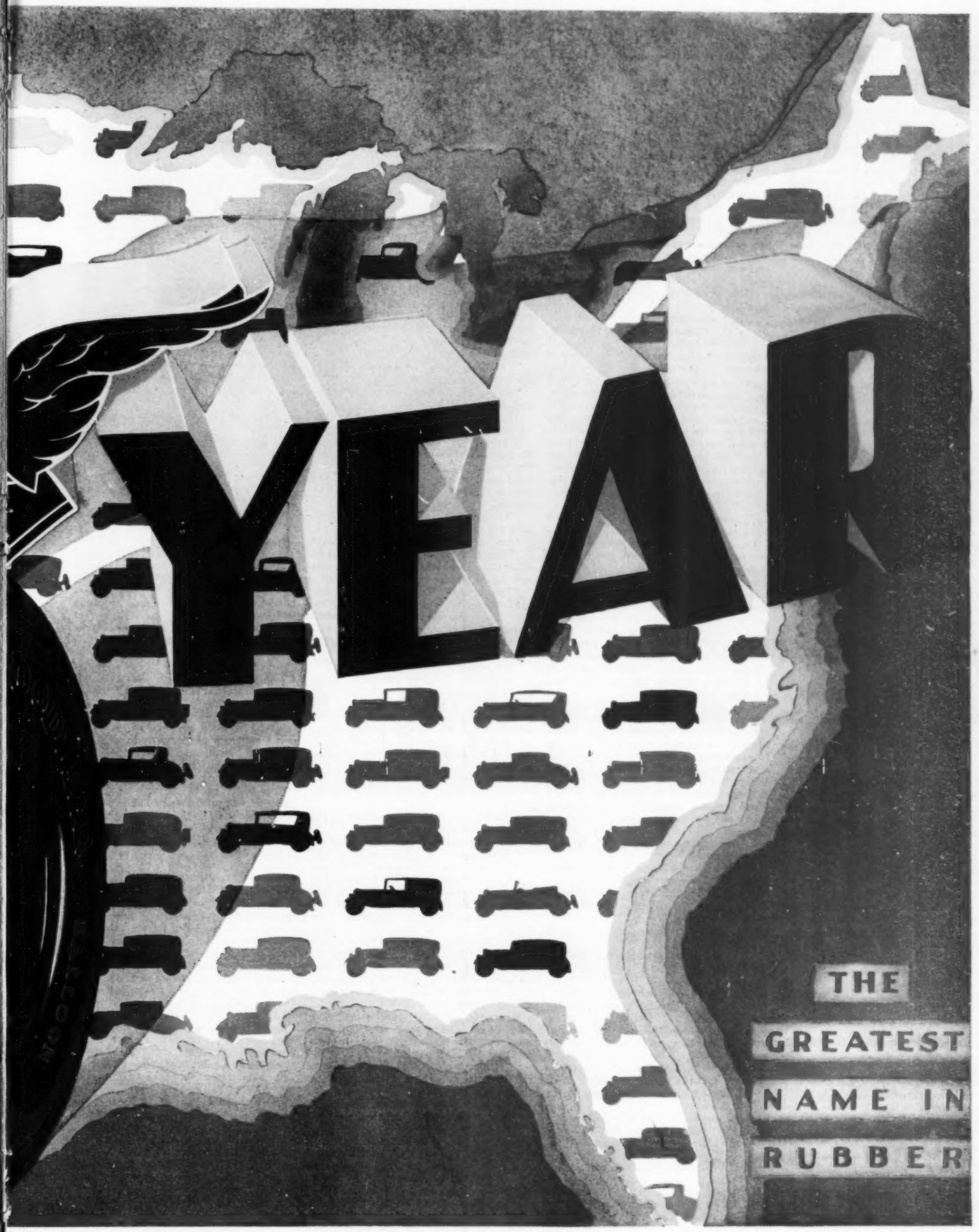
YEAR
THE
GREATEST
NAME IN
RUBBER

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guns! Berks shot a glance over his shoulder. He was alone and unobserved. Swiftly he drew out a knife and sawed the telephone wire, applying savage strength. Then he proceeded to the hall door and casually opened it.

Now? The way was clear. No. Always the fool, he must see the girl again. The cold sweet night air refreshed him. Speculating, he forgot that his prolonged absence might be noticed.

The beggar had had ample time to warn Hood. But he hadn't. Well, the dice were on the green! Only a few hours ahead!

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked the butler.

"The stitch in my side recurred," said Berks. Was this chap watching him? Hang him! "I needed a bit of air. Gone now."

"I thought perhaps the door had blown open, sir."

"You may close it."

The butler peered into the night, then shut and bolted the door. He followed Berks into the dining room, and Berks returned to his chair beside Elsie.

"Are the grounds guarded?" he asked.

"It isn't necessary. We have an absolutely impregnable safe."

"A hundred resolute men, armed, could blow up the Sub-Treasury and loot it in twenty minutes."

"This would be different. Blow up this house, and there wouldn't be any gems, nothing but crystal atoms. But I don't like it. Have you ever felt that someone was behind you? That's the way I feel."

"There's always the man who put in this safe."

"I understand. But my uncle himself built this safe. Mechanism is his profession, though he no longer practices it. His inventions are used all over the world. Only uncle and myself know the combination. But I wish he had not brought the collection."

"But what do you think can happen, when all of us are armed?"

"Something in the air."

"Imagination."

"Whatever it is, I feel it."

"Is your car locked, Mr. Berks?" asked Hood.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry there wasn't room for it in the garage."

"If it rains it will not matter. It's an old bus, not worth stealing."

"If you should need any gas or oil in the morning ——"

"Thank you."

"Henry, coffee and liqueurs. . . . I believe," the host added, "that it will be pleasanter to remain at the table."

"Do you want coffee and liqueur?" whispered Elsie.

"No"—emphatically, from Berks.

"Then come into the library and play for me. It will take me out of myself. Come."

Berks arose with alacrity. To have her alone by himself! To build pleasant but impossible dreams! Besides, he thought with smarting irony, if anyone went to the telephone and found the wire cut, he could make a tolerable exit through one of the French windows. And in the library, while making a pretense to view the night, he loosed the window latch. So far as it was humanly possible he was not going to overlook a point.

Meanwhile Van Cleve turned to Hood. "I had a notion that Berks was older and—well, not quite so polished. Strange how we build up the character and appearance of a person by hearsay. I am something of a musician myself. This young fellow has soul as well as superb technic." Van Cleve paused. "I have a confession to make. I told a reporter just before we docked that I had come to America principally to try to purchase a diamond called the Blue Rajah. We will talk carelessly at times. But I did not know where the bidding was to take place. I met my rivals at Albany, and there we agreed to make the trip up here together. How far are we from the next camp?"

"Twenty-two miles. We never have any night prowlers," Hood replied. "Your talking hasn't done any harm. I should indeed be pleased if the bidder-in will announce it to the newspapers."

"Not I!" said Van Cleve. "I have a long way to go."

"Well," said Morgan, "if I'm the lucky man my firm will advertise it. Are you going to sell all the collection?"

"No." Hood stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "I have suddenly taken a distaste for the Rajah. It is the pariah of the collection."

Van Cleve took up the Venetian glass and inhaled the bouquet of the green chartreuse. He was not unused to these odd switch-abouts. A mania which lasted a third of a lifetime, which one day began to crack suddenly, for no known reason. A real gem collector was, he had found, generally a man with a vivid imagination.

"Has anyone attempted to rob you?" he asked.

"No," answered Hood, still idling with his coffee. "I haven't added to the collection in twenty years. So my former activities are somewhat forgotten." Hood raised his head. "The truth is, I have been thinking about my niece. When I die the collection will unavoidably come into the open. Although I live abroad, I am still an American citizen; and the state inheritance tax will reveal the existence of the collection. A small army of rascals will learn that my niece has a portable fortune. She does not care for gems, except jade and chrysoprase. I can sell the Rajah, but it is utterly impossible for me to part with my emeralds—while I live."

"I understand," said Van Cleve, sipping the green nectar.

Gem collectors. There were rich men who bought gems without being particularly inquisitive as to how the seller had come by them. Of course, thought Van Cleve, it was none of his affair, but he couldn't recall the sale of the Blue Rajah to Marcus Hood. Certainly it was not recorded in the historical data which he had in his bag upstairs. Probably Hood had purchased the stone privately. In 1898 it had been in Amsterdam. The final registered purchase had been made by Jonathan Willard, who had been dead for many years.

Elsie drew a chair beside the piano and waited. Berks sat slumped on the bench, his chin touching his chest, his eyes closed. He had the appearance of a man delving into memories. As a matter of fact, his body was trembling, and he was waiting for this tremor to subside. He was sure of himself, of every future act till he was safe in New York. Yet here he was, attacked by vertigo which was not a reaction to his recent activities.

"Perhaps you are too tired?" she said interrogatively.

He sat up with a start. "I was trying to recall the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, but it escapes me."

"Play anything."

He did not observe that her fingers were tightly locked.

"Chopin," he said; and plunged into the fiery Fourth Étude in C sharp minor, as difficult as it is brilliant. Debussy followed, Grieg, Mozart, the Tarantelle by Fauré, Liszt's transcription of Wagner's Spinning Song—now rarely played on the piano—Beethoven. It came to him like thunder in the night that he wanted this girl to remember him always, tell her by exquisite sounds that in other times she would have been the one woman in the world. And never could he tell her; for he was an implacable enemy to her house.

He concluded the program with the Fantasie Impromptu, knowing that he would never play it again without seeing the vision of her. You had to pay. As he played he ironically cogitated that, had she not entered upon the scene, he would have gone through the whole adventure, sardonically amused. He had mocked the crows. By a queer twist of perspectives he saw that he had become one of them. He should have launched his thunderbolt boldly. Now it was too late.

As he ceased playing he turned. Her hands lay limp in her lap, her head rested against the back of the chair and her eyes were closed. He waited. Suddenly, yet dazedly, she opened her eyes.

"What a gift!" she whispered. "What a gift!"

"I did not tire you?"

"Never, never!"—quite vehemently. Then she happened to glance at the doorway. Five men stood there, dead cigars in their fingers. Elsie eyed them astonishedly.

Berks sprang up, smiling. "I forgot where I was!" So he had.

"We all forgot where we were," replied Hood gravely, his eyes vaguely puzzled. Had he ever seen this man Berks before? It was not the face, it was the quick smile that had in it something hauntingly familiar.

Van Cleve shook himself out of a dream. Never again would he judge a man by what he had heard about him. This young fellow was a thoroughbred; it was not possible that he had ever "sold out" or "gone partners" in a shady gem deal, as rumor strongly had it.

"I'm off for bed," he announced. "It has been a strenuous day."

To which the others agreed, and straggled back into the living room.

"Very strenuous," remarked Berks. "But I would go a-fishing!"

A moment alone with her, the last ever. He approached her and held forth his hand. She accepted it, struggling out of the hypnosis which had bound her. But when he bent and kissed her hand she withdrew it quickly, finding her mental balance.

"You go to the moving pictures?"—with light irony.

"Don't you ever surrender to impulses?"

"Rarely. I am afraid to. One throws a stone into the water, but one never knows how far the ripples will go."

"That is true." Aye, so it was! If anyone knew the price of impulses it was himself. "Will you be sorry to see the Blue Rajah go?"

"Sorry?" Her eyes flashed. "Sorry? I hate it!"

"But why?"—astonished.

"Men have killed other men for it. Whenever I am compelled to touch it I have the same feeling as when I see a snake. The other stones in the collection I don't mind, but the Rajah fills me with abhorrence."

"It is only a stone with pretty colors in it. You shouldn't revile it; revile mankind."

"Your voice sounds oddly."

"Perhaps I've caught cold"—lightly. "Good-by."

"Good-night." She did not notice the finality of his salute.

He passed quickly from the room, and she sat down again. A queer sensation laid hold of her. The room seemed empty and dead, like a theater when the audience was gone. She was becoming just a little afraid of this singular Mr. Berks. No man had ever before robbed her so completely of the initiative. She had been like an empty chalice into which some strange living wine had been poured, and drained. She was not musically emotional ordinarily, but tonight she had been swept off her feet. Perhaps it was because she had been so utterly unprepared for such a visitation.

Her uncle entered. "Remarkable young fellow, Elsie. All of them are remarkable men, particularly Van Cleve. None of them ever saw Berks before. He was not originally invited to bid. But in some manner he or his client heard of the deal, and he begged to be permitted to put in a bid. Rumor has it that Berks has been mixed up in several shady affairs."

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, after what we have seen and heard of him, it is mighty hard to believe."

"Don't you see, Nunky? It wasn't humanly possible to keep the affair secret. Why did you bring all the collection?"

Hood paced about for a moment. "Because I want them always with me now. I am sixty. Only a little time is left to me. Probably five years at the longest. Might as well face the fact." Hood sat down on the arm of her chair. "Have I been a good father to you, honey?"—tenderly.

"The idea!" She put her arm around him. "I love you better than all the world."

"There's no young man?"—teasingly.

"Indeed there isn't. Several times I believed I'd found the man, but subsequent events proved I hadn't. When I marry, Nunky, I'm going to be sure."

"How will you be able to tell?"

"When I meet the man, I'll know."

"But sometimes it's the right one and sometimes it's the wrong. Cupid is often a bad shot. What do you think of Berks?"

She did not answer at once. "Rather remarkable. I don't just know what to make of him. He isn't a bit like the others."

"He is young."

"That isn't it. He belongs to a different world. Ours—if you want the way I feel."

"Is our world always the best? Haven't we two seen mighty shady aristocrats?"

"Yes."

"Charming, intellectual and all that?"

"Yes. Oh, I'm not in search of any Saint Michael or D'Artagnan. But he must belong to the world I belong to. Men and women should marry their kind, socially and religiously. I'm not a snob, but one is generally married a long, long time."

"Good girl!" Hood bent and kissed her ruddy hair.

And she looked down at the back of her hand. Men had kissed her hand before now, some perfunctorily, some with the air of worship. If he hadn't caught Old-Timer on a barbless hook, if he hadn't played the piano like a Paderewski —— In the beginning he had been whimsically impudent, an impudence which had worn down her indignation perilously close to laughter. Tonight he had been gravely courteous and companionable. A man might be a great fisherman and behave terribly at table, or he might be a prince in the house and a pest in the open. Berks seemed to belong wherever one put him.

"Come along to bed," broke in her uncle, pulling her to her feet and locking his arm in hers.

Henry, the butler, once in his room, his face grimmer than ever, knelt before his bureau and began to rummage the lower drawer. From a small leather box he extracted a letter the creases of which offered mute testimony of the many times it had been read. He did not read it tonight, but carefully stowed it in the inner pocket of his butler's jacket.

When Elsie got to her room she did not undress. She turned out the lights and sat in a wicker chair by the star-spangled window. The theme from the Fantasie Impromptu persisted in echoing and reëchoing through her head. She was passionately fond of good music, but never before had music so deranged her emotionally.

The unusual episodes had had something to do with it. The wilderness which had reawakened the primitives. Her highly strung nerves, tautened by the knowledge that there was more than half a million in gems in the house—enough to tempt a regiment of thieves. These had weakened the barriers. Her mood had been both receptive and unconventional to this sort of diversion; only, it had taken her beyond her depth.

Good heavens, yes! Had he kissed her lips instead of her hand she would not have been terribly indignant, at that moment. Somehow it came to her that he had set his will to the purpose of making himself unforgettable. Funny old world, wasn't it? Tomorrow he would or would not take the Blue Rajah away, and that would be the end of it.

She laughed softly. His pipe falling into the stream and vanishing, and his vigorous reproach. Fisherman, pianist, gem runner, aviator—and good looks. Why couldn't she have met him in the proper environment—say, Cap D'Antibes? But he was here in quest of a fat commission, and his

(Continued on Page 111)

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Sillimanite, nature's finest insulator, makes Champion the better spark plug

Champion sillimanite is a rare mineral used exclusively in Champion Spark Plugs. It is recognized as the finest insulator known, not only for spark plugs but for any insulating purpose. Ceramic science—disinterested and seeking the finest—discovered that sillimanite possesses exclusive and unequalled insulating properties, and to these properties is due the superior performance of Champion Spark Plugs.

Few motorists realize that the exact character of engine performance is directly dependent upon the spark plugs, their design and construction; and especially upon the efficiency and durability of the spark plug insulator.

Today spark plugs are a vital consideration because the need for spark plugs specifically designed to meet the widely varied operating ranges of modern motoring makes itself evident with more force than ever before.

Just as the range of car efficiency has been broadened to meet advancing motoring conditions, so the spark plug has been called upon to widen its range of efficiency to meet these needs. In line with Champion's policy of always keeping in advance of engineering design, Champion Spark Plugs now insure maximum power and economy throughout the entire driving range.

The greatest single factor in the widened structural and operative success of spark plugs is the insulator. For on it ultimately depends the maintenance of peak efficiency, irrespective of operating speeds, temperatures and pressures. If the insulator fails or is of an inferior quality, engine performance and economy are greatly impaired.

Possessed of high natural insulating properties, and great resistance to heat and mechanical shock, Champion sillimanite is ideally adapted to withstand the ravages of combustion, intense pressures and temperatures of modern engines. It insures the motorist of the full, even production of power which he expects from modern engines.

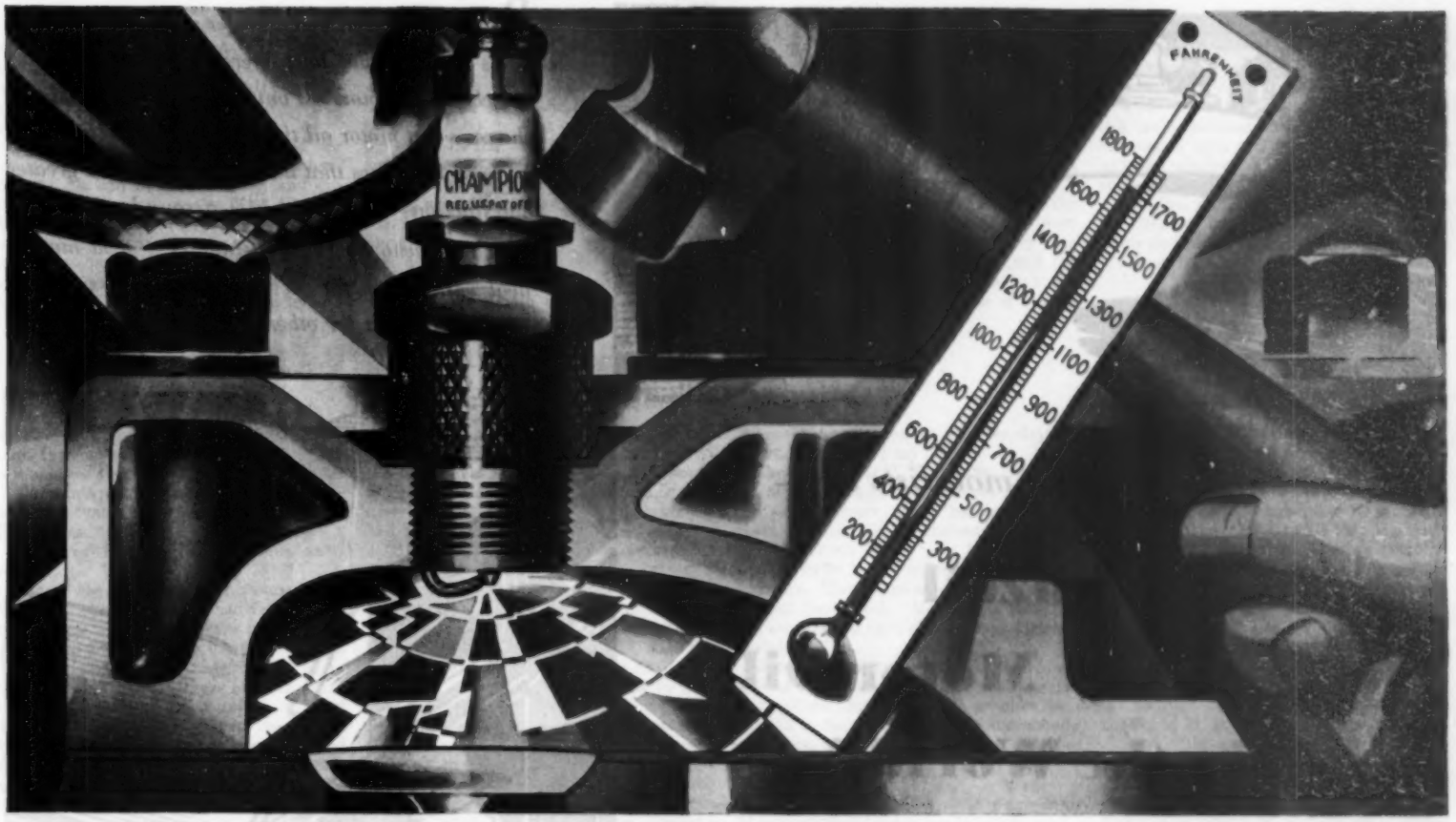
Champion sillimanite has enabled advancements in the design, construction and ultimate performance of Champion Spark Plugs, which would have been impossible with any other ceramic material.

The reasons for sillimanite's superiority are readily understood by the layman by a glance through the microscope. Ordinary high grade porcelain reveals a rough, uneven structure readily subject to fracture and the attack of carbon deposits. Sillimanite, on the other hand, reveals a close grained homogeneous mass, more densely compact than any other ceramic material.

In terms of engine efficiency this simply means:

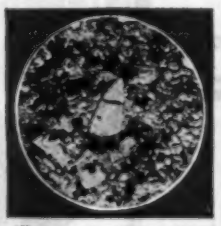
1. Great mechanical strength.
2. Extremely high resistance to heat shock.
3. Immunity from electrical shock even at high temperatures.
4. Remarkable heat-conductivity.

Just as no engine is better than its spark plugs, so also no spark plug is better than its insulator. The great majority of automotive engineers regard Champion Spark Plugs as superior to any spark plugs heretofore produced, and sillimanite is the fundamental element, exclusive to Champion, which makes it the better spark plug.

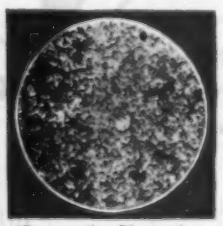


Trip hammer blows! Burning temperatures! Destroying chemical reactions! Continuous electrical shock! * * * Champion Spark Plugs resist these attacks to the utmost, and the exclusive Champion Sillimanite insulator is your guarantee of superior motor car performance.

To the remarkable and exclusive natural properties of sillimanite, Champion adds a special sillimanite glaze. This hard, vitreous surface renders the insulator practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits.



(Figure 1) Photomicrograph (150 diameters) of high grade porcelain showing rough, uneven structure.



(Figure 2) Photomicrograph (150 diameters) of Sillimanite. Note close-grained homogeneous structure.

A patented solid-copper gasket seal retains the manifold advantages of Champion's two-piece construction, with the added advantage of being positively gas-tight in modern high compression service. Special analysis electrodes—the product of years of study, research and experiment—are almost wholly immune from pitting and burning, and provide a hot, even spark at all operating speeds. Their positive parallel sparking surfaces insure a fixed spark gap.

With these obvious superiorities Champion Spark Plugs excel and outsell throughout the world.

Change Spark Plugs Every 10,000 Miles

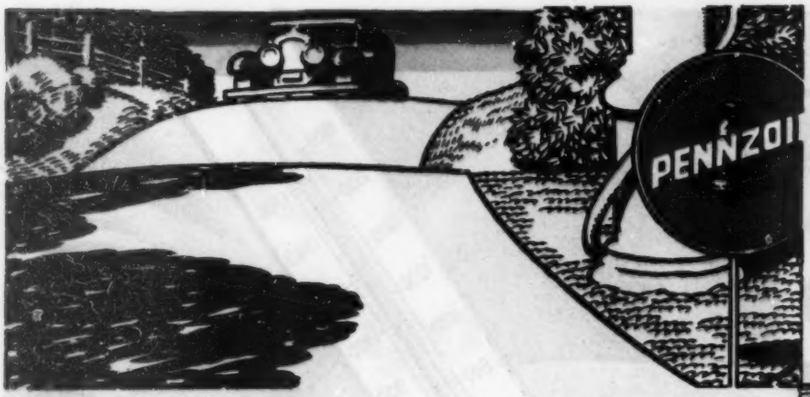
All motor car manufacturers, and millions of motorists the world over, have proved the efficiency and economy of a complete new set of spark plugs every 10,000 miles. They restore power, speed and pick-up and pay for themselves in gas and oil savings alone.

There is a correctly designed Champion for every engine.

Buy by number.

For every engine there is *one* spark plug that enables that engine to yield its best performance. Champion spark plugs are specifically designed for better performance in every engine and under every operating condition.

Auburn	4
Hi Comp. Head	0 (formerly 21)
Buick (to '29)	6
Buick 1929	9
Cadillac	2
Chandler (from '23)	5
Chevrolet "6"	9
Chevrolet "4"	5
Chrysler	2
Red Head	2 Sp.
De Soto Standard	8
Red Head	8 sp. (formerly 14)
Diana	2
Dodge "4"	5
Dodge "6"	4
Duesenberg (to '29)	9
Duesenberg 1929	10
Durant 55 and 65	4
Model 75, 8 sp.	(formerly 14)
Elcar (to '28)	6
Elcar (from '28)	4
Erskine (to '29)	3
Erskine (1929)	4
Essex	9
Falcon	1
Ford, Model A	3X
Model T	X Long
Franklin to Ser. 12	6
Franklin Ser. 12-B	9
Gardner	4
Graham-Paige, 835	8
all others	5
Hudson (from '21)	9
Hupmobile "4"	2
"8" (to '28)	2
Hupmobile Century "8"	8
Hupmobile "6"	5
Jordan "8" Model JE	10
all others	4
Kissel	2 Spec.
La Salle	2
Lincoln (to '28)	4
Lincoln (from '28)	3
Lincoln Turbo Hd.	3
Locomobile (to '28)	2
Locomobile (from '28)	8
Marmon, 75 and 68	4
Marmon 78	1
Moon-8-80	8
all others	2
Moon-Windsor	8
Nash Big and Special "6"	6
Light "6"	4
Nash New Ser. 400 Sp. and Adv. "6"	15
Standard "6"	8
Oakland (from '24)	3
Oldsmobile (to '27)	6
Oldsmobile (1927)	4
Oldsmobile "6" Model F	8
Overland "4", 31 (formerly 7)	
Overland "6"	2
Packard (to '26)	2
Packard (from '26)	3
Paige	4
Peerless "61"	8
all others	4
Pierce-Arrow	4
Plymouth (to '29)	2
Plymouth 1929	10
Pontiac	3
Reo (to '27), 31 (formerly 7)	
Flying Cloud (to '28)	1
Flying Cloud (from '28)	10
Wolverine (to '28)	1
Wolverine (from '28)	10
Rolls-Royce, Model 40-50	8
Rolls-Royce, Model 40-65	9
Roosevelt	4
Star "4"	3
Star "6"	4
Stearns-Knight	1
Studebaker Dictator (to '29)	
1 1929	4
Commander (to '29)	3
Commander 1929	2
President	4
Big Six	3
Stutz and Blackhawk "6" and "8"	8
Blackhawk Hi-Comp. "8"	8 sp. (formerly 14)
Velie "66"	6
Velie "77" and "88"	1
Viking	10
Whippet "6"	3
Whippet "4"	4
Willys-Knight "4"	4
Great "6"	2
Light "6"	1



REMEMBER—*When a dealer sells you Pennzoil, he is proving that he prefers to supply you, not merely with motor oil, but with what he considers the very best motor oil that can be had. He does so because he knows that this oil will give you greater satisfaction—and build him a sounder business.*

A man who has this attitude is a good man to deal with. Look for the Pennzoil dealer sign, not only for oil, but for other supplies.

More than a million motorists say—

"Pennzoil is the Best Motor Oil in the World"

Here are the reasons: **Automotive experts will tell you that Pennsylvania crude is the best source for motor oil. *Right at the wells,* it sells for more than double the average price of all other crudes.**

Pennzoil is made from Pennsylvania crude of the highest quality—and nothing else. It is refined by the famous Pennzoil Process, which includes every advance, every improved method, known to the petroleum industry. (The Pennzoil Company is the world's largest refiner of pure Pennsylvania oil.)

That is the Pennzoil story: The best crude in the world—the best refining methods. Is it any wonder that motorists find Pennzoil "the world's best motor oil"?

Yet Pennzoil costs less to use

Pennzoil's finer quality gives it greater staying-power. It lasts *at least twice as long* as ordinary oil. Thus it is actually more economical!

Look for the Pennzoil sign. You will find it displayed everywhere, from Maine to California.

The Pennzoil Company. *Executive Offices and Refinery:* Oil City, Pennsylvania; *Division Offices:* New York, Chicago, Los Angeles.

PENNZOIL

QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

35¢ *a quart*

Higher in the West and Canada

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of highest quality finished Motor Oil.

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

(Continued from Page 106)

honesty had been questioned—by rivals he had frequently beaten, no doubt. Envy was the mother of Rumor. These cogitations had taken perhaps the major portion of an hour.

Suddenly she gripped the arms of her chair and propelled herself to her feet. Music! He had stolen downstairs and was playing the Fantasie again. To draw her. Daring and whimsical impulses—that kind of man. Confident that no one but herself would be drawn. But she would be on guard this time. No sweeping her off her feet twice. She opened the door softly and walked to the landing. Very good. She would surprise him by permitting herself to be drawn. It was rather droll, and she wasn't the least bit afraid.

The pianissimo of the finale died away as she reached the foot of the stairs. The light was in the living room. She heard another sound. She ran into the dining room and peered into the night. An automobile was making for the highway! Who was stealing away, and for what reason? She tried in vain to make out the shape of the car.

She whirled from the window bewilderedly. There was the Fantasie again! The player, mechanically set to repeat! Here, where there were no walls between, she could readily discern that the human touch was absent. A car stealing swiftly away and the player set into action! She began to feel some difficulty in breathing and her thoughts revolved confusedly. She got hold of her emotions presently and ran into the living room.

Instinctively she focused the spot in the wall where the safe would be. The door was wide open. She smothered a cry with her palm. A thief in the house and the thief had got away! Her fears had not been imaginary. The freshness of the air warned her that one of the French windows in the library was open.

Between her and the fireplace stood a magnificent specimen of birch in the form of a center table. From where she stood this table obscured the hearth. Before she summoned help she decided to close and lock the window. As she passed the table she halted.

Huddled grotesquely on the rug before the fireplace lay her uncle in his dressing gown and Moroccan red slippers.

Silence for a space. Then Elsie screamed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE INTERLOPER

(Continued from Page 50)

with their chins on the rolling butts of the oars, their jeweled toes engaged in pinching one another's legs, so as to produce shrieks.

Captain Arad, coming up to his side, muttered cautiously, "I should like to consult Baju Mira."

"That can be arranged," Ferdano Mantri replied.

Before the boat song of his oarswomen had quite died out, Arad had returned to the Witch. He went below slowly and picked up from his desk that brick from Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena, pilfered by Zack Wilkins the very year after the conqueror's ashes had been taken back to Paris by De Joinville. Arad raised this brick to the level of his eyes, turned it end for end, squinted at it comically and set it slowly down.

When the scarlet curtain drawn across the after part of Ferdano's barge was lifted for him at a clap of hands, Arad stepped forward and bowed. He was in lustrous straw-colored raw-silk clothes, in his hand his sword cane, his eyes shaded by a Manila hat which he did not remove. Baju Mira sat very low, with a stuffed bolster of tapestry between her knees for coolness.

Baju Mira's oval face had the true Arabian magic. Her dark eyes, flecked with gold, were magnificent; but this was not the first time that Captain Arad had felt himself pierced by that golden-shafted look, which, as her father said truly, had the sinews of a strong man. The crimson sarong banded across her breast and tucked under the arms did nothing to conceal the supple vigor of her body. She had the compactness of a horsewoman, but "ships are our horses," she had told Arad very justly. In the lobes of her ears were great canary-yellow diamonds, her hair was bound with the white flower of love, her hands and feet were jeweled and stained with henna.

"My father tells me it was at Muscat you learned our language," she began.

"At Muscat, yes."

"But—a woman taught you."

"How do you know that?"

"Because you use some women's words."

"Well, then, a woman taught me."

"She was beautiful?"

"She was beautiful. And she was more. She could drive a spear through a rhinoceros hide shield as if it was rice paper, yet her body was no bigger than yours. She was a fighting woman; I was her slave. I had been shipwrecked there. She taught me Arabic, and I rubbed her shoulders twice a day with fine sand, fetched and carried, cooked, combed and curried. If I got sick, she bathed my brow in wind-chilled rose water, although it was the year when the crop of Turkey roses had failed and rose water was scarce."

"She was beautiful."

"I will tell you how beautiful she was," Arad said deliberately. "A young sheik who caught a glimpse of her at a window in the Palace of a Thousand Steps let his spearhead sink into his foot and draw blood without knowing what he did. He was entranced; he left blood in his tracks. Well, when finally I ran away, I looked over my shoulder for these same bloody footprints. My freedom tortured me."

It was not the grim trader speaking, but the strange character in his breast born of the mood evoked by those thrilling words of Arabic learned and practiced under desert moons. Only as a slave, in his youth, had he known freedom at his very core.

"Her name?" Baju Mira murmured.

"Scharife."

Baju Mira pressed the scarlet bolster hard between her knees. Her nails, fitted with little pointed silver shields run into the flesh grooves, flashed in his eye, and the bamboo floor creaked under the impatient thrust of her beaded sandal with its soft wood-pith sole. On her ten toes were ten pigeon-blood rubies, and her fingers were covered with diamonds. The unconcern with which she wore these priceless jewels in a neighborhood where the richest of the Chinese women dressed like beggars, showed what power had been Ferdano Mantri's on the river—and likewise what motive Pieter Visscher might have in asking for her hand.

"I am of the same blood with your Scharife," Baju Mira uttered, in the mere phantom of a voice.

Captain Arad, who had been preparing for this moment, replied instantly, "You are even more beautiful."

Baju Mira, shot through the heart, tilted forward to her knees, sprang to her feet. Her eyes burned, she breathed fast. It was like the visible unlocking of her heart; and Ferdano Mantri's wives, standing just back of the curtain, tittered faintly. They were evidently all ears.

"Captain," Baju Mira whispered faintly, "Tuan besar, you alone can save me. If I marry Pieter Visscher, shall I be free to travel, make contracts, dispatch my enemies, and dispose of my sons? Never. Never. He will have me making beds. I shall be my own chamberman. But this is the fate of traders. I am sick of trade and argument. Traders have no power. It is easier to take things," Baju Mira confessed, reaching up to him with her red little hand, "and if I am the wife of the Sultan of Jambi, that will be simple."

"And he will marry you?"

Ferdano Mantri stepped through the curtain.

"If you, the Salem captain, will captain his troops, yes," Ferdano said, "since in that case they will fight like tigers and drive out the Dutch."

The Salem captain. Salem was a name to conjure with in quarters of the world where mention of the United States would cause only the inquiring lift of a barbarian eyebrow.

"If I —— And my reward?"

"The sultan is a shaky old man," Baju Mira urged. "He carries his life like an egg in a spoon. He will die like that." She puffed, as if blowing a flame. The bright oval of her face swarmed with warm flame like the hanging lotus cups over her head. A strip of late sunlight branded the hennaed calf of her leg. "You shall be Sultan of Jambi, my husband," Baju Mira uttered, letting her head sink back on her shoulders.

Arad felt as if the wing of a vampire bat had brushed him and had dropped its stupefying fragrance. "Dutchmen hang quick," he reminded her. "If we should fail —— Ah, face of the fourteen-day-old moon, what shall I say?"

"Accept! Accept!" Baju Mira cried with an impatient twist that brought the crimson sarong closer about her body. The ghost of an old slavery stalked through his blood. "Tuan besar, you have only to write a letter to the sultan, asking for an audience. There is no need to say anything against the Dutch. He will understand. His soldiers will fight like tigers under your command."

Tuan besar. Great man. Ferdano Mantri was saying musically that his daughter had not the teachings of the prophet deep enough in her heart to walk alone among strangers, but with Tuan at her side, he, her father, would yield her up into the sultan's keeping.

"You forget. I cannot write in this Arab Malay script," Arad reminded them.

"Kiagoos will write and carry it. He writes a good business hand, he is a poet, a courier, a patun singer, and knows how to divide a letter into its compliments and after-compliments."

"Kiagoos?"

"My chamberman. But he can likewise cook. I will send him to you tomorrow—if you agree."

"Is there a more beautiful flower on earth than this one?" he muttered, irresolutely touching a petal in her hair.

"Ah, Tuan, more beautiful flowers will be seen—when men have cleaner souls," Baju Mira cried a little wildly.

Kiagoos sat in the Witch's cabin, with his writing materials on Arad's sea chest, which had a spirited painting on its blue lid of the Witch under full sail going past Sandheads, Calcutta. Kiagoos had docile eyes, a beautiful, steadfast head, the hand of an artist. From serving beauty—as, by beading Baju Mira's sandals, making her bed, applying henna to her arms and legs—he had acquired just notions of the beautiful, and of what was owing to beauty. Under his dark green velvet jacket a yellow sarong was thrown lightly over the gutta-percha handle of a knife. But this was usual. Baju Mira herself no doubt secreted poisoned steel somewhere on her person, as, in this trading atmosphere, any woman should, who wore a great fortune in rubies on her toes—to look no further.

Kiagoos formerly had earned a living by telling stories to rich Chinese at feasts and weddings; and he had sometimes sung songs for the officers at the fort, who had banged him over the head for his pains with leather bottles. Now, with a brush in a bamboo cutting, and India ink in a stone bottle, he waited, his hand hovering over a square of yellow rice paper. His new master, Tuan besar, that great man, was composing a letter to the Sultan of Jambi.

"To His Excellency, a salutation sweeter than a meadow shower, more fragrant than ambergris and musk, than combined civet and aloes wood. Herewith a message from a clean heart, a straight hand, a young head, from a son to his father, from a dweller in the land beneath the winds to a great Chief of Pulo Percha, to His Excellency, the happiness of the age, the rarity of the times, the pillar of the world. . . ."

So far, good. But Arad, breaking off, stared at the brass eagle fixed to the blue hangings of his bunk. This business was dangerous, but not without precedent. His friend, Sir James Brooke, had by a master stroke of policy got himself only last year made Rajah of Sarawak, on the coast of Borneo. Napoleon himself could have done no better, Arad was thinking, his fingers closing hard on the brick from the conqueror's tomb. It was tempting and might be bloody—although Sir James' bloodletting had been done in the spirit of a priest and not of a butcher. He had got a bullet in the thigh himself, and had received the thanks of his government.

Arad could not count on that. Washington was not interested in Netherland India. Arad would be distinctly on a frolic of his own. Even this floating in over the bar of Palembang would be counted as a deviation, if the insurers should hear of it.

The master of the Witch poked his head restlessly out through the after hatch. The caterwauling of tigers within the jungle fold shook the sod, the ship itself, tickled the soles of his feet, and shivered in the current of his blood. The contest between the sultan's armies and the Dutch was driving those big cats from pillar to post. They had multiplied of late years. Neither Malays nor Chinese would hunt them, since inside those brilliant hides might lodge the soul of a dead and gone relative. And who would run the risk of harming a relative, even though the relative, as reincarnated, might tear you limb from limb, and force your soul into the slavery beyond this world?

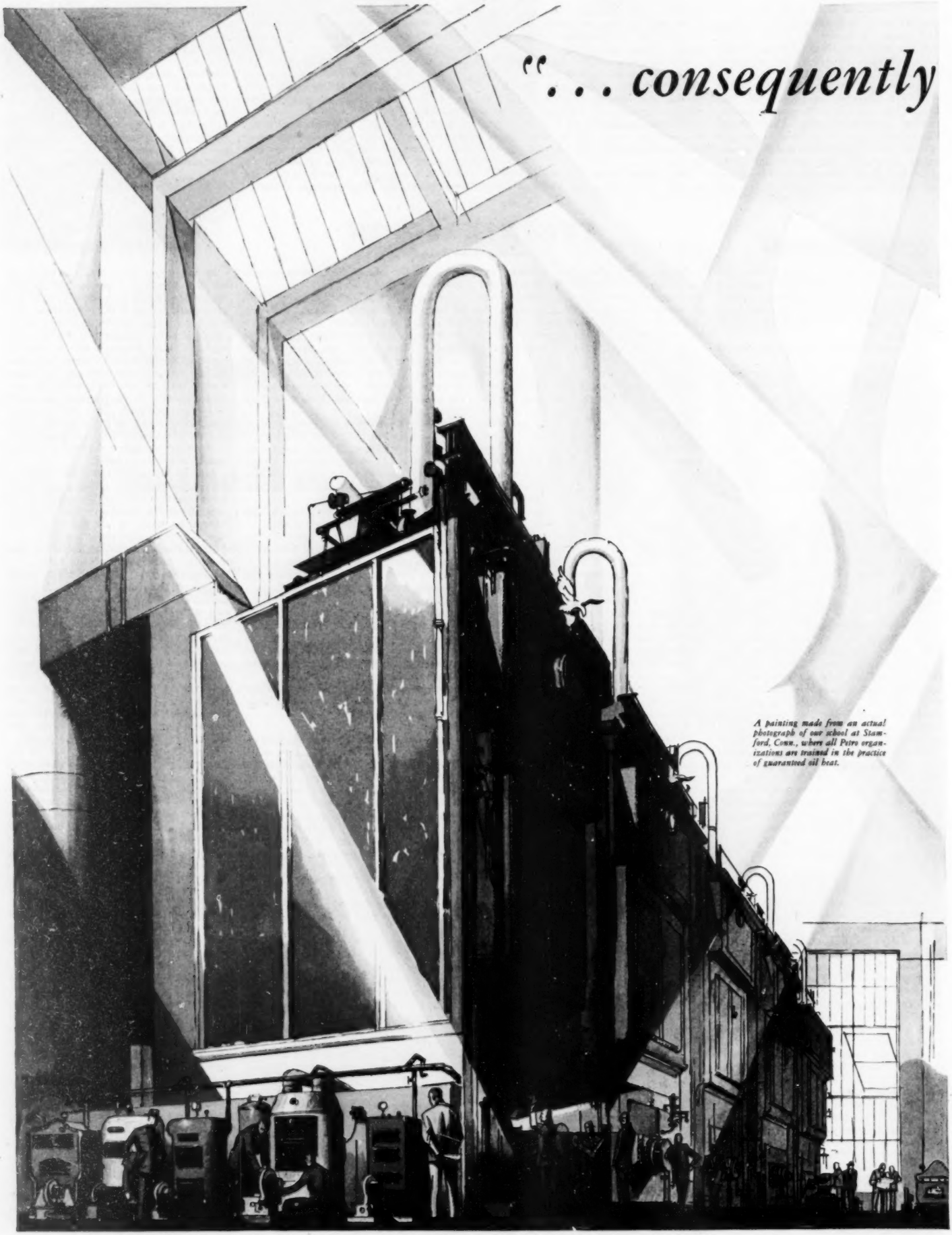
These giant cats were not alone in the danger they ran of being crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. Baju Mira's subjects were in the same predicament. They were Malays, but they were not yet the sultan's Malays. They considered Baju Mira as of divine, or half divine origin; in her political character she was infallible. And that she thought of herself as a political character, charged with men's destinies, could be inferred from that impatient phrase "It is easier to take" and from the curl of the little red jeweled fingers.

Arad, on the other hand, he told himself cautiously, was just another skipper on a pepper voyage. No doubt pepper not so many years ago had been a kingly enterprise—for Captain Cairnes in the Rajah, say, who had first opened the pepper anchorages of Sumatra to Salem skippers. Just as the sandalwood and sea slugs of the Fiji Islands had been a feather in Richard Cleveland's cap, and the otter skins of the Northwest coast a godsend to Zack Wilkins, Arad's old skipper. But lately voyages were to known ports by familiar sea lanes. The routine was as strict, almost, as that of the iron horse that went plunging under Salem, and spouting smoke and cinders through the iron-railed openings in the tunnel. The Napoleonic touch was lacking, and almost nothing could be simply appropriated any more. What if this at last was the chance he had been looking for?

Ferdano Mantri was, of course, the stumblingblock. Arad seemed to see the old Arab not in his degenerated rôle as a trader among Chinese traders, a mere man

(Continued on Page 115)

"... consequently



A painting made from an actual photograph of our school at Stamford, Conn., where all Petro organizations are trained in the practice of guaranteed oil heat.

The PRESIDENT *of the* Petroleum Heat & Power Company *offers* An Unusual Oil Burner *to the home owners of America*

WE believe this to be the most extraordinary oil burner announcement you have ever read. Not because we make it, but because of the amazing facts Petro enables us to give you.

The Petroleum Heat & Power Company is more than the largest oil burner manufactory. It is more than a leading distributor of fuel oil for heating. In spirit, in purpose, in facilities, it is a great public service institution.

Thousands of families from Massachusetts to Maryland depend upon Petro for complete oil heating service. Petro Fuel Oil delivered in Petro Oil Trucks to Oil Burners. In this territory, Petro divides its responsibility with no one.

Supplying the oil has made both the fuel and the oil burner stand on their own merits. Guaranteeing household comfort has inspired a zeal for the finest, simplest, and most economical oil burner that engineering skill can produce. Accepting the whole responsibility has made Petro great.

As a public service enterprise, Petro knows that bad economics cannot succeed for long. Unscientific methods cannot prevail. Only efficient oil heat is desired. To this end Petro has spent a fortune.

Its staff of engineers has simplified oil heating by making air do the work of expensive gears, belts and shafts. Not only does air do it better, more quietly and more efficiently, but air costs nothing and never wears out.

In the new Petro plant is located an engineering laboratory unique in the whole history of oil heating. Here every type of Petro is made to make good under conditions duplicating actual use.

From the smallest cottage size to the equipment used in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. We are now prepared to say that if it isn't efficient, it isn't a Petro.

Consequently, the President of the Petroleum Heat & Power Company offers an unusual oil burner to the homeowners of America. It is the same equipment being used in Petro's guaranteed complete oil heating service. Your local Petro dealer who makes the installation guarantees the same absolute satisfaction.

Petro's efficiency has materially reduced oil heating costs. So much so that the cost of operation can be discussed openly and freely for the first time.

By means of an ingenious chart, you can know today within a few dollars what it will cost you to heat *your* house this winter with a Petro Oil Burner. You can compare this with what it has cost you to heat it with coal. You be the judge! This holds true regardless of where you live or the type of house you may have.

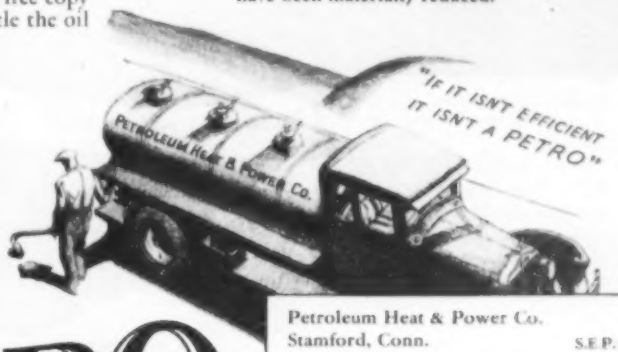
Now that all the luxury of Petro Oil Heat may be had so easily, there is scant excuse for going on with hand-firing methods. Especially since Petro Oil Heat is absolutely guaranteed by your local Petro dealer. In practically every city Petro is represented by a well-known heating engineer or one of the more prominent heating concerns. Write today for a free copy of our "Oil Cost Chart". Let it settle the oil heating problem for you.

W. C. McTarnahan, President
Petroleum Heat & Power Co.

Who helped develop, build and finance the first low pressure oil burners 21 years ago in California. Their success led to the designing of a small Petro Oil Burner to heat homes. Its efficiency has proved to be so remarkable that oil heating costs have been materially reduced.

Here Petro divides its responsibility with no one

The Petroleum Heat & Power Co. is one of the largest distributors of fuel oil for heating. Thus it builds good oil burners to operate on low priced fuel oil and sells low priced fuel oil for use in good oil burners in Boston, Providence, Stamford, Metropolitan New York, Baltimore and Washington. The same burners that Petro uses in this complete oil heating service, may be depended upon wherever they are sold.



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Petroleum Heat & Power Co.
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OPPORTUNITY. A definite policy of expansion presents a magnificent opportunity to outstanding men or organizations to share with Petro its success in oil heating.

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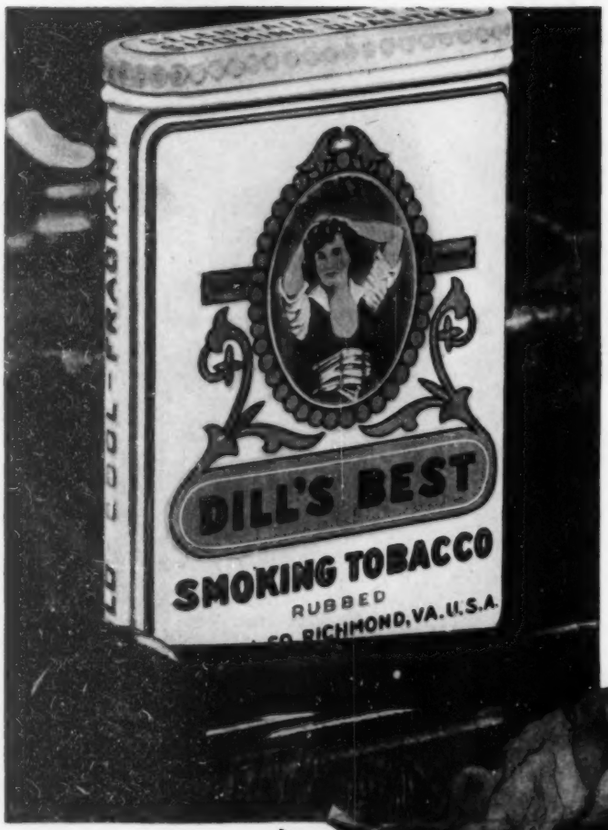


IN making this superior-quality pipe tobacco we use only the choice, all-clear leaves of the tobacco plant. We take from each leaf the harsh, bitter, fast-burning stem. We do NOT then crush, flake and disguise these stems and put them back. To do that would destroy the delicate natural flavor. So, all stems are taken out and *kept out.*

Costs one-third more

This part of the Dill process makes the cost of manufacturing Dill's Best one-third more, because the discarded stems represent about *one out of every three pounds* of tobacco leaf bought from the planters. But in no other way can you get the finer smoking qualities that the best tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance.

A sacrifice worth while

The result more than makes up for the sacrifice. The better quality wins and holds men to Dill's. Through three generations, fathers have told their sons that, for pipe smoking, Dill's Best is America's best.

Since 1848, Dill's Best has been manufactured so as to maintain this reputation. When machinery was brought out to flake and disguise stems so that they would look just like tobacco, Dill's went right on as it always had—taking out and leaving out all stems and using only the all-clear high grade leaf.

Lasting taste and fragrance

You find the full natural-tobacco taste and fragrance of Dill's Best last as long as you smoke. You find an all-clear, dust-free tobacco that doesn't clog the pipe—or "bite." Pipeful after pipeful of smoking . . . all the way to the bottom . . . leaves the bowl *sweet and dry.*

Dill's Best is America's oldest brand of smoking tobacco. Practically all dealers sell it. Let fifteen cents introduce you *today* to real pipe smoking enjoyment and satisfaction. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

15¢

AND A PIPEFUL LASTS LONGER

Dill's Best—rubbed or sliced—is now sold almost everywhere in 15¢ pocket-size tins; and can also be obtained in half pound and full pound humidor cans.

Dill's Best

SINCE 1848

TOBACCO

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND — ESTABLISHED 1848

(Continued from Page 111)

of wealth, but as a warrior, a horseman fleeting over Arabian sands, snow white under a silver moon, and with nothing but a withered date tree to break the arch of the horizon. And then the meeting with another, the half withheld, half extended hand—"Is it peace?"—and that look in the eye that would endure peace, but embrace war.

There was, in short, the danger that, touching the sultan, Ferdano would not wait for the egg to roll out of the spoon. Cutting throats had already made an exile of the old Arab; and was it likely he would stick at one more throat, with Baju Mira once firmly in the saddle at Jambi?

There was no Arab word for chance; chance in any language was only another name for human ignorance; and what was to prevent Ferdano's giving the reluctant Fates the benefit of his experience in snipping threads?

Arad dropped back into the Witch's cabin. He could not wink out of his eyes that vision of Ben Sherrod's leathery face. The little owner of the Witch seemed to be shouting at him across so many thousand miles, "Close with 'em. Why do I give my captains discretion in trade? There's any God's legion of gold dust and spices in the sultan's country, and a trader can't be dainty—not and sail my ships."

Captain Arad glared at Kiagoos. That scented chamberman of Baju Mira's had not shifted his position on the chest, had not dipped his brush again nor, apparently, shifted his soft eyes from the angry profile of the eagle, whose wing seemed already half extended over the sultan's dominions.

Arad finished his letter to the sultan without a single word which the Dutch could interpret as treasonable; yet—he finished the letter. Pausing at the last words of compliment, he bit savagely at his Manila cheroot, muttered conventionally, "Written this day of good fortune . . ." and walked restlessly away. The chamberman bent his head reverently, and applied the brush in short, thick dashes, in the free business style of the Chinese. He folded the message into a bamboo cigar case with ivory caps; and vanished with it over the rail.

An hour or two hours later, Jeanne Carmache called up from the darkness of the Witch's counter, inviting Captain Arad to go up river to a jollification at a Chinese *serai*, the wedding of one Tchoon Fuy's daughter.

"My daughter is going to dance," Captain Carmache shouted.

Arad dropped into their boat, and immediately old Thwart-the-Way put a familiar arm across his shoulders. The weight was crushing.

"Was there any need of crowding the boat with this ape?" Arad complained. Jeanne Carmache, scented, curled, barelegged, brilliant even in the blue dark, gave an angry sniff. Her father said, "One never knows. He is as good as five men—and everybody is there."

That was true, Arad found. All Palembang seemed to be crowded into that one bamboo house floating on a scow moored by grass cables to the bank, but beyond the reach of tigers. The wide eaves were crammed with dragon faces and hung with lanterns. Gilded poles at the four corners sputtered with firecrackers. Inside, Tchoon Fuy himself sat on his pigtail on a bamboo stool. His Chinese guests were eating shrimps and coconut pulp, and the magnificent Malays, who would not eat with the Chinese, strode about, patronizing everything and everybody. The bride and groom were in another room, smothered with flowers. Prayers for the success of the marriage were rising. The Chinese wrote theirs on gilt paper and burnt it, wafting the petition toward heaven with the smoke. The Malays, Mohammedans, wrote a verse of the Koran at the bottom of a porcelain bowl with India ink, dissolved this with rice wine and drank it. A Dyak slave, whose religion was severed heads, grumbled to Arad, "They are all stupid people."

The dancing had already begun when Arad saw that Baju Mira had come in. Hollowing her shoulders, she smiled brightly to him across the stump-legged table. The smile left her lips, slightly parted, but her eyes lingered on him still. She wore a band of thin gold coins across her forehead, and was all a liquid gleam of eyes and jewels. The dancers, led by Jeanne Carmache, were like a flight of sun birds through a thicket; they whirled, clapped their hands, nodded their heads and fluttered perfumed sarongs. Jeanne Carmache, breathless, stopped in Arad's shadow, and pretending to fix a flower to his coat, leaned close against him, and cried in French:

"Tuan besar—they will kill Tuan. Kiagoos has been taken prisoner with his message and the sultan is dead. It is victory for the Dutch."

She sprang away trembling, with a thrust of her arms full against his breast, as if he had tried to detain her. Arad saw that within these few seconds, Pieter Visscher had come into the Chinaman's house, and was looking at him ominously. Now, Baju Mira plucked at Ferdano's green robe and whispered in his ear. Conspiracy on this teeming river was the very breath of life. The river people were sustained by their very enmities, it might seem, as men in a tug of war are held upright partly by the strength of their opponents.

Under cover of a puff of smoke from an incense bowl, Arad slipped inconspicuously, as he thought, through the bamboo doorway. His first impulse was to drop into the water, but he remembered that the river was full of alligators. In any case he was too late. A Dutch voice, embittered, choked with fury, cried, "Seize him. Take the Yankee brigand by the neck. Interloper. Insurrectionaire."

The Resident, in dress uniform with epaulets, a white bosom, a black tie, his mustaches pomaded, crossed his arms and looked sinister enough in the light of an eave lantern with a scarlet tassel. A rope, a lasso, such as Malay head soldiers carried, dropped over Arad's head, and drew his arms in snug. Somebody clubbed him with a musket barrel.

His head was still spinning when he found himself deposited in the billiard room of Visscher's house.

"Well, mynheer?" he muttered. He was tied to a chair.

"Brigand," Visscher roared, pacing in front of him, "I will have you shot, or throw away my epaulets."

"On what charge?"

"What the blixem? Charge enough," the Resident bellowed. He had got hold of a warped billiard cue by its chalked end. He shivered and his teeth clicked. Ague was so far the usual thing with him that he thought no more of this quaking than of a wave of goose flesh. He was flourishing in front of Arad's nose that twice-folded piece of rice paper, the fatal letter to the sultan. "Here is evidence enough to hang a dozen men."

"That? My well-wishes to the sultan. I held the scales even," Arad said ironically.

"Even. You promise him guns and ammunition. You offer yourself as the captain of his troops against the accursed Dutch—the accursed Dutch," Visscher hissed. "Here, in set terms. Read for yourself."

The wretched shape of Kiagoos, the chamberman, struggling off the floor in a far corner, was exhibited against the lime-washed coral wall of Visscher's house.

"Tuan," he cried miserably, "it is my fault. But how could I tell that I would be seized? In my eagerness I wrote Tuan's thoughts and not his words."

Arad felt himself suffocating in the rarity of this political atmosphere. He flung at Visscher contemptuously, "Well, shoot me, then. That will make it clear which is cat and which rat, as between my country and Holland. Shoot. Foreclose your mortgage, mynheer."

Baju Mira's entrance made a diversion here. She stepped through the doorway, waving the musket barrel of the guard imperiously out of her face. Ears, fingers, breast and toes were bare of jewels; the gold coins were gone from her brow; but she had never looked more ravishing.

"So we have succeeded," she said calmly to Visscher. She drew close against her shoulder a black shawl with a broad gold border.

"Succeeded," the Resident repeated dubiously. "We?"

"We have proved Tchoon Fuy's motto false. But perhaps you have forgotten it: 'An eagle's heart can be pierced in the height of heaven, a fish can be hooked in the deepest sea, but the heart of man, let it be only a finger span away, cannot be known.'"

"Cannot be known," Visscher faltered.

"Well, I have found him out," Baju Mira cried. "You are too easy with these traders. They dream of nothing but pilfering spices. He tells you that he comes here to fill his water casks and you believe him. At least he will make no more treasonable offers to the sultan of Jambi. The sultan is dead."

"Is dead?" Pieter Visscher cried.

"Cold as gun iron. Shot through the heart. A special jungle runner has brought me the news. If I could have foreseen this, I need not have bothered to get incriminating evidence against this—interloper."

"Bothered?"

"Will you never see that it is I—I alone," Baju Mira cried, pounding her bosom with clenched fist, "who have got him in my net? Interloper!" she cried, with that white-lightning flash out of her raven eyes. "Did he think I was no more than a Chinese trader? I am of the Arab blood, and could divine him, by the power of my fetish. I lent him my chamberman, Kiagoos, since he told me that he must have a scrivener. And with this result ——"

"You? You?" Pieter Visscher cried ecstatically. "Then you ——"

"The river can never be safe until we join our destinies—yours and mine," Baju Mira murmured, letting the lids droop over her eyes. "You have too great a soul to see the evil in the world. You must let Baju Mira guard your days and nights."

"That will be easy enough," Pieter Visscher said with a fatuous grin. Arad felt as if the man's shivering fit had got over into his own body. There was a space of astonished silence so complete that the scratching of a small lizard along the bamboo ridgepole could be heard; and Kiagoos, poet and courier, wriggled his toes apprehensively inside straw slippers.

"You evidently need no lessons in intrigue from your cousins in Zanzibar," Arad said bitterly, looking straight at Baju Mira. "You little devil. I suppose the sultan's death has simply changed the political complexion of things. Why did you not follow your father's method of dealing with his enemies and stab me sleeping?"

"You see how he is," Baju Mira said to Pieter Visscher with a shrug. "But it will not be policy for us to shoot him. He might be more dangerous dead than alive. He is bold enough surely to hatch his plans under the ribs of death, but not even he would be so foolish as to come to Palembang without guns at his back. It is rumored that American men-of-war are in the straits. What if they have sent this trader into the river with the very idea of getting him shot, so as to interpret his death as an act of war? If we send him out again unharmed, they are foiled."

"Why should there be American guns here?" Visscher asked.

"Why? How can I tell? They go everywhere. What if the Dutch have foreclosed that mortgage you are always talking about?"

"Ah."

"Let him go. Make out his clearance papers. Do you want to find yourself defending Palembang against Salem guns with nothing but sick and wounded soldiers? Let me cut his bonds," Baju Mira cried, but with a grain too much insistence. A knife had flashed in her hand, and Pieter Visscher took her by the wrist. "Not so fast," he muttered. He held the little red hand on a level with his obstinate nose and stared at the fingers. With his other hand he pinched her ears. He looked at her toes. "Where are your jewels?" he asked suspiciously. "You had them at Tchoon Fuy's."

"Is it likely I would wear them by night on the river, swarming as it is with Chinese gangs from Singapore?" she reminded him. "I gave them to my father. They are yours, along with me," she added, "but these soldiers of yours will be coming back shortly. If they find this man here they will bayonet him in spite of you. The story has gone all through the jungle. He has just time enough to tow his ship over the bar."

"No; why should Palembang fear Salem?" Pieter Visscher cried. "If I do not shoot him, I shall certainly send him to the black gowns in the stadhuis at Batavia, and they will hang him. By my epaulets ——"

He stopped short at the sound of a scuffle in the door. The big soldier there was going over backward and dropping his musket. The hairy arm at his throat was Thwart-the-Way's. Jeanne Carmache slipped into the room, still in her dancing clothes. Thwart-the-Way finished with that soldier, the Resident's sole bodyguard, all the spare soldiers being still in the jungle. The orang-utang, swinging in on his palms, reached for the billiard cue, snapped it like a twig; and put an arm teasingly round Baju Mira's waist.

"Stop him," Arad cried sharply to Jeanne Carmache. The little dancer had already snatched the knife out of the Arab girl's hand, and cut Arad clear of his chair.

"Stop him yourself," Jeanne said with a fierce little laugh. "Only—you had better take your life from the hands that can give it to you."

Thwart-the-Way had already let Baju Mira out of his arm, and she leaned shuddering against Pieter Visscher. She lifted her head, and looked at Arad from the black depths of her great eyes, circled and made darker and larger and more mysterious by the touches of antimony on the lids. So a doe deer had looked at him once, dying, when he had shot her through the heart. He could not speak, and Baju Mira only murmured, with a sinking and swaying of her head, "*Inshallah*," which is to say, "It pleases god," and also any one of a thousand other things, undefined and indefinable.

Fifteen minutes later, Captain Arad lifted Jeanne Carmache over the Witch's rail.

"Heave short and get sail on her, every last rag, water sails and all to guard against stranding," he said to Lovegreen. "Warn the helmsman that the wheel will jump if the rudder touches on the reef. We ought to go clear. I've just showed the brig's commander my papers, and he has agreed to put a light at the end of the bar."

"Aye, aye, sir. Is this the Arab girl again?" Lovegreen inquired ominously, catching sight of the slim scented shadow that was Jeanne Carmache.

"Again?"

"She was here and went below."

"Baju Mira?"

"Baju Mira."

"Heave short," Captain Arad ordered in a hoarse voice. The rasp of the Witch's canvas falling from the yards, the writhing shapes of his men strung out aloft were hardly enough to bring him back to earth. A land breeze was blowing, and from the instant the anchor was aweigh, the ship had way on her. She glided past the dark war brig, close enough almost to engage her yards; and then, going free, ran along the jungle wall for the end of the bar. A penny dip flared in a paper lantern hung from the protruding mast of a sunk ship there; but when this light was most needed, the wind snuffed it. The Witch, running faster now, with all sail set and going it blind, touched on the bar's end, an agonizing touch. She reeled in her gait, with a clash and shiver of all her sails; but, thank fortune, it was touch and run again—the sails filled, the

(Continued on Page 118)

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL PRESENTATION

Cadillac Presents
A Magnificent Line of New Models

In this twenty-eighth annual presentation of new types and models it is plainly apparent that Cadillac has been able to deal more generously with its great public than ever before in its history.

More than that—it is quite evident that the superiority of these offerings from an investment as well as an artistic standpoint should, through sheer logic of value, double and treble in numbers this loyal Cadillac public.

Anyone who studies these remarkable cars can scarcely fail to be struck by the fact that two interesting and important things have happened.

The first is that *they look and act the part of their great reputation and social leadership more unmistakably than ever.*

The second is that this social and reputation value is expressed in a price value readily recognizable as far and away the most attractive offering in the three finest-car fields.

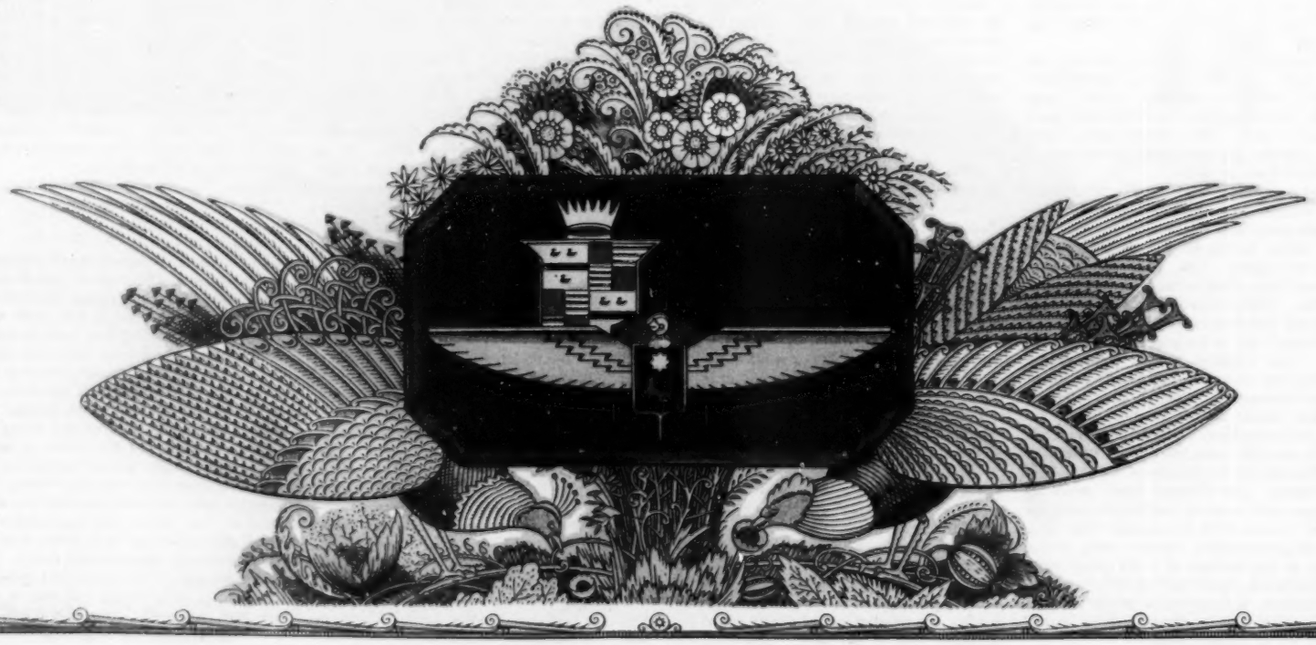
Cadillac has grown for twenty-eight years not by giving less but by steadily giving more and more, and this last is the most brilliant of all the examples which have occurred, in that time, of the success of this peculiar Cadillac principle.

All three lines possess features which render them unique—Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission, Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, and nonshatterable Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields.

All of them are beautiful in design—even smarter and swifter looking and acting than they have been before. All of them have surpassed themselves in the rich dignity and appointments of the newly designed Fisher and Fleetwood bodies.

In these respects—quiet and dignified but sumptuous in appearance and equally sumptuous in riding ease—there is nothing with which to compare them.

Climaxing all this, these cars are offered at prices which render it unnecessary for Cadillac to say more of the cars than to extend a cordial invitation to the public to enjoy their inspection.



TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL PRESENTATION

THE CADILLACS

The exquisite new Cadillac models include the Two-Passenger Roadster; Two-Passenger Coupe; Two-Passenger Convertible Coupe; Five-Passenger Coupe; Five-Passenger Sedan; Five-Passenger Town Sedan; Seven-Passenger Sedan; and Seven-Passenger Imperial.

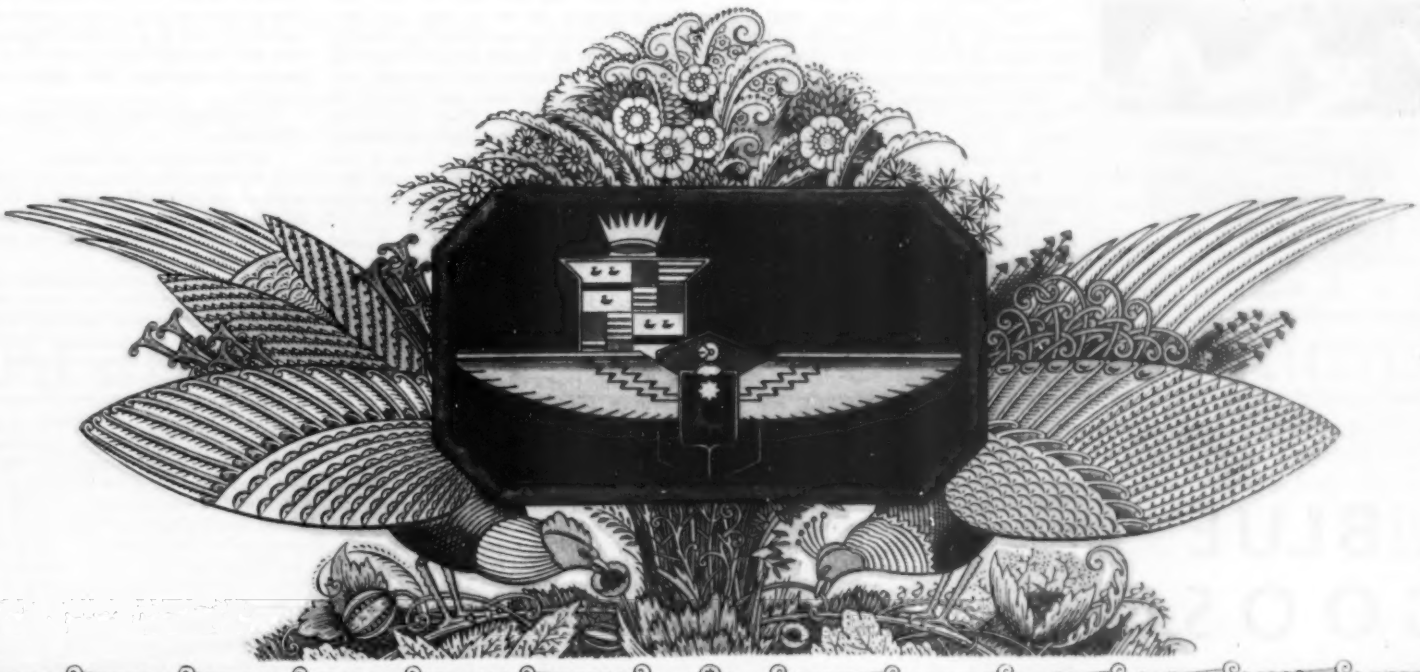
THE LA SALLES

The new La Salles include: Two-Passenger Roadster; Five-Passenger Phaeton; Seven-Passenger Touring; Two-Passenger Coupe; Convertible Coupe; Five-Passenger Coupe; Five-Passenger Sedan; Five-Passenger Town Sedan; Seven-Passenger Sedan; and Seven-Passenger Imperial.

THE FLEETWOODS

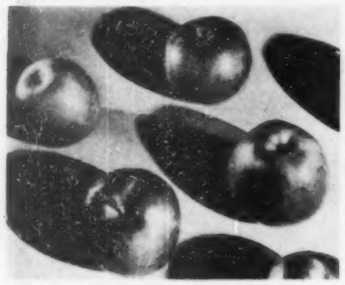
Exclusive custom-built models, Fleetwood designed and Fleetwood built, including the new *de luxe* All-Weather Phaeton; Transformable Town Cabriolet; Sedanette; Sedanette Cabriolet; Transformable Limousine Brougham; and Five-Passenger Sedan Cabriolet.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



BLUE GOOSE 4F6

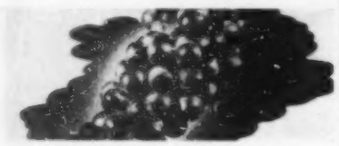
SEPTEMBER'S MARKET BASKET



TASTY BLUE GOOSE APPLES!

WISE shoppers follow this market tip: Buy the best and you waste less. Blue Goose on skin, wrapper, barrel, or box, marks September's finest products, selected for you by the nation-wide organization of American Fruit Growers.

Like apples? Jonathans and Grimes Goldens now join the tempting list already in your market. The very finest wear Blue Goose wrappers.



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And why not some grapes? Thompson Seedless . . . Malagas . . . Tokays, are some of the kinds to buy at this season. Order your favorite variety . . . Blue Goose experts have selected the choicest for you.

PEARS! TRY SOME TODAY!

Prefer pears? Never better than right now. Bartletts . . . Boscs . . . Anjous, a tasty treat for your table. Blue Goose on the wrappers or on the box.

How can you always be sure you are buying the best of *any* fruit or *any* vegetable at *any* season? The "Blue Goose Buying Guide" will tell you the secrets that our own experts use to select the finest fruits and vegetables. Free. Address American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

(Continued from Page 115)

wheel jumped like a live nerve, and the ship slid gratefully into deep water.

"Let her go north by west," Arad said in a calm voice. His clubbed head was paining him. He went below to get a drink of brandy out of his locker. The locker was at the head of his bunk; and as he fumbled there, the breath of a familiar perfume filled his nostrils. He pulled back the curtain farther by its silk cord. On the sheet he recognized a heap of the petals of the white flower of love from Baju Mira's hair. Underneath these were her jewels.

Captain Arad blunderingly took them up one by one and rolled them in his palm. None were missing. There were the two great canary-yellow diamonds from her ears, the gold coins from her brow, the silver shields from her nails, the finger diamonds, toe rubies, bracelets, even the curiously jointed silver girdle from her waist, and pieces still more intimate, which he had not seen. It was as if Baju Mira's dismembered body, eyes, ears, fingers, toes, the very heart in her breast, were slipping through his fingers with those blood-red rubies; as if she had stripped to her soul, and left him—all of her that had meaning for a trader.

Was it the last irony she allowed her love before yielding herself body and soul to her political character? Captain Arad shut his eyes, opened them, but could not wink away the wicked gleam of these dear jewels.

The profits of two successful voyages would not pay for them. And Ben Sherrod would have to be told; the little merchant would regard them coldly as the accumulations of a successful trader, the Water Witch's home-going cargo. They would be sold for cash.

If he had got them by chopping Baju Mira's toes and fingers off with a hatchet, the spasm at his heart could hardly have been keener. His impulse was to swing the ship's head, tack back into the river. But there were other lives to be considered. Baju Mira was lost, but then, nothing could have saved her. It was as once, now long ago, when a young sailor had fallen from the Witch's skysail yard into a sea too angry to put the ship's boats into it. Yet, for a moment, seeing the lost boy's head and shoulders dark against the crested wave, manfully striving still, Arad had shouted to the helmsman to bring the ship into the wind; but the order had not been instantly obeyed, and he had countermanded it, turning his eyes away from that patch of wild water where the sea birds were already gathering.

"Ships are our horses and the sea our desert," he could seem to hear Baju Mira saying softly in the Arab tongue—the very tongue used by the dazzling Scharife, whose eyes had enslaved him on the cushioned roof tiles of Zanzibar. The sea our desert. A desert where no man could leave a footprint. The trader, slave no longer, felt a dreamlike insecurity, a doubt, that sort of unhinging of the will which makes a man stretch out his hand, move the fingers, and ask himself why they should obey him any longer, since the soul is emptied from his body.

Jeanne Carmache was standing in back of him and whispering exultantly, "You can never take me back there. The soldiers will kill me if you do."

He stared. Her eyes flashed at him that derisive saucy look with which she had cried "Checkmate" to her father, over the chessboard. Out of the frying pan into the fire, was it then? But the solution had occurred to him.

"Come here, my gold-breasted sun bird," he muttered. "I owe you my life, but I can pay you for it."

Jeanne Carmache came lazily into the hollow of his arm. He clamped the silver girdle around her unresisting body, stuck the yellow diamonds in her ears, bound the gold coins about her head with their silver chain, and covered her fingers with the silver shields and diamonds.

He took one of her feet.

"Come," he said coaxingly, "let me have the toes."

She spread her toes—they were orange-colored, but he could see Baju Mira's red toes there—and he slipped the great toe rubies on, one by one, all but the last and littlest, and this he rolled in his palm. It was the one that had adorned Baju Mira's left little toe; and Jeanne Carmache's left little toe wriggled hungrily. Ah, that one too? Yes, it would be better so. He thrust it on.

"Here, look at yourself," he said, giving her a square mirror in a mahogany frame. The little orange-colored lady stared, shaped her lips, widened her eyes, clicked her teeth. "You are a rich woman," he told her in his broken French. "You will be able to choose a lover, or to support your father in his old age."

At the sudden flash in her eye, he thought to himself, "It is a good thing I insisted on leaving that orang-utang aboard the Maimoom."

He was at his desk making an entry in the ship's log.

"11 P.M. Over the bar at Palembang, towards Quallah Batto. Light airs. All sail set to best advantage."

He went on deck. Baju Mira, he didn't doubt, would approve this gift of her jewels, since now, having bought his freedom, he could be her slave once more—that slave of his youth who left heart's blood in his tracks with every step away from her. Tom Lovegreen sneezed, and cried, "God bless my soul. We must be getting near the pepper."

"That's what this is—a pepper voyage," the master of the Witch reminded him. And with a mighty heave threw some dark object out astern. It was the brick from Napoleon's tomb.

NICE GIRL

(Continued from Page 9)

a rub in Earl the other night, and believe me, she can dress and step when she wants to, and she's got a car that she came East in that looks like Grover Whalen's chariot. You never can tell."

Mr. Faulkner thought of the brogues and the smock and the gray-rimmed spectacles, and shook his head sadly.

"You're lucky, that's all; but not for me. This biscuit of mine is terrible."

"Well, stand her up, then."

"That's a dirty trick after what she's done for me—with other dances that night she might get bids to. No, I couldn't do that even to this Hathaway turnip."

"What's her name?"

"Hathaway — Alice Hathaway from Ioway. Do you know her?"

"Do I not!"

"Well, then, you can see what I'm up against."

Mr. MacAllister was silent for a moment. Presently he laid a brotherly hand upon Mr. Faulkner's shoulder.

"Stu, you're a friend of mine and I'm going to help you out. There's only one thing for it now—heroic measures—and I'm the boy to supply them. Tomorrow is Wednesday. You're sure you don't want to go through with it?"

"You know the cabbage and still you ask?"

"All right. Your troubles will be over tomorrow at ten o'clock. Think nothing more about it."

"Of course," said Mr. Faulkner as the laboratory hour was drawing to a close the next morning, "I'm as sorry as you are about it. I'd been sort of counting on it. I haven't been able to take in any of the other dances this summer, what with my sick friend and going home week-ends and plugging on geology, and now, at the last minute, this has to happen to spoil the house dance."

"It's certainly too bad," she said—"and the best dance of all too. But never mind, we can sit out and listen to the music."

He looked at her, and suddenly compassion overcame him. She wasn't so bad after all, and with a touch here and there, she might even be pretty. It wasn't her fault that she came from Iowa and liked summer school, but after all ——

He shook his head. "No, it wouldn't be fair to you. You like dancing. The only decent thing is for me to back out completely." He picked up his stick as the bell rang and put his weight gingerly upon his right foot, which was shod, pro tem, in a canvas tennis shoe and swathed at the ankle in lumpiness. "There are other dances Friday night and you'll get bids to them all, probably; and I'd be a fine specimen just to take you to sit out. No, I can't ask you to do it, but thanks just the same."

"You certainly are nice about it, and I'm awfully sorry, Stuart."

"Oh, it's all right; it's just my luck, I suppose." He frowned and started to limp off toward the door, feeling somewhat the same way he had felt when, at the age of twelve, he had been caught banging open his small brother's bank.

Brother MacAllister had saved his cuts to the last and gone off to Connecticut after trig.—to stay until Friday. Mr. Faulkner, picking his way gingerly back to his house after his somewhat crude crime of evasion, faced two days of loneliness, conscience and geology. Sitting in the bay windows for the half hour before luncheon, conscience got in its deadly work, and as the luncheon chimes sounded, his course lay clear before him. He would have a miraculous recovery and take her. It was the only decent thing. After all, six science points were worth a few paltry hours at a dance any day, and besides, it was the gentlemanly thing. He would call her on the telephone. At two o'clock he did, but she was out until five. He would have called her again between five and six, if it hadn't been for one thing. That thing happened, however, and he didn't call, nor did he see her in class the next day, nor on Friday, for he wasn't in class.

The Midnight Songsters settled themselves for the evening and bandied a tentative A back and forth for a moment. Billy Bennett picked it up on his saxophone and bellowed it out in a restless arpeggio. Two cars slid in to the curb at the front of the house. There were calls and there was laughter.

Joe Ingraham nodded and tapped the rim of his drum.

"All right, boys, get heated."

There was a blue blare and the Songsters were off in a liquid stream of rhythmic melody that caught the summer air in its loom and wove it into a gentle, pulsating fabric of sound.

Mr. Faulkner, having put aside the baser matter of geology for the nonce, sat in a dark corner of the stair landing, brooding.

The Moocher and the Sniper and Cream-Puff Cuthbert, with their giggling ladies, were already on the floor, prepared to make a night of it. The lower hall was full of laughing little girls flicking dabs of powder at their pert little noses, tapping shiny little grown-up heels on the floor and melting off with their men into the magic of Joe Ingraham's rhythm. A blind man could see the paradise that was open to a presentable stag, and Mr. Faulkner was not blind, but still he sat, making no attempt to come down. Presently he pulled a cigarette from a package in his pocket and lit a tentative match. Another car honked outside and George MacAllister's laugh floated through the open windows.

(Continued on Page 120)

Add Cheese and have a new flavor

WHERE is there such a generally usable food as cheese? It can be added to almost any dish you may name, and it never fails to give a new and unexpected zest, while in many instances you will find that the cheese has created a new height in deliciousness.

Cheese not only adds to the flavor of the dish, but it increases the food value as well. When you consume a daily ration of good cheese, you can feel assured that your diet is not lacking in protein nor the vitamins and milk minerals so essential to one's physical well being.

Because Kraft Cheese has maintained an unchanging standard of excellence, an unvarying flavor of universal appeal, it has become the favorite of the housewife and the choice of cheese lovers everywhere.

It takes but a moment to look for the Kraft Label when you buy cheese, but it will protect you against disappointing quality. Yet, better still, remember to say "Kraft" before you say cheese.

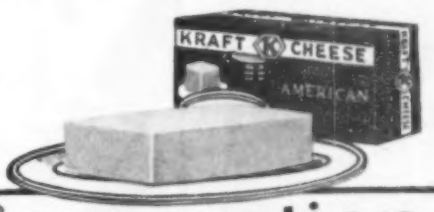
Cheese Apple Dumplings

1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup shortening
½ cup grated Kraft American Cheese
Cold water

Sift flour and salt together, work in shortening and grated cheese; then add enough cold water to make a firm dough. Roll out and cut in squares large enough to cover a medium sized peeled and cored apple. Fill the cavity of the apple with a mixture of sugar and cinnamon, draw corners of the crust to the top and pinch together. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender and the crust slightly browned. Serve garnished with additional grated cheese, and the following sauce:

1 cup granulated sugar
¾ cup water
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Mix all ingredients and boil 5 minutes. When cool, serve around dumplings.



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Here is the ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM in their Bradley Sweaters. Write for a reproduction of this unique composite photograph, suitable for framing.

(Continued from Page 118)

Mr. Faulkner touched the match flame to the tip of his cigarette and sank back dejectedly into the shadows.

George was in the lower hall now, talking to someone—the girl in his trig. class probably. Out of idle curiosity, Mr. Faulkner leaned forward. She was a slim blue flame of a girl, with honey hair that bound her head like a delicate golden casque. Her stockings were the breath of cobwebs and her slippers were trim little dancing affairs of Deauville linen, with sharp little heels of gleaming ebony. No summer-school stuff that; or, if it was, it was George's luck. She laughed as George came back to her, and looked up into his face.

Mr. Faulkner went suddenly cold around the heart and his fingers clutched at the balustrade. George took the girl in his arms and drifted onto the floor with her. Mr. Faulkner sank back in his corner.

"Fish," he said softly to the surrounding darkness. "And who would have thought it? Who? . . . The dirty louse!"

For a moment he was overcome at the perfidy of the thing, the deep, dark treachery of it, and his own helplessness; then his mind cleared swiftly and began to click into stride.

The music ended abruptly and the dancing rooms were filled with soft masculine clapping like the beat of many wings in flight. There was an encore, and another, and a temporary lull in the dancing. From a window above, Mr. Faulkner saw his sworn brother, Mr. MacAllister, help Miss Hathaway into a large touring car at the curb—the one she had come East in, no doubt—and settle to his cigarette beside her. Two minutes later, Mr. Faulkner, having put an unlaced tennis shoe upon his right foot and taken his stick in hand, was talking earnestly to the Sniper, the Moocher and Cream-Puff Cuthbert. Four minutes later he was limping out of the front door toward the car.

"Hello," he said quietly. "I'm awfully glad you came"—he looked at George—"with someone who could dance with you."

"Oh, Stuart, hello! How's your foot?"

"Yes"—George MacAllister grinned—"how is your foot?"

"Not so good," said Mr. Faulkner. "It's pretty painful."

"That's too bad," said Miss Hathaway. "Here." She made room beside her. "Sit down and stretch it out."

"Thanks." Mr. Faulkner climbed in and sat down. "You're very kind."

The music started again, and Cream-Puff Cuthbert, dragging his girl behind him in the approved Allahoomie manner, introduced her around.

"I'm so sorry I can't ask you to dance, Miss Gottlieb," said Mr. Faulkner, "but I've sprained my ankle. Perhaps Mr. MacAllister ——" He looked at his sworn brother. George glared for a second before he climbed out to take Miss Gottlieb onto the floor. Cream Puff hawed and hemmed for a second and finally asked Alice for the dance. When they were gone, Mr. Faulkner smiled benignly and lit another cigarette. It was quite ten minutes before Cream Puff was cut and cut back on his own girl, releasing Mr. MacAllister.

"Listen," said that gentleman as he leaned over the side of the car, "you didn't want this Hathaway Semiramis yourself. In fact, I helped you out of a bad hole with her. Now she's my discovery, so no two-timing, big boy. I'm ripe."

"Gosh, George, I had no idea of cutting you out. I just thought you wouldn't mind my sitting here with my foot as long as I can't dance. It's sort of lonesome."

"Your foot, my pancreas!"

Mr. Faulkner sighed. "And anyway, it's her car. She invited me in and I'm too comfortable to move. Sorry."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

Again the music stopped.

"There he is!" On the steps above stood Cream-Puff Cuthbert, the original college boy from Allahoomie, cutting up fit to kill. "Good old George, the Beau Brummel of Broadway, stole my girl, he did. Here he is, Gwen." He dragged his girl down to George again and put their hands together meanwhile he covered his eyes. "Broken my heart, you have."

Miss Gottlieb giggled.

"Naughty, naughty." Mr. Faulkner whittled his finger at George. "Ask a girl to dance and then run away from her. Go get her some ice cream, Georgie."

"Oh, I'd love some," said Miss Gottlieb.

Alice was coming down the steps with Bill Redman. He handed her into the car as George, scowling Gurkha knives, took the Gottlieb wench's arm and went in after Cream Puff. Bill faded away in the darkness.

"The music is wonderful," said Miss Hathaway. "It's a pity you can't enjoy it."

"Just my darn luck," said Mr. Faulkner; "but, anyway, it's something to sit here with you. Will you sit out a dance or two with me?"

"I'd be glad to."

"I've been studying pretty hard the last two days. It's a relief to sit quietly."

"You think you'll pass all right, don't you?"

"Thanks to you, yes," said Mr. Faulkner, and then, in a deeper vein: "You know, it's a pose to despise brains and—and people who like their courses and enjoy their work, but somehow or other, it's a pose I never could be in sympathy with. I admire people who can work and play at the same time—people sort of like you. You've opened my eyes, Alice, to the seriousness of life."

"I'm glad I have been able to help you," she said softly.

"It isn't the help itself, it's the—well, the example. After all, the example is everything."

George MacAllister was coming toward them—alone. But he was alone only until he reached the running board. There, as the music started, the Sniper touched his arm.

"Want to introduce Miss Meacham," he mumbled. . . . "Brother MacAllister. . . . He's a fine dancer, Gracie, much better than I am."

"I'm sure he's a splendid dancer," allowed Miss Meacham, principal of the West Shohokus High School; and poor George was off again for another beastly round.

"You know," said Mr. Faulkner as he settled more comfortably in his seat, "there is something about you, Alice, that inspires people—a certain dignity perhaps—the dignity of seriousness. Take most girls, now, with their bobbed hair—what I mean to say, your hair isn't bobbed and I like it much better. Then again, a lot of girls I know would go on geology field trips in tea gowns and high heels, wouldn't they?"

"But that would be absurd."

"Well, I know, but most girls wouldn't see it that way. There's no use talking, you've been a great help to me this summer."

Mr. MacAllister was out at the first encore, but the Moocher buttonholed him on the steps.

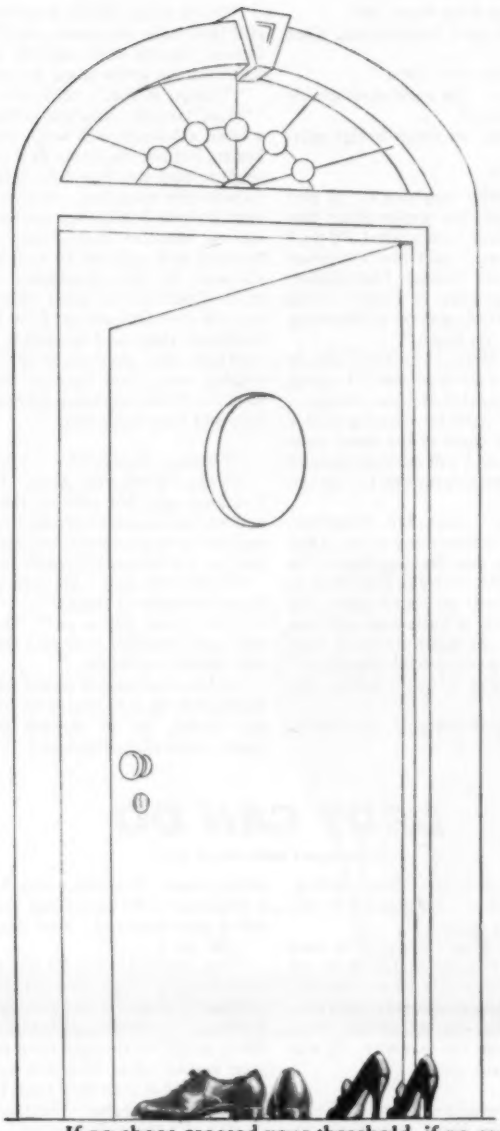
"Want to meet Brother MacAllister, Miss Joralamon. . . . Ruth's from my home town, George. . . . Georgie's bashful about girls, Ruth; so be nice to him." And as the music started, George was caught once more.

When he came out again, there was mayhem in his eyes. Bill Redman had taken Alice in for a turn. George stalked up to the side of the car and caught Mr. Faulkner's wrist.

"Now then, big boy, 'the time has come,' the walrus said, 'to speak of many things.' I suppose I've got you to thank for putting those three cut-ups on my tail with this bashful talk. Well, I'm going to spike your guns right here and now."

"Gently, gently," said Mr. Faulkner. "You'd never have met Miss Gottlieb, Miss Meacham and Miss Joralamon if it hadn't been for the kindness of the visiting

(Continued on Page 122)



If you parked your shoes at the door

In Oriental countries where the finest rugs are found, it is the custom to remove footwear before entering the home. Rugs so protected from outside dirt have lasted for centuries

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...a lesson about motor oil

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(Continued from Page 120)

brothers. If that isn't bashfulness, what is?"

"Enough! Climb out—now!"

"Ah, but not so. I'm quite comfortable here and here I stay."

"There you stay, so much bridge mixture!"

"Why don't I?"

"I'll tell you why you don't. If you don't blow, I'll spill the works about this fake sprain of yours; that's what I'll do."

"Cruel—too cruel," said Mr. Faulkner. "To think that old Georgie MacAllister, who almost got pinched in Philly, would turn a trick like that, and on a fraternity brother too. It's too much."

"Yeah? Well, listen. The score stands at nothing-nothing as it is, see? I admit deception in the matter of the cabbage—for which I have paid by dancing half a dozen dances with three of the worst bags in Christendom, and I will have no more of it. Either leave me in peace or I'll tip the apple cart."

"But cheer up," said Mr. Faulkner. "You won't have to dance any more. Alice thinks it's too hot, and besides, I need the air, so we've decided that you can drive us up to Flirtation Point and back again. Of course I have to sit in back with my foot stretched out and she will want to sit with me to talk over the geology exam tomorrow."

"I'll be darned if I do!" yelled Mr. MacAllister.

The music stopped suddenly. He leaned forward.

"Quick, now; what's it to be? If you're still here when she comes out I'll tell her I loaned you the stick and the tennis shoe, and that the whole thing is a fake."

"Tenses mixed," said Mr. Faulkner. "'Was,' George. You will never be as good a bond salesman as I will. You have the brains, but not the luck. It is true that the original idea was based on skillful camouflage rather than fact. In other words, at eight o'clock Wednesday morning my ankle was in excellent shape, but"—he leaned forward and pointed to a shingle at the entrance to the apartment house next door—"and if you don't believe me you can ask Doc Grogan—at 3:30 I slipped on the house steps and twisted it beautifully. And that, dear children, is why Little Peter Rabbit and Little Johnnie Bunny never went out in the rain again without their rubbers and their umbrellas."

"Where is George?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Alice. He was here a minute ago, but he's on the committee and he had to see about more punch. He said for us to go on without him. He'll be tied up for the next three or four dances."

"That's too bad. Do you think you'll be comfortable in front?"

"Do I not think so?" Mr. Faulkner said as he climbed over and she got in beside him at the wheel.

"I'd be comfortable now if I was walking barefooted on a barbed-wire fence. Alice, my friend, let us depart from hither hence—and that forthwith."

LADY CAN DO

(Continued from Page 42)

Outside, you could hear Mike calling. And then the lights of a car glanced by the windows. Joe was ready.

"I'll tell," said Mrs. Cuppy. The sobs started up again, but she contrived to get it out. "It was a little talk I had with Mr. Dane just before the crowd went upstairs. Just a few minutes. In the dining room. He drew me through the doorway. It was dark there. He said ——"

"Go right on."

"He said"—a few sobs—"he said,' We've got to do something about your husband. Get rid of him somehow.'"

"Was that the first thing he said?"

"Yes."

"Came right out with it, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"It was just a short talk, eh?"

"Oh, yes!" Eagerly, this. "Only a few minutes. You see, my guests would have missed me if I ——"

"What then?"

"Oh, I told him that I must go back to my guests. You see ——"

Mike reappeared. "Joe's ready, chief. At the porte-cocheerie."

"Very good. You wait here. . . . Now, Mrs. Cuppy, as I understand this, you were together several minutes. Quite a little more must have been said. What was it?"

"Oh, I—we just talked a little. Nothing important."

"H'm! You just talked. What about?"

"I can't remember every word!"

"No, I suppose not. You agreed with him, did you?"

"Agreed with him? I don't understand you!"

"That something must be done about getting rid of your husband."

"Certainly not! How dare you?"

Urquhart pursed his lips, deliberately pushed back his chair, as deliberately walked around the table toward the fireplace. Mrs. Cuppy, shrinking back in the big chair as he drew nearer, never took her staring, confused eyes from his bulky figure.

The doctor moved forward protectingly.

"It's all right, Fred," remarked the chief. "I'm not going to hurt her. I just want to be sure we've got this straight." He stood squarely over the cowed, struggling woman. "Now, Mrs. Cuppy, as you've put it, John Dane drew you into the dining room. The first words he said were a proposal to do something about getting rid of your husband. And you listened!"

"Oh, no, I ——"

"Yes, you did! You let him say it. You stayed right there and let him say it! Chatted with him about getting rid of your husband. Only left him because you really felt it might be thought rude not to rejoin your guests. And then you went upstairs and wrote that cute little note, begging him to come to your room. What kind of a wife do you call yourself anyway? You didn't run away from him as a murderer. You didn't even strike him. Just stayed there and chatted about things so unimportant that you can't even remember what they were. Little things. Oh, killing a husband and things like that! Don't you realize what you've been saying? Mike! Tell Joe to pick up a couple of men and fetch John Dane here. Tell him to step on it. Needn't take five minutes. Bring him right in here."

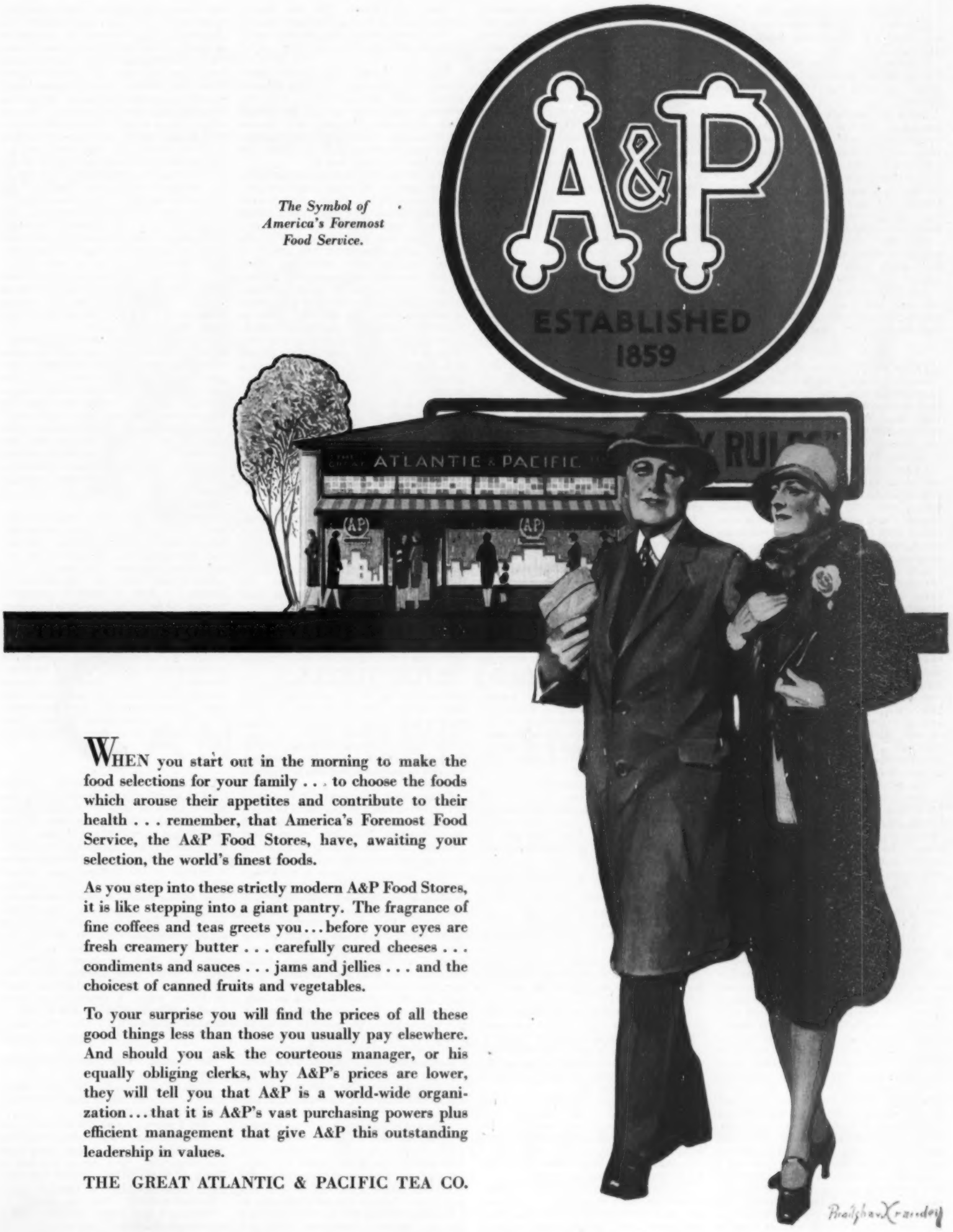
Mike left the room. A moment later the car rushed off by the windows and Mike returned.

The chief stared down at that pitiful figure in the chair. "I'm going to get to the bottom of this," he said, "if it takes all night. You meant this for a charge against John Dane. Didn't you? Didn't you? Been lying up there in your bed thinking up neat little stories. Trying to save yourself. But you can't do it. You can't do it! You're not good enough at the game. Making a mess of it. Just a poor thing, aren't you? In over your head. Floundering." He bent over the chair, his big hands resting on the two arms. "Why don't you come clean, Mrs. Cuppy? Why don't you tell the truth? Haven't you any courage, any heart? Your husband, the man that's done everything in the world for you, lies dead in Bill Deems' undertaking shop downtown. His head all crushed in with a hatchet." He paused. Simply took his time. Then, with a deliberate, dramatic force, with a quality not altogether removed from a crudish sort of majesty, added—his eyes probing her squirming, pitifully evasive soul—"You—know—who—swung—that—hatchet!"

Doctor Obry cried out in anguish, "She doesn't know a thing that happened last night. She was ——"

(Continued on Page 124)

The Symbol of America's Foremost Food Service.



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THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

(Continued from Page 122)

The chief cut him off with a curt, "Shut up, Fred! I'm dealing with murder. You keep out of it!"

The tragic little figure in the chair was nearly hidden by his huge form. It was the nurse who cried out, "Doctor! She has fainted!"

Instantly, once again, Doctor Obry took command. This was his province. He caught her up in his arms, rested the limp body across a bent knee and lowered the loosely swinging head. For a few moments he and the nurse worked over her. Then he carried her to a sofa and gave her a dose of something from one of the bottles in his bag. Held her head and put the bottle between her nerveless gray lips.

The chief followed them. Stood menacingly, silently, over them. You felt that he'd spring again the minute her eyes opened—spring like a tiger.

And Elsie, sitting tensely on the edge of her chair, looked on. A queer sad sort of fire seemed to be consuming her body. They were bringing John Dane.

XIX

HE LOOKED years older. The presence of tragedy had touched, softened, deepened his face. His eyes were dull, set back in shadowy hollows. Such a weary, weary face! Feeling that if she let a muscle move she'd run to him, cry over him, caress him, Elsie sat motionless, with a sensation of clinging desperately to her chair.

He declined to sit. Stood lounging at the end of the mantel, with an elbow on it. Rested his cheek against his hand. Slowly, soberly, with the look of a man whose thoughts have mined too deeply to be concerned with the surfaces where words are found, took in the scene! The big chief, standing, dominating the room; Mrs. Cuppy on the sofa; Doctor Obry holding her head while the nurse slipped a cushion under it ("She has come out of it, then," thought Elsie); the coroner and Mr. Atkinson and Elsie at the table; Mike and the two policemen who had brought Dane.

Dane's eyes rested a moment on Elsie in that same deeply grave way. No smiling, no movement of the facial muscles. He simply looked. Her eyes met his, and again that fire blazed. Her face was hot, but she didn't care. And anyway, the others weren't looking at her. She did feel rather terribly exposed. But she couldn't help that. How hot it was! Stifling! And the room swarmed with immense blue policemen! Thousands of 'em! No, three. But —+—

The chief speaking. The merciless rasp in that voice—how it kept at you! "Mr. Dane, Mrs. Cuppy has made up her mind to come through with some evidence that directly concerns you. I've had you brought here so that you can face your accuser and give us your version of what took place, if you have another version. Mrs. Cuppy has been a little upset, but I think she'll hear all we may have to say among us. . . . Now, Mrs. Cuppy, just tell us again."

Said Doctor Obry sternly, "No!" Then: "Let Miss Penn read her transcript."

Elsie went limp. She hadn't foreseen this. She looked up at John Dane. Simply couldn't look anywhere else. The confused thought came that he had somehow found himself. Down at the jail, perhaps during the grilling he'd had to endure. Something gallant there, just in the way he stood, quietly waiting, as if he'd worked it all out and was willing to let them rave. For that matter, hadn't she, in her earlier turn, found herself? Under the chief's grilling too. Found herself and leaped into desperate action. But she'd got nowhere. And then she'd slumped. Lost her hope. Worse, she'd lost her faith. All vision gone, blacked out. She could hardly make it come real in her thoughts that there was a Lieutenant Carlock, or that if there was he'd ever really get hold of Sin, or that Sin could possibly have the real truth. So speedily had she been caught up again in this web. That was the hell of being a woman—emotionally unstable. No getting round it; women were so. Men weren't. Not in that tricky, moody way. They carried on. John Dane, standing quietly there at the end of the mantel, was pretty splendid. Could she buck up to some appearance of steadiness? Doubtful. Yet she must.

They were looking at her. She realized abruptly that the chief had been speaking and her inner ear hadn't caught it.

He spoke again, "Read it, please! Mrs. Cuppy's statement as to what took place in the dining room. Nothing more. None of my questions or her replies. Simply her statement of what took place."

And then Elsie found herself doing so. With even a measure of self-control. Evidently the human creature, when under real pressure, could endure a lot—a lot. More than you'd dream. Elsie read aloud, very low, but steadily enough: "It was a little talk I had with Mr. Dane just before the crowd went upstairs. Just a few minutes. In the dining room. He drew me through the doorway. It was dark there. He said—he said—he said, 'We've got to do something about your husband. Get rid of him somehow.'"

"That'll do!" cried the chief. "Just that!" He turned on Dane. "Well, sir, what have you to say to that?"

There was a long silence. Elsie sat as if frozen, looking down at the table.

Finally Dane answered, "Nothing."

"You confess it?"

"No. I say nothing."

"You admit that such a conversation took place?"

"We had a few words in the dining room, yes."

"Just before the party moved upstairs?"

"Yes."

"You discussed the possibility of getting rid of Mr. Cuppy?"

"I have nothing to say about that."

"No fencing, now! Was the subject mentioned?"

"Why, yes."

"By you?"

No reply.

"I'll give you just one more chance to answer that question. Did you bring up the subject?"

Dane didn't move for a full minute. The silence grew heavy, thick, painful, unbearable. Finally he glanced over toward the all but inert blue-and-white figure on the sofa—she was beginning to whimper again, very weakly—shifted his position slightly, shrugged his shoulders. That was all. Not a word.

"So you decline to answer?"

Dane simply stood there.

"You realize that this amounts to a confession?"

Silence. Then this, from Dane wearily: "Why is it that I am not permitted to call up my lawyer?"

"You're going to have time enough for lawyers, believe me! Now we're going to act out that little scene here, exactly as it happened. Mrs. Cuppy, stand up!"

Doctor Obry muttered something.

"First, however,"—that indomitable chief again, turning on Elsie—"I want you to read a few words more. The little thing that John Dane said to you in the garden. We'll see if we can refresh his memory. Come on, read it!"

Elsie was trembling as her fingers fumbled through the leaves of the notebook. "I don't know that I ——"

"None of that stuff! You know well enough! Just the confession he made. The important little item you tried so hard to keep from us. Read it!"

Somehow she did. Huskily. ". . . if I weren't in such a ticklish situation here. The damnedest mess just tonight." Her lids fluttered up. She couldn't help looking at John Dane. She was glad, in a confused way, that the chief had accused her of keeping it from them. At least, he'd see ——

Urquhart was back at Mrs. Cuppy: "Come on now! Stand up! . . . Dane, you come here! Stand as you stood when you talked with Mrs. Cuppy in the dining room."

Dane didn't move. He was looking straight down at Elsie as if he hadn't heard.

Urquhart whirled on him, gripped him by the shoulder with a "You do what I say or I'll ——"

The door opened and Carlock came quietly into the room. For the moment Elsie's breath stopped dead. She was pressing weak hands against her breast. Very cool he was, stepping easily, briskly into the scene. He spoke calmly enough. They might have been sitting about the table, Chief Urquhart and all.

"Oh, Doctor Obry, you'd better get Mrs. Cuppy upstairs. We shan't need her now. Out through the hall, please. I don't want her going through the den. You'd better have your men take Mr. Dane out, too, chief. But keep him handy, here in the house. I may want him a little later."

Jim Urquhart stood motionless. Here, behind the unobtrusive personality of Lieutenant Carlock, authority loomed. Something was coming from him that would have to be listened to. You felt that. Even, as Elsie put it to herself, this big bully felt it.

Doctor Obry didn't so much as wait for a word or a nod from him; simply picked Mrs. Cuppy up and left, the nurse hurrying after with his bag and with that blanket caught up under one arm. Before Jim Urquhart so much as turned around, slowly, taken clean aback—you caught that—they were gone. He was frowning. But he recovered after a moment more something of his habitual wooden front and nodded to the policemen who had brought Dane. "Take him into the dining room," he commanded sharply, "and shut the doors. Don't let him talk to anybody."

"That's all right, chief," Carlock broke in. "We needn't worry about him. Just keep handy, Mr. Dane, if you'll be so kind."

The chief glowered. But the situation had been swept out of his hands. And he had no answer, no attitude, ready. So, frowning on, he marched massively back around the table and resumed his chair.

Carlock rested his hands lightly on the farther edge of the table. "Gentlemen," he said, "before I go on with this it is only fair to say a word about the extraordinary thing Miss Penn has done."

Elsie, struggling against an upsurging of relief so stirring that it might easily have mounted into hysterics, felt the hot color rushing again from her toes all the way up through her spent body and into her face. It was only by lowering her eyes and holding tightly the arms of her chair that she was able to keep from laughing or crying or something.

Carlock went quietly on: "With a touch of insight—perhaps genius would be a better word—that went straight to the heart of the problem, Miss Penn realized that Ting Pao, the Chinese leader to whom the pearl cap had been consigned, must be made to talk. That, as you know, is not always easy in dealing with these Chinese. Indeed, it is very difficult. The New York police today were unable to get a word out of him. They were inclined to believe that he really didn't know. But Miss Penn firmly believed that he did know. That he must. I won't go into the details of that story now. We must bear it in mind, however, that Miss Penn had been with us all day. She knew everything that we knew. Perhaps even a little more. Her imagination was caught by the fact that the butler, Sin, didn't return with the other servants. Also by their statement that he was already gone when they came downstairs this morning. Mr. Wong had informed her that Sin had been his butler for years and that he was a faithful servant, incapable of wrongdoing.

"She leaped intuitively at the conclusion that Sin had either witnessed the murder or had been drawn into it, and that the Chinese hatchet men who entered this house last night for the purpose of recovering the stolen cap had carried him off for their own protection. To keep him out of the way, as a witness. She sensed, as well, that Ting Pao, as a leader in Chinatown, could find the man if any human being could. Her idea was to go straight to Ting Pao and persuade him to talk. She knew that he was desperately eager to come into possession of the cap, so she hit on the scheme of offering to trade the cap for Sin. I gave her her head more fully than she herself realized. There was a chance that a woman might succeed where men had failed. It was not a matter for discussion or debate. She was either right or wrong. Acting under my instructions, therefore, she proceeded to New York by automobile. And—well, she accomplished more than our friends of the New York police department were able to do—she got the truth out of Ting Pao." He opened the den door. "Sin, come in here!"

Elsie didn't stir, didn't lift her eyes. She caught it all now. Mr. Carlock—she could have hugged him—was doing a great deal more than protect her from that Jim Urquhart. He was telling her, as well as those men, what her story was, before she could say any of the thousands of possible wrong things. "Before"—so ran her racing thoughts—"I can gum the works." Very good. This was her story.

A curious figure appeared in the doorway. If Mr. Carlock hadn't spoken the name she'd have met with some difficulty in recognizing him. He had no coat; indeed, she saw now, he wore only a shirt and trousers. The shirt was torn. His feet were bare. His left arm was curiously bent, with something projecting through the shreds of the sleeve above the elbow; he held that arm by the wrist, in its bent position, with his right hand. His face was gaunt and dirty, and there was a blood-stained bandage about his head, with unkempt black hair bushing out above it.

"Better sit down, Sin," observed Carlock, but the Chinese merely compressed his lips and remained standing. Carlock then turned back to the table. "As you will note, gentlemen, this man has had rather a tough time of it. His left arm is broken. A piece of bone is projecting through the flesh. He appears to have been badly beaten up about the head. I wished to have his arm set before undertaking the ride out here, but he flatly refused. His one thought was to return to the house at the earliest moment possible and tell his story. So here he is. . . . Now, Sin, suppose you tell us exactly what happened in the night. Don't be afraid of these gentlemen. Tell it just as you explained it to me. Come up here by the table where we can all hear you."

XX

"LAS' night I can't go to sleep. I worry about Mr. Cuppy downstairs in the den. I speak to Miss"—he indicated the staring, flushed Elsie—"an' she tell me Miss Briggs open windows in den. So I worry some more. We always lock downstairs. But Miss"—again that courteous inclination of the battered head toward Elsie—"she dunno what to do. I dunno what to do. I think maybe I come downstairs an' wait. Maybe Mr. Cuppy wake up. Then I help him upstairs. But Miss say Miss Briggs have put Mr. Wong in Mr. Cuppy's room. I di'n' know Mr. Wong come here. So I just dunno. Bimeby I hear all people come upstairs. After two o'clock. I think an' think. I get up. I put on shirt an' pants. I come down and lie on floor in side hall. Right by door of den. I bring pillow down."

The men at the table looked at one another.

Sin resumed, "I lie down there on floor an' try to sleep a li'l'."

"Just why did you do this, Sin?" asked Carlock. "I want you to make everything clear to these gentlemen."

"Oh, I worry. I don' like windows open on first floor. An' I worry about pearl cap Mrs. Cuppy have got. I hear China boys talk about that. So I worry. Oh, lots o' things. An' maybe Mr. Cuppy wake up. Then I help him. That all right?"

Carlock nodded. "Yes. Go ahead."

"Maybe I sleep some. I dunno. But I hear noise. Window."

(Continued on Page 129)

GO! FROM NOW ON WE'RE GOING TO BE COOL IN SUMMER AND WARM IN WINTER!
SUMMER HEAT
WINTER CHILL
COLDS & FEVER
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REMODEL WITH CELOTEX
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The Celotex Company
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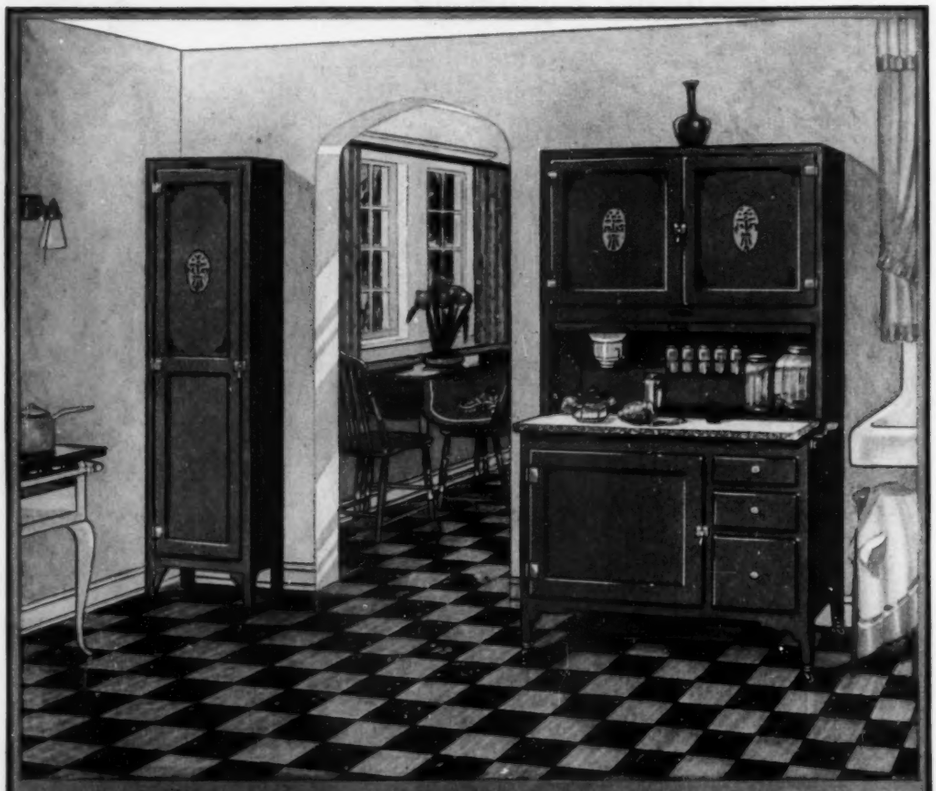
The most expensive saving in the world is the few dollars you save on the purchase price of inferior, cheaply constructed kitchen cabinets and furniture. Once you have paid the price in dissatisfaction and disillusionment you will know how tragically true this is.

If you are being tempted *now* to buy inferior kitchen equipment under the impression that SELLERS is high priced, please study this page. The prices tell their own story.

Sellers Kitchen Cabinets *are* known in millions of homes for wonderful *quality* —for beautiful design and colorful enamel finish—for many ingenious and exclusive time-and labor-saving features.

We *do* build Sellers cabinets and furniture of selected kiln-dried hardwoods and to standards typical of fine furniture.—



$59.50 f. o. b. Elwood, Ind.

This popular model, No. 30-43, is 42 inches wide, 71 inches high and 25 inches deep. Has a removable 30-pound metal flour bin, automatic base shelf extender, extending porcelain worktable, anti-proof casters, glass drawer pulls, wedged tenon dovetail construction, three-point non-jamming drawers, metal bread box drawer and 8-piece glassware set. Finished in steam- and climate-proof Sellers Gray Satin-White, Jade Green or Ivory Enamels, all handsomely decorated. Also in Amber Oak and Silver Gray Oak.

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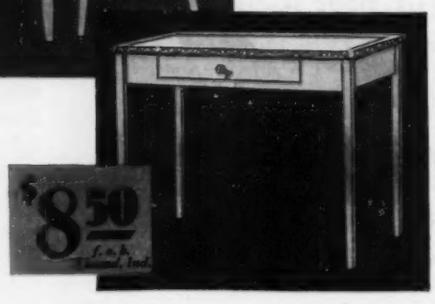

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You *will* pay a *few* dollars more for genuine Sellers than for inferior makes. But the difference in price is *so* trivial—and the gain in quality, beauty, service and enjoyment is *so large,* that there is no comparison. Before you agree to sink money in "low price," poorly constructed kitchen furniture, see your nearest Sellers dealer. Compare the prices. Compare the cabinets or furniture. Consider the high standing of the name Sellers. Then decide.

SEND US YOUR NAME. We are making a new list of interested women who want to be kept in touch with latest ideas in kitchen furniture. If you have not sent your name and address as yet, please do it *now.* Recent literature will be sent you.

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SEL

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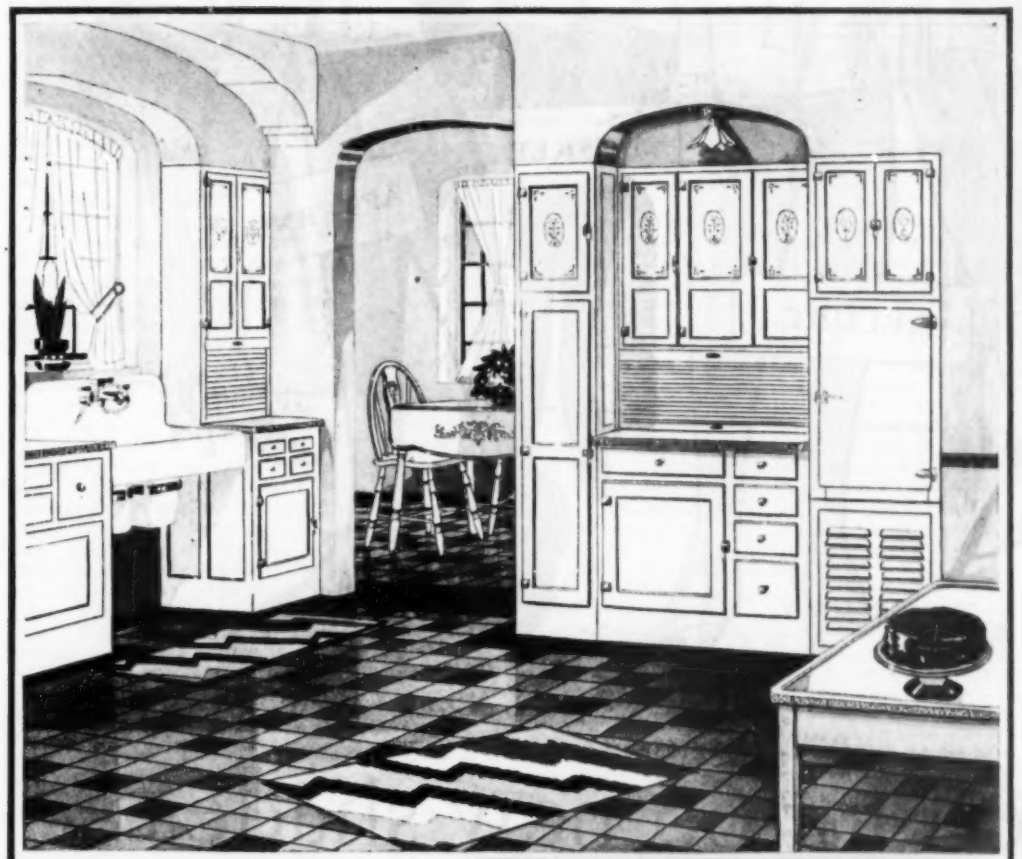
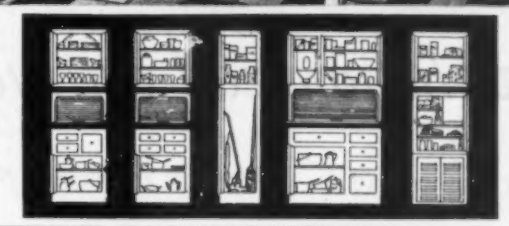
in Sellers Built-in Kitchen Furniture



Here you can see the flexibility and adaptability of Sellers Kitchen Furniture Units. Note how they can be built around a sink or windows. On each side of the sink, we show a Master Base with a Master Upper Cupboard. Then the main combination consists of Broom Unit; Master Base with porceliron worktable; Master Upper Cupboard with flour bin; Refrigerator with lower unit for housing the electric compressor or for vegetable storage; Shelf Unit above refrigerator.



San Mateo, Calif., home of A. Schwarz, Esq.

A Cleveland, Ohio, home, Wm. Petre, architect and builder.

A South Bend, Ind., home, Whitcomb & Keller, builders.

Dalton Apartments, Gary, Ind., Dalton Building Co., owner and builder, L. Harry Warriner, architect.

Yonkers, N. Y., "Towers" Apts., Chandell Realty Co., Inc., owner, DeRose & Cavalieri, architects.

A rapidly increasing number of our modern homes and buildings have ensembles of Sellers Built-in Sectional Kitchen Units in their smart kitchens. A few prominent installations are listed to the right. Sellers equipment has been selected for these homes and buildings, because of its unusual beauty and practical design; colorful satin enamel finish and chromium plated hardware; famous time- and labor-saving features; for Sellers *quality construction,* found only in finest furniture. Over sixty separate units make possible combinations to meet the needs of kitchens of every size and shape. Yet at the moderate prices that Sellers methods make possible, this beautiful, durable equipment costs no more, installed, than commonplace carpentry work. If you are building or remodeling *WRITE*—for literature that illustrates and describes this "quality" equipment in detail.

DEALERS: The increasing success of Sellers Built-in Kitchen Units in the largest cities proves the unusual business-building possibilities that exist for this modern kitchen equipment everywhere. Write today for details on the Sellers Built-in Franchise in your locality.

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L E R S

Kitchen Work-Savers

She asked for 65 new shades

and she revolutionized an industry!

TWENTY years ago, her mother walked into a department store and asked for a pair of stockings . . . "Black, Madame? Or white—blue—brown?"

Today, the daughter goes into any smart shop and asks for "Breezee," "Allure," "Duskee," "Afternoon" . . . or any one of sixty other shades.

Price? Just half what the mother paid!

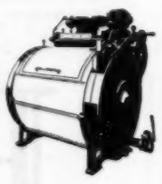
For dyeing those service-weight hose in those few simple colors for her mother took many heavy-muscled men many hours. Sweating over steaming vats, they had to slowly stir and stir the color in with big sticks.

Now, quick-changing fashion calls for sheer chiffons and silks and rayons in every color and shade. New hues succeed old almost overnight.

Too fast a pace for muscles! In the same time that it took to dye the mother's "blue" or "black" hose, modern machines dye half a dozen different shades, with one man doing the work of four. And dyeing more evenly—more thoroughly with fewer damaged stockings!

Yes, it's the revolution of an industry—and it's a revolution that the "American" Super Rotary Dyeing Machine* helped to bring about.

For the search for better manufacturing methods—so typical of the age—is typical, too, of "American" engineers.



* *The "American" Super Rotary Dyeing Machine, with a cylinder of gleaming monel metal, polished to a watch-case smoothness. One man, with one Super, can dye more hosiery, more uniformly, than four hand operators.*

SUPREMACY AMERICAN

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(Continued from Page 124)

"A window opening?"

"Yes, sir. In den. I hear men moving. Very careful. Very quiet. I think burglars. I get up. I go very still toward telephone. Before I can do, door opens."

"The door of the den?"

"Yes, sir. Men come out, very careful. They see me."

The chief interrupted crisply, "Was there a light in the hall?"

"In front hall, sir. Not in side hall. Always light in front hall, every night. Can't see much. Dim—very dim. But I see a li'l'. They run at me. There's four men. China men. Beat me. I fight. I know about that. Then I dunno."

"You mean you became unconscious?" asked Carlock.

"Yes, sir. I think. I dunno quite. I get mix'."

"Naturally. Go on."

"When I know again ——"

"You mean when you came to?"

"Yes, sir. Then I dunno at first what they do. My head hurt. Very mix' up. I am tie' up—my han's. An' something in my mouth. All tie' up."

"You were gagged?"

"Yes, sir. I am on floor in dark place. I feel coats aroun' my head. Pretty soon I know. In coat closet."

"That is directly opposite the door of the den, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Jus' opposite. We are all there. Very dark. Three—four men in front. One man step on my foot. They look at something. Door open, but not much. Jus' li'l'. They look. But bimeby I look too. I look through their legs. One man hold something agains' my face—revolver. But I look all I can. I see something. A man. All white. Has got no clothes."

"Naked, you mean?"

"Yes, sir. Has got no clothes. He go in den. He has got something in his han'. I can't see much. But I think it is hatchet. And he has got something else in his han'—piece of cloth."

"Wrapped round his hand, you mean?"

"Yes, sir. Afterwar', when I hear the men talking, I know they hear cellar door open. That is why they are scare' and hide in coat closet. Then the man go in den. Doesn' shut door at all. An' they open door a li'l' wider. I hear Mr. Cuppy snore."

"The door of the coat closet, you mean?"

"Yes, sir. I see a li'l' more. Not much. But I hear. There is noise—thump-thump! Then more noise. Funny noise. Crack-crack! Then Mr. Cuppy don' snore any more. He is murder', I think. He kill. That all-white man. I feel terrible. The China men are scare'. Awfully scare' now. They whisper. They think people blame them for murder. An' then I know why they come. They come for pearl cap of Tsz'e Hsi. They don' want to be in trouble for murder Mr. Cuppy."

"What else did you see and hear, Sin?"

"Di'n' see much. But more noise come. I can't think. Maybe he jus' jump aroun'. Maybe he dance. I dunno. Then bimeby he come out. He laugh to himself. He hasn' got hatchet now. An' he jump aroun' a li'l'."

"In the hall, you mean?"

"Yes, sir. Then he go."

"Where?"

"I can't see. I think maybe to front hall. Pretty soon it is all quiet. The China men are awfully scare'. They whisper a lot. Mos' of them wanna run away. One man say no, they mus' get the pearl cap. I know him, that man."

"Who was he?"

"Jim Lee, he was. He work here a li'l' time last year. When I firs' come. He is no good. A gambler. I sen' him away. He don' like me. I know he has say he makes trouble for me some day. Yes, sir, Jim Lee say they mus' fin' the cap of Tsz'e Hsi, but all the others are too scare'. They say they don' wan' electric chair. They think nobody believe what they say if they tell the truth. Anyway, they break in. Jus' awfully scare'. So they make Jim Lee open the side door. They tell him to be very still. But he can't help make some noise when he shut the door. One man run. Two men grab me. Then I think maybe, if they're so scare' of noise, they won' dare shoot, so I get away. I try to run. I can't make noise because that thing is in my mouth. It hurts. An' my head hurts where they beat me. Well, then I dunno. I think maybe they knock me off steps. I dunno what happens. When I know any thing next time we are in automobile. I wake up there. It is cold. My arm hurts pretty bad. I feel sick. My arm is broken. They take me to New York an' put me in a cellar. They don' give me anything to eat. The way they talk, I think they don' know what to do about me. They are scare' I will tell somebody they were in the house when Mr. Cuppy is killed. No, they dunno, they are rattle', so they leave me in cellar. They untie my hands. There are rats. I am very unhappy. It is a long time. Oh, long, long time. Then a man comes—a China man—an' he say, 'Come with me.' He takes me to back door of Ting Pao's place. You are there. So we come out here. I am glad."

Not a person had moved during this extraordinary recital. Elsie hadn't made a note. Nobody seemed even to think of that. Not an eye had strayed from the blood-stained face under the bandage. The coroner broke the hush by spitting and then muttering a bit of amazed profanity.

"Very good, Sin." Carlock was speaking. "Now tell us: When the murderer came out of the den, were you able to see him any better?"

"A li'l', sir. Not much. Not his face much. Oh, jus' a li'l'—jus' once."

"Could it have been John Dane?"

Sin laughed softly, apologetically. "Oh, no, sir! Not Mr. Dane. Not so big. I know Mr. Dane."

"Or Mr. Stromberg?"

"No, sir. Not so big."

"Better have all the men in, chief," said Carlock in his brisk way. "Line them up. Perhaps he can identify the man with the hatchet. Sin, you come over here!" He led the way to the portières that hung at the sides of the tall front windows. "Stand in here. Be careful not to let them see you. And don't speak. I will call off the names, one by one. Just try to fix them in your mind as I say them. Then, after they are gone, you will tell us what you can." With which he produced a pocketknife and cut a small opening in the thick velvet. "Look through that, Sin."

Policemen brought them all in, a hushed, puzzled lot. All but Dane and Stromberg. Mr. Delos was sputtering under his breath. The gargoyle leered, grinning. Mr. Ettlethwaite wore a worried expression. The three others were men that Elsie hadn't, during the evening, been able to identify at all. But two of them, she thought, were the bridge players. They were ranged in a line with their backs to the fire.

Carlock, from a list he'd had in his pocket, read off the names slowly, one by one, pointing at the proper individual as he did so. "Mr. Green—Mr. Ettlethwaite—Mr. Maybach"—this was the gargoyle. Funny, Elsie'd never thought of him as having a name—"Mr. Delos," and on. Then they filed out and the door was closed. Sin came out from his hiding place.

"Extraordinary thing," remarked Mr. Atkinson in a subdued voice—"that naked business. Explains why your men haven't found any blood-stained clothes, chief."

"But he had something wrapped round his hand," observed the coroner—"a cloth. That, if we find it, will be the nearest thing to evidence."

"Sure," said Atkinson. "Far as the rest of it was concerned, all he had to do was to pitch the hatchet out the window and then go upstairs and take a bath."

Carlock had brought Sin back to the fire. "Well," said he, "how about it? Think you could pick one of them?"

"I think, sir," said Sin, "Mr. Maybach."

"Mike," said Carlock, "bring Maybach in here. Better take Sergeant Stafford with you. He's in the den. I'm not sure of this fiddler. Don't know just what he may pull." He took Sin by the right arm, then, gently, and led him into the den. Elsie could hear him sending for Doctor Obry.

They brought the gargoyle in, each officer firmly holding an arm. He was still grinning, rolling his eyes from one to another of the group. Carlock returned, went directly to him, and with deft, swift hands felt everywhere about his body. The gargoyle tried to shrink back, but the two officers held him. From a hip pocket Carlock drew a rumpled handkerchief, spread it out, tossed it on the table. There were unmistakable dark stains on that handkerchief.

"There's your evidence, chief," said Carlock. "I'll turn him over to you now."

XXI

SO HIS name was Maybach, this leering, grinning, quite mad musician. A slender, insignificant little man, notable only for the glint in his staring eyes and for his quaint ugliness. Elsie stared at him, convinced, yet unbelieving. Her thoughts whirled round and round. She'd been right and wrong. She was exultant, bewildered, unhappy. She wanted to laugh and cry. Here was drama—tragedy. Yet it was almost unbearably grotesque. Anger welled in her breast against Hazel Cuppy. The spoiled, pretty woman, caught in the mesh of her own disorganized life, driven by a profoundly ignoble panic, had turned and twisted and lied weakly, shamelessly, frantically, in a bitter effort to save herself. For that she would eagerly have sent John Dane to the chair.

Chief Urquhart's voice boomed out, "Bring him over here!"

Mike and Stafford dragged him toward the table. He was resisting, shouting epithets in his cackling high voice. Carlock stepped forward to take a hand.

The scene that next took place was unbelievable. It developed so swiftly, so confusedly, that Elsie was never to be able to reconstruct it in her mind in any orderly sequence. The man looked so small beside those police officers, so weak—a pallid, stooping little figure—that apparently he couldn't possibly have done what she, with her own startled eyes, saw him do. He knocked Carlock flat on the rug. You couldn't even figure out how he ever wrenched himself away from those two officers. It was an exhibition, of course, of the desperate energy and the amazing quickness and concentration of purpose that is the peculiar gift of the maniac. Then—and it seemed still the same instant in time—he was bounding down the room toward the den door. Stafford caught him, only to be whirled against a cabinet of carved jades. His shoulder crashed right through the glass. The exquisite bits of loving workmanship were tumbled into heaps. Mike was after him with a rush. But Mr. Carlock, rebounding, it seemed, from the floor, leaped upon his back. The chief sprang up from the table and ran at him. But the little man struck, dodged, ran to another corner, screaming profanely, in a frenzy. The chief cornered him, swinging a massive fist and raising a welt over his cheek bone, but with the speed and force of a terrorized animal the gargoyle butted the chief in his one vulnerable spot, the stomach, and drove him back gasping and covering up. The little lacquered table in green and gold fell with a crash. Mr. Carlock tripped him and then dove down upon the sprawling figure. They rolled over and over upon the rug. Mike and Stafford dove too. They beat him nearly to insensibility, beat him until he moaned. There was a click. Somebody had snapped handcuffs on him. They jerked him to his feet. One eye was swollen shut. His lips were puffed and bleeding. As he stood there, the purpling chief, his eyes blazing with savage rage, gave him a terrific kick. Elsie covered her eyes. It must have been at about that moment that she heard Mr. Atkinson say rather breathlessly to the coroner—the two of them seemed to be

(Continued on Page 131)

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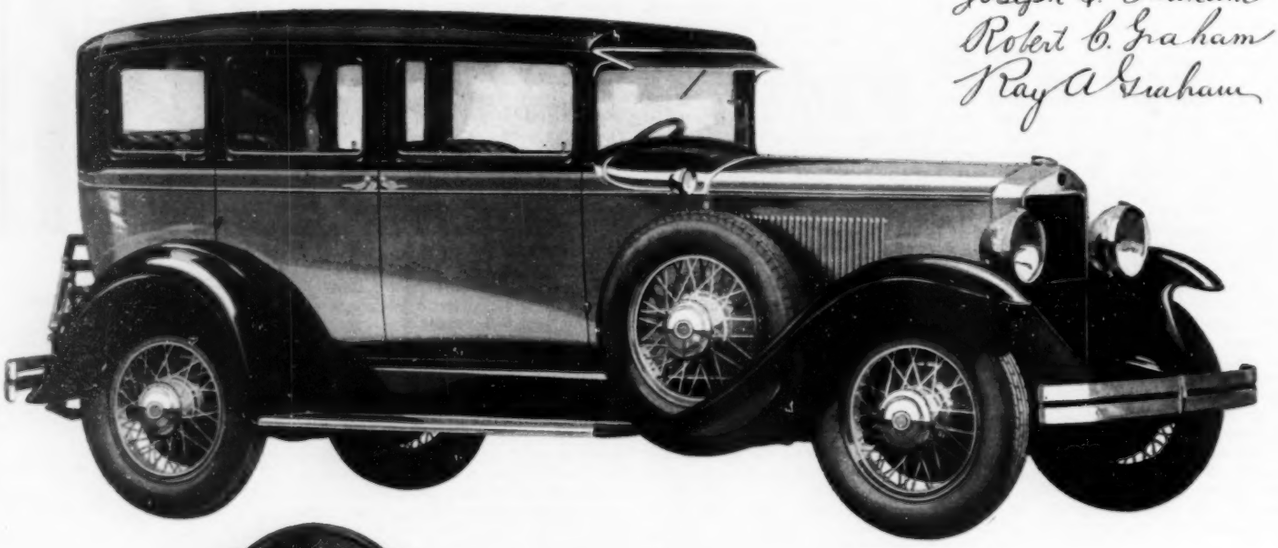

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(Continued from Page 129)

standing almost at her shoulder—"But where's the motive? How about that?"

To which query the coroner responded with, "Yeah! And who stole that Chinese cap? How about that now?" And spat.

Elsie uncovered her eyes. Now her brain began to coöperate—however ineffectually—with her ears. The cackling voice screamed, "Well, I did it! Sure I did it! It was coming to him! Stupid old ass! I'm a genius! He cut me off! Wouldn't support genius! I decided to give him one last chance. I put it up to him yesterday. What else was he good for? Tell me that! Sure I did it! Smashed in his stupid old head! He said he couldn't do another thing for me. So I finished him. Of course I did. And then I danced! Danced all round him! Naked I danced! Don't you wish you'd seen that, eh? I was happy! I'm happy now! I'm right! It was justice! I'm God! Put that in your pipe and smoke it! I smashed in that soft old head! Oh, pineapples!"

They were pulling and pushing him toward the den. Extraordinary how they puffed over it. Pulling and pushing at that little, beaten-up, rumpled man.

"Oh, go ahead! Do what you like with me! What of it? Think you can send me to the chair? Well, you can't! Do you know why? Because I'm crazy! Crazy as a bedbug! You can't execute a crazy man! Look up your law! You can't do a thing to me! Not one thing! Just shut me up in the loony house! You'll have to feed me! I'll finish my symphony, that's what I'll do! It'll be grand—quiet, nobody disturbing me! I'll do my symphony!"

Then this, from the doorway. The hot, high-pitched words and phrases rattled out like bullets from a machine gun: "How about Stromberg? How about that bird, eh? What you going to do about him? He stole the Chinese cap! Hid it in his overcoat. I saw him! Kept out of sight in the hall! All naked! It's a scream! He thought nobody knew! Heard the rumpus in the den and thought they'd blame it on burglars! Or say, maybe he heard those other men! They ran out. Quite a party! Stromberg thought he'd get free of Hazel Cuppy! The skate has lived off her for years! Oh, I know him! Read him like a book! Thought he could get away with it! And all the time I was the burglar—little naked me! Boy, it's funny!" And the room reverberated with his cackling laughter. The door closed on him.

XXII

SLOWLY, wearily, Elsie came down the stairs in her coat and hat, her suitcase in one hand, her typewriter case in the other. They'd all been told they could leave. It was going on eleven. There was just time to catch the last train into the city. She was wondering wearily if somebody would drive her down to the station. Surely there'd be cars.

She saw the actress, Miss Eames, pale, cross-looking, hurrying through the hall with Mr. Ettlethwaite hovering solicitously.

She put down her burdens a moment to rest her hands and get her breath; balanced them on a step, stooping over. In the front hall, near the coat closet, John Dane and Mr. Carlock were talking quietly, as if nothing had happened. They had their hats and coats on. She wished she'd taken the back stairs. She simply couldn't face John Dane. She couldn't. Perhaps he wouldn't look around.

But Mr. Carlock saw her and said something with an earnest air. Then he smiled—actually smiled. She hadn't realized that he could be so good-looking.

She picked up her luggage and went on down as briskly as she could. But Dane came quickly to meet her. He took her things. She resisted somewhat, without a word—she couldn't speak—but he got them away from her. He still looked haggard and dull of eye. And his manner was stiffly distant.

"I wonder if you'd mind," he began awkwardly. "I know you're a wreck—we all are—but I thought maybe we could talk just a little. Oh, sanely, I mean. There are a few things I simply must ——"

She could only stand there.

"I was calling up for a taxi, but Lieutenant Carlock heard me and said nothing doing. He insists on sending us to town in a police car."

"Us?" She did manage to get that out, rather sharply.

"Why, yes." How gloomy he was. "Do you mind very much?"

"Oh, I suppose ——"

So they went out together to the portecochère. Mr. Carlock followed with what appeared to be Dane's bag. One of those big, handsome English Gladstones in very heavy, soft yellow leather. He'd have nice things, of course. The car was waiting, with a policeman in front—a little car, with curtains up. That was good. They'd be right in there with the driver. There couldn't be anything—well, personal. Not very well. Mr. Carlock said some nice things, she hardly knew what; and then the car rattled off, past the rock garden, along the shaded driveway. The two bags and the typewriter, piled in there, crowded their knees and feet uncomfortably close.

After a moment of oddly embarrassing silence Dane remarked, in that same stiff voice and manner, "I'm taking only this bag with me now. Sin is sending my trunk on by express."

She almost sniffed aloud. Who cared about his trunk! What would he say next? That it was a charming evening?

And then, without another sound from either of them, without a hint or a warning, she was in his arms and her arms were clinging about his shoulders and he was kissing her and she was crying. She was aware of the rather awful thought that she must have simply grabbed at him. What on earth was the matter with them anyway? Couldn't they be together two minutes without flying up this way? Did he think she was that sort?

She was snuggled down within his arm. In a minute she'd draw away. But the warmth and the strong protectiveness of it were most unnervingly tempting.

Suddenly he chuckled.

Now she did sniff.

"I was just thinking. Something Lieutenant Carlock said, there in the hall, a minute or so back. He said that if I didn't—well, ask you tonight to marry me, he'd be strongly tempted to break my head."

This was so startling that all Elsie could contrive to say was "Oh!"

He sobered. She certainly didn't mean to snuggle closer, but somehow it happened. "Will you marry me, Elsie? It does seem to be sort of—well, the next thing."

"I suppose," she heard herself saying—that driver might have been on the planet Mars for all she knew or cared—"I suppose, the way it seems to be, that we'll have to do something."

(THE END)

CHICKEN COUP

(Continued from Page 21)

stand up no time under snake eyes. Dat's whut's comin'. I got a vision, an' my vision ain't neveh been wrong."

The seer wilted and paled in the face of disaster, but there was no escape. "Dice," he said weakly, "stay right. Saxafoam songbirds, sing me to sleep. Banjo babies, sound yo' promissory note; li'l' jazz cubes, syncopate yo' seven. Wham! An' I reads—snake eyes!"

The ponderous owner of the bank roll grunted. "Dere you is, boy!" he said. "Preen yo'self fo' de hearse. You's been daid some time, an' don't know it."

The Wildcat hoisted away on his sagging jaw and reefed his lolling tongue. Presently, articulate, "So long, brothehs," he said. "Much obliged fo' whut I ain't got."

"Yu's welcome, if you takes it wid you," the ponderous conqueror answered in a parting taunt. "Come back ag'in sometime when you ain't crippled. Us rolls you copious an' dry fo' money, marbles or chalk!"

The retreating victim of Old Man Trouble halted, at this, with the abruptness of a jaybird hitting Gibraltar. "Lissen, oversize, you means whut you sez?"

"Us neveh orates widout lots of meanin'."

"Dat's a contrack! Us leaves you scarce, but mighty soon us comes back plenty. Organize yo' shock troops fo' de encore. I got my main capital all 'vested in poultry out in Angel Valley. Set anxious till I gits back, an' you gits action!"

On the sidewalk in front of the Sunkist Social and Industry Club, in the hot sunlight of the early afternoon, the Wildcat began a record-breaking flight toward his reserve capital.

Greeting Demmy an hour later, "Git a-goin', Sawed-Off!" Lady Luck's orphan ordered. "Come a-runnin'. Git all de pullets crated up. Crank de flivveh. Us is bound fo' town!"

"Git calm, cyclone. Whut you mean, crate up de pullets? Ol' Man Trouble been roostin' right in dis cabin wid me an' Lily eveh since you left, an' de pullet supply is got mighty scarcified."

"Whut happened?"

"Nuthin' happened, 'ceptin' de ranch rent man raided de place. Took dog-gone near all de chickens on de rent account. Didn't leave nuthin' but a measly ol' dozen roosters outen dat entire herd."

"Crate 'em up like I told you. Th'ow 'em in de flivveh whilst I ketches dat mascot goat. Us is luck-bound on a one-way road!"

Five minutes later, huddled between the Wildcat and Demmy, Lily, the mascot goat, sat on the seat of the flivver and bleated a farewell to the Angel Valley chicken ranch. Behind the trio, dancing around in a crated apartment, a dozen agile young roosters did the best they could to survive their transfer from bad to worse.

Half a mile away from the perils of the past, "Hot dam, Demmy, nemmine preachin' no mo' 'bout whut I didn't do. It suits me mighty grand to git rid of dat dog-gone ranch. Gittin' rid of it is de bes' luck us had since us got it. Right now us is settin' handsome. Mighty soon you an' me gits action wid de enemy, an' when de smoke clears away all you sees is a stack of money whut proclaims dat de hard times is oveh! Ise drome a daylight vision like de ones dreamed by de Prophets of old. Diamonds an' rubies. You gwine to be clad in fine raiment an' settin' high in a solid gold chariot, smokin' two-bit seegars an' seein' whut time it is by a watch wid so many diamonds in it dat it gwine to blind yo' eyes. Does my luck stay hot, Ise gwine to be king of de world an' I makes you a prince."

"Yo' luck got to stay mighty hot, else de on'y prints you makes is finger prints in de warden's book at de big stone house."

"Nemmine dat mo'nful song. Befo' dis battle is ended I reaps a five-ton truck full of hund'ed-dollah bills. Us cain't lose. Heah I sets wid twelve pullets in dat crate. Dat's twelve chances comin' out. No man neveh rolled his doom twelve times comin' out. Boy, when I gits done wid dat Sunkist Social an' Industry Club dey got to rub out de social part an' work at de industry day an' night to keep f'm starvin' to death! I aims to clean dat club complete f'm de presidump to de liquid seckatary. One fat boy had a bank roll big as a elefump's knee! He gwine to be crippled wid financial rheumatiz' befo' de dice stops rollin'. My dice bones is so hot right now dat I ought to handle 'em wid sugar tongs."

In front of the tumbled-down shack which housed the Sunkist Club, "Dis place don't look like no den of luxury whut you said it was," Demmy observed.

"You cain't tell nuthin' 'bout how big de pearl in de oyster is by lookin' at de shell," the Wildcat returned. "Dis a mighty rich club. Nemmine 'bout dat. Main thing so fur as us is concerned, Demmy, is de finance in de place. Shove dem roosters into dat gunny sack an' fetch 'em in whilst I gives de portal knock an' password. Gimme dat sack. I holds it whilst you 'cumulates dem fo'tune seeds. Us plants twelve roosters in dis Sunkist ground an' reaps a cash harvest whut gwine to strain yo' back to pack it."

"Hold de mouf of dat sack mo' wider, Wilecat. . . . Dere you is! Whut you gwine to do wid de goat?"

"Gimme dat string. Ain't no law agin goats in dis club. I keeps Lily right by my side. Neveh had no luck no place widout dis mascot brung it. . . . Come along, Lily; jump outen dat flivveh whilst us massacrees some overstuffed field hands."

Inside the door of the Sunkist Social and Industry Club the Wildcat made a quick survey of the battlefield. He noted with deep satisfaction that his victorious fat opponent of an earlier hour was among those present. He nodded affably to this person.

"Howdy, oversize. Us is back."

"So I sees."

"Us is not on'y back but dis time de dice gwine to tell a differump story. Ain't brung no money, marbles or chalk, but my podner, li'l' Demmy, is got twelve of de bes' game roosters in de state. I shoots 'em agin de right-sized bank roll."

"Which is yo' podner?" the heavy-set brunet asked, looking at the mascot goat.

"Nemmine which is which. Dat goat is my mascot. Ol' Man Trouble cain't git widin shootin' room of me whilst dat mascot stands guard."

"Lemme look at dem game chickens."

The Wildcat turned to his sawed-off companion. "Haul out a couple of dem games, Demmy. Rally 'round, folks, does you crave to see de bravest chickens eveh hatched! Wuth ten dollahs apiece of enny man's money."

The heavy-set spectator looked at the first sample of the Wildcat's capital and grunted. "Mebby dey's game to you, but dey ain't nuthin' but pan meat to me. Fo' bits is de apprisement on dem roosters."

"Set down two chickens on de flo', Demmy. Take de man at his word. Whateveh he sez is right. Shoots two roosters at fo' bits. Makes a dollah wid de eagle down." The Wildcat reached quickly for his dice and began the heating process with a violent rubbing between his purple palms. "Fade me, hopeful, an' die a hero's death!"

The heavy-set antagonist dropped a dollar into the arena around which had rallied a ring of interested spectators.

The Wildcat blew the hot breath of hope on the twin cubes that nestled in the palm of his right hand. "Rooster bones, crow yo' welcome. Ise Lady Luck's risin' son. Finance an' feathehs! Wham! Speckled eggs, show seven dots—an' dey reads—snake eyes! Dog-gone it! How come de trouble twins on top?"

The spectator at the far side of the circle cast the Wildcat's dice back at him. "Roll 'em, rooster man. You loses nuthin' but yo' groceries."

The Wildcat picked up the dice. "I doubles an' demonstrates. Chicken ketcher, bring fo'th de vicktry twins. Hand me Josephus an' Lysander. You knows which dey is."

Taking his cue, "Sho I does, Wilecat." Demmy reached in the sack. "Come out

(Continued on Page 134)

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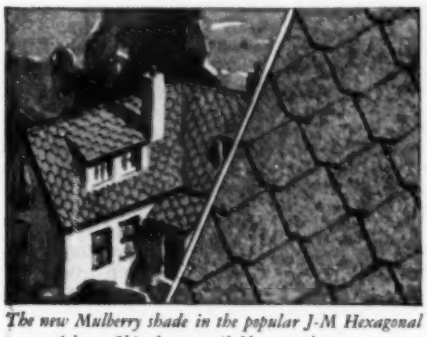

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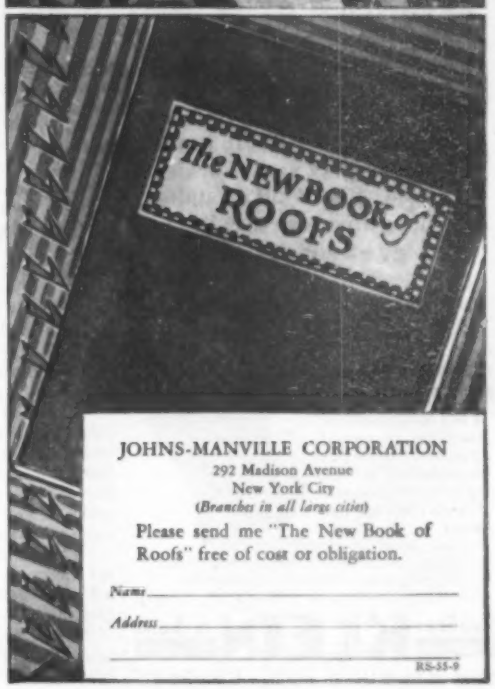

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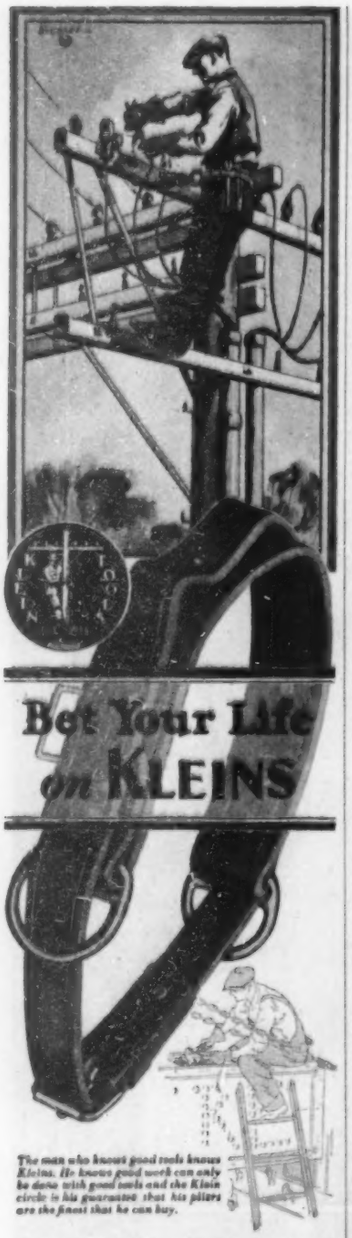

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(Continued from Page 131)

heah, Josephus. . . . Yes, dat's li'l' Joe. Wait a minnit whilst I gits Lysander. Dere he is! . . . Stand up dere, Lysander. Say howdy to de folks!"

Josephus and Lysander, going ahead with their act, stretched their cramped wings; following which, inhaling a lungful of heavy atmosphere, the first bird out of the sack attempted a feeble crow.

"Dat's a li'l' hero!" the Wildcat encouraged. "Crow de pay call, Josephus. You knows when de luck is —— Dog-gone you, Lily, lay offen Lysander's tail feathehs!" The mascot goat, munching a mouthful of Lysander's plumage, dodged the Wildcat's swinging hand.

"Dat Lysander is damaged goods," the Wildcat's opponent protested. "No bob-tail is wuth fo' bits."

"You claimed he wuz pan meat. Ain't gwine to fry him wid de feathehs on him, is you? Sho he's wuth fo' bits. . . . Stand up dere, Lysander. Git away f'm dat goat befo' he nutrifies you nekkid. Git calm, ev'ybody. Let de dice do de talkin'. Fade me one Josephus an' one Lysander, somebody."

The new proprietor of the first two roosters met the challenge. "Roll 'em, boy. Chicken fo' chicken. You's faded."

The Wildcat shampooed his back hair with the snake-eye dice. "Rough ramblers, git slick! Ice dice, melt a nach'ral. Elefump cubes, lock yo' trunk. Ramblin' rovers, ride an' rejoice. Whuf! An' de telegraft clicks a top-side six. Six I craves. Half a dozen on de home plate. Needs a fo' an' a dooce in de caboose. Wham! An' does I see a three an' a three?"

"You does not. Dey reads nine."

"Dice, git small. Five-ace on de top-side place. Six is my point! Wham! An' dey reads—six-ace! Dog-gone dat Lady Luck! How come de oversized ace? . . . Stan' back, dere, Lysander; you's a lost rooster. Outen my way, Josephus. Git oveh dere wid yo' otheh three outcasted breth'en. F'm now on you's ——"

Interrupting the Wildcat, "Hand me dem dice!" the victor interposed. "I shoots four li'l' feathered friends. Fade me, poultry king, befo' de dice gits chilled."

The Wildcat turned to his cashier. "Reach in dat sack, Demmy, an' haul out de fust eight laigs you comes to, wid de roosters attached. . . . Dere you is, gambler; rub, roll an' repent!"

Without superfluous calisthenics the dice owner shot from the hip. "Gun dice, git yo' pan meat. Wham! An' I reads—five an' a six! Dere you is. Parade dat poultry oveh heah wid dey breth'en. Whut else you got?"

Huskily, glimpsing the handwriting on the wall, "Fo' mo' pullets," the Wildcat answered. "Haul out dem survivors, Demmy, an' see kin us rescue dey po' li'l' perishin' breth'en. . . . Dere you is, adipose. View de victors! Lady Luck, stand by me. Lily, lay offen dat rooster's tail befo' I cuts yo' wisdom teeth on my equalizer! Nutrify yo'self wid one mo' mouffful of plumage an' I divides you by two wid my foldin' sword."

"Dat talkin' boy gittin' hisself het up!" A critic in the ring of spectators burst into language. "Gittin' desprit."

The adipose dice owner addressed the desperate Wildcat, "Whut style nach'ral does you puffer? Us aims to please."

"Snake-eye yo'self copious, an' hop to it," the Wildcat answered. "Nemmine no nach'rals!"

"Us leaves de snake-eye puffo'mance fo' you. You seems mighty good at it. Dice, dodge dat snake eye. Dodge an' donate! Gallopin' gunboats, shoot a salute wid seven guns—wham! An' a fo'-three sez seven to me! Dere you is, stranger. Whut else you got in dat sack?"

"Ain't nuthin' else in de sack," the Wildcat mourned. Then, turning to his associate in disaster, "Whut us gwine to do, Demmy? Shoot de flivveh?"

"Shoot yo' dollah. You fo'got you's 'quipped wid a dollah in cash, ain't you? His luck kain't last fo'eveh. Let him shoot a dollah, an' fade him wid dat one whut you got in yo' right-handed hip pocket."

"Hot dam! I fo'got all 'bout my mineral wealth. Adipose, us got a dollah!"

"Shoots a dollah," the heavy-set dice owner agreed, flipping a coin into the area. "Dere you is. Fade an' fall back. Money, marbles or chalk, is whut I said. Meet my metal!"

The Wildcat explored his right hip pocket and produced the residue of wealth which Lady Luck had permitted him to retain after the day's first session with the dice. "Round dollah, roll back home wid yo' li'l' playmate. Leave me single an' come back twins." To the dice owner: "Roll rapid, pond'rous. Roll an' groan. You is now took yo' fust step on de path to de po'house."

"Haul back dem roosters outen my way," the dice owner commanded. "Git 'em out of de luck farm whilst I plants anotheh nach'ral. Dice, go fo'th an' reap. Wham! Plain an' painless! De six an' five is still alive. A dollah down is a dollah done wid me. Roll back dem dice. I still owns 'em. Mebby dis boy kin find some gol' teeth or somethin'."

"Now whut us do, Demmy?" the Wildcat asked, wilting visibly under the latest disaster.

"Shoot de flivveh."

"I shoots de flivveh, but I ain't gwine to fade nobody no place wid no flivveh." To the dice owner: "De dice belongs to you right now, but dis contest is ended 'less you lets me own 'em. Hand me dem dice does you crave action, an' I shoots a fust-class flivveh agin a hund'ed dollahs."

"No flivveh ain't wuth no hund'ed dollahs. Whah at is dis chariot?"

"Standin' right out in front. Look it oveh. You neveh seed a flivveh wuth mo' money dan dat is. 'Ceptin' fo' a few things heah an' dere, dat flivveh's jus' like a new auto."

"Yeah, 'ceptin' fo' a few things heah an' dere, a new flivveh is jus' like a new auto. Come along whilst us views de remains."

After a quick inspection of the vehicle parked against the curb in front of the four-walled battleground, "Twenty-five dollahs is my limick on dat heap," Lady Luck's playmate announced. "I fades you twenty-five dollahs agin dat flivveh, fo' whut reason on'y crazy folks knows. I don't need no flivveh. On'y thing I'd do wid it is sell it to some boy fo' five dollahs less'n it cost me."

"It gwine to cost you a mighty lot, does you ride 'longside of me an' de dice! Whah at is dem dice? C'mon inside heah!"

Inside of the Sunkist Social and Industry Club, within a space of thirty seconds, the scene had changed. Neglected for a moment, the livestock had mingled into a funnel-shaped mass composed largely of chicken feathers and goat hair.

"Ketch dat goat!"

"Head off dat buttin' ram on de nex' round!"

"Haul down dem pullets offen dat chandelier! Git dat rooster whut's settin' up dere on de po'trait of our wuthy presidump!"

Somebody accused the Wildcat of being the promoter of the tumultuous crime. "You mighty apt to git unpopular, bringin' dat fo'-legged earthquake an' lettin' it blow up right heah in de sacrid presinks of dis heah club."

"Nobody brung in no earthquake," the Wildcat returned. "Whut I objecks to mighty hearty is ennybody lettin' his roosters pick on my li'l' pet mascot goat! Nobody got a right to let his roosters roam 'round an' 'round de place, eatin' up po' li'l' goats. . . . Come along heah, Lily; I pertecks you. Nex' time ennybody's roosters starts pickin' on you, dey finds out dey's pickin' on me an' you bofe! . . . Hold dis goat, Demmy. Perteck him away f'm all dese rav'nous roosters. Dem birds acks like dey got hawk blood in 'em. Take mighty good care of Lily whilst I 'cumulates some cash capital." Addressing his mascot: "Nemmine, Lily. Nobody ain't gwine to pesteh you no mo' whilst me an' Demmy is wid you. Dem dog-gone varmints betteh not start pickin' on you no mo'."

"Blah-h-h-h!" Lily agreed plaintively, munching the while a gratifying faceful of rooster feathers.

"Ennybody been picked on, it's dem roosters of mine." The poultry owner entered a cross-complaint. "Look dat goat in de face an' you sees how festooned he is wid rooster raiment. No goat neveh raised no featheh whiskers. Answeh me den who's been pickin' on who!"

"Nemmine. De 'greedment is, I gits de dice, an' you fades twenty-five dollahs agin my fust-class flivveh. Dat's de 'greedment, ain't it?"

"Dat's de 'greedment. Heah's yo' dice. Stan' back, folks, an' let dis boy dive hisself into doom. Git dem roosters outen de ring. Nobody neveh said I wasn't fair. Give de boy a chance."

"Don't want no chance. Ain't takin' no chance," the Wildcat announced. "Dis time, de way me an' de dice feels, you ain't got no mo' chance dan a rabbit ticklin' a tiger's tonsils. Shoots de flivveh agin twenty-five dollahs. Fade me, adipose, whilst you has yo' stren'th!"

"Roll 'em, orator. You's faded." The heavy-set favorite of fortune peeled a twenty and a five from the elephant-leg bank roll. "Roll 'em deep enuff to dig yo' grave."

"Luck eggs, hatch handsome! Stan' back, brothehs. Gimme elbone room. Git dem roosters offen de battleground! Army cubes, yo' gin'ral is got you. P'odigal twins, git yo' veal. Cash cubes, donate yo' dividend! Wham! An' I reads—six-fo'! Six-fo' on de flo'. . . . Keep dem roosters back. . . . Six-fo' is ten. Come along, ten, I tells you when. Ten I craves! Bring me eight on de freight, wid a dooce in de caboose! Whuf! An' six-three sez nine to me. Nine, find yo' lost lamb. Freckle seeds, sprout yo' finance! Big ten, come again! Whuf! Hot dam! I reads six-fo' on ——"

Lysander, having recovered his agility, made a quick stab at the four-spot with his beak. He gulped once, and the four-spot disappeared from mortal view half a second before the first phrases of the Wildcat's anguished protest exploded in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the Sunkist Social and Industry Club.

"Dat wuz a fo'-spot! I made my point! Dat's my money! Hand it heah!"

"Don't see no fo'-spot," the money grabber answered in rebuttal. "All I sees is a lonesome six. Yo' point was ten. You cain't make it wid a six."

"De fo'-spot is in Lysander's stummick right dis minnit! Post-mo'tem dat rooster's vitals an' I shows you de fo'-spot!"

"Post-mo'tem his stummick an' I shows you de ace along wid yo' fo'-spot. 'Sides dat, dey ain't gwine to be no post-mo'tem on Lysander. Lysander is my rooster. Nobody gwine to post-mo'tem de interior of no roosters whut I owns. You heerd me!" The owner and proprietor of Lysander and Lysander's cargo of luck scowled blackly at the Wildcat.

"I ain't, is I? Lissen, adipose, when de post-mo'tem begins, mebby I ain't gwine to waste my time wid no pan meat. When I post-mo'tems I post-mo'tems up to de hilt, an' fat humans is my meat!"

In spite of Demmy's tardy effort at restraint, the Wildcat reached up between his shoulder blades to where his trusty folding sword hung from a string around his neck. "Dey gwine to be dark meat knee-deep on dis Sunkist flo' 'less you concedes Lysander's fo'-spot!"

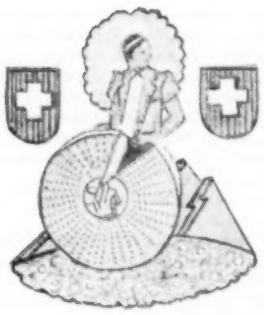
"Dat war talk sounds good to me! I needs me a li'l' exercise ennyhow," the adipose belligerent returned, reaching a fat hand into his bosom. "Fur as Ise concerned, yo' fo'-spot is digested!"

"Lawdy, Wilecat, git calm!"

Demmy's advice was too late. With an ornate gesture the Wildcat's right hand lifted toward the zenith, and in it, opening en route, lay a long-bladed, antisocial equalizer.

Lysander and his eleven companions, suddenly freed from human restraint, sought shelter from the impending storm.

(Continued on Page 136)



ESSEN SIE SWITZERLAND CHEESE,
DEN KAESE MIT DEM GESCHMACK, DEN KEIN ANDERER
SCHWEIZER-TYP KAESE HAT

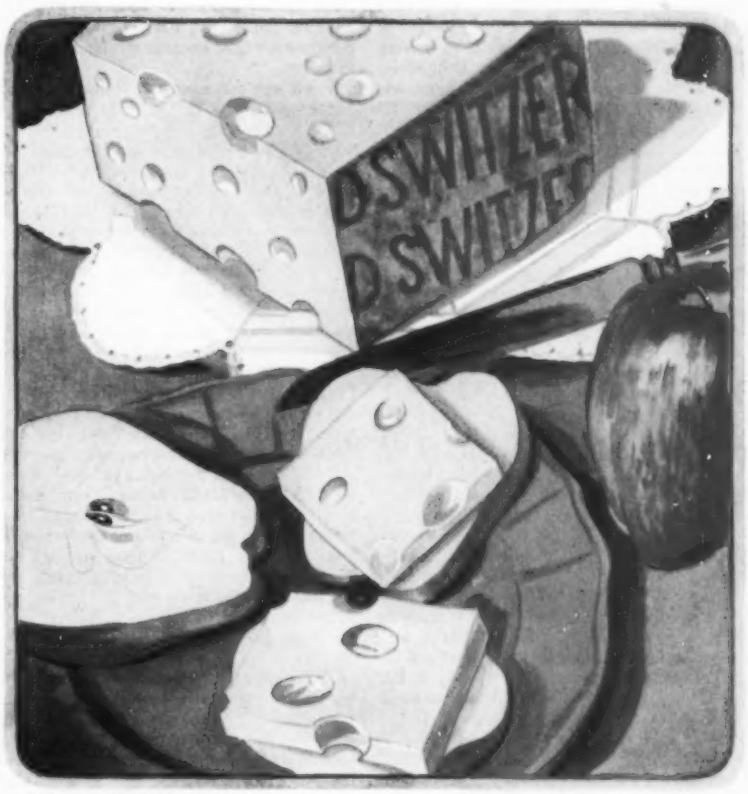
Help yourself to Switzerland Cheese and taste a flavor no Swiss "style" cheese can have

A TASTE of Switzerland Cheese reveals a flavor that words cannot fully describe. You may say it is rich . . . zestful . . . nut-sweet and still miss the appropriate word.

Likewise those who make Swiss "style" cheese in countries other than Switzerland are baffled by their inability to produce the flavor of the genuine Switzerland Cheese. Regardless of their formulas, scientific methods or rich milk, the finished product misses the flavor that has made Switzerland Cheese famous the world over.

The reason that Switzerland Cheese has a flavor that can't be copied is this—*no other nation has the same pastures, forage and pure water that Switzerland has.* These special gifts from nature to that little rugged country impart a distinctive flavor to the milk and then to the cheese which is yours to enjoy.

In buying this rare cheese you can always be sure of getting the genuine when you see the many imprints of the word—"Switzerland"—on the rind. No other cheese can be thus marked. And if you take the advice of the Swiss cheese-maker, you will ask for pound or half-pound cuts instead of wafer-thin slices. The portions you break or cut from these pieces bring much more flavor to your taste.



Here's a delicious combination—slices of a tart, juicy apple on which are laid similar shaped slices of Switzerland Cheese. An ideal light luncheon which is tasteful and nourishing.

Switzerland Cheese is ideal in sandwiches, omelets, fondues and soufflés. Serve it as a dessert by itself or with fruit. Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere and served in leading hotels and restaurants. Its color sometimes varies from a cream to butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from medium to large. But the rare flavor never varies. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

For unusual recipes and suggestions in which Switzerland Cheese is the flavorful ingredient, write for a free copy of the attractive booklet in color —"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It." Address Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc., 105 Hudson St., New York City.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

It takes head-work to carry a cheese this big.

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

This cute little house is really a Swiss Cheesery.

(Continued from Page 134)

Carrying his disputed four-spot, Lysander fluttered upward to sanctuary and roosted gracefully on the portrait of the worthy presidump of the Sunkist Club.

The ponderous brunet, walking rapidly toward the Wildcat, was met halfway of his march by a four-legged projectile covered with goat hair and horns.

"Ketch dat goat! Lawd gosh, head off dat gallopin' dynamite befo' ——"

The Wildcat made a leap at his overturned adversary. "Now us blubbers dis whale!" Midway of his career he realized that he was cluttered up with the broken fragments of a chair which caged his countenance. One second later a pool cue clipped the meat-hunting equalizer out of his grasp. A mile to the left he heard Demmy's voice chattering into a telephone.

"Come a-runnin'!" Demmy repeated. "Bring all de police folks you got!"

Countermanding this, impeded somewhat by the chair seat which had flattened against his face, "Nemmine no police!" Lady Luck's orphan began. "Us settles ——"

Forthwith us settled. By the numbers, swung in wide arcs, three more comparatively indestructible chairs crashed into kindling wood against the rungs of the one which caged the Wildcat. From a range of twelve feet a cue ball and half of its flock of fifteen followers scored perfect hits here and there on the Wildcat's elastic anatomy.

When the horizontal hailstorm had ceased, into a momentary lull came a series of yelping groans, punctuated by supplicating phrases relative to Lily. "Oomph! . . . Lawdy! Somebody ketch dat goat!"

"Aim lower, Lily. Keep yo' haid down an' foller th'ough!"

"Ketch dat goat, else he gwine to kill dat fat man!"

"Nemmine ketchin' no goat. Dat goat knows ——"

Another chair terminated Demmy's defense of the four-legged earthquake. "Nemmine bustin' no chairs on my haid, else you gwine to git me mad. Ise a-gittin' mad, boy! Right now Ise gittin' plumb mad. . . . Now I is mad!" And with this the Wildcat's diminutive companion lowered his head and, emulating Lily's example, began heaving a cannon-ball cranium at a series of collapsible human targets.

"Demmy, whah at is you? Help me git dis cage offen my face so's I kin see!"

Bam!

"Too busy, Wilecat. Cain't help nobody right now. Needs help myself! Somebody betteh ——"

Somebody did. The front door of the Sunkist Social and Industry Club crashed open to admit a riot squad. Forthwith, mistaking the newcomers for enemy reënforcements, Lily accumulated all the momentum available in a twenty-foot start and mowed down three policemen before the battle ended.

Omitting all reference to games of chance and the efficiency of edged weapons in a pinch, "Me an' my podner was discussin' farm relief mighty peaceful wid dem boys in dat Sunkist Club," the Wildcat explained to the judge. "Somebody claimed nobody could make no money no time wid poultry. Me an' Demmy knows all 'bout chicken ranches. Right afteh dat some events wuz agitated, an' de nex' thing I knowed I was all hindered by a busted chair, an' de police folks come in de do'."

"Thirty days," said the judge. "And thirty days for your partner."

The Wildcat smiled his gratitude. "Judge, yassuh! Whut about my mascot goat? Who gwine to perteck Lily?"

"Thirty days for Lily," the judge ordered. "We need a good grass cutter around the jail."

The Wildcat turned to Demmy. "Hot dam, boy! Dere you is! Lady Luck done come back! Room an' board whah Ol' Man Trouble cain't git at you fo' thutty days. Ain't I told you, did us keep goin', us wuz bound to ketch up wid Lady Luck—an' heah us is!"

A REAL TAIL ON A BRONZE BULL

(Continued from Page 23)

the talkie craze I could proceed recklessly if I wanted to drop in on Mary and Doug, Charlie, Will Rogers, or any other of our small-town boys and girls, but now I have to plow my way through names. It would be of no value to give you a list of the names, because before this is printed most of their bearers will be back on Broadway.

"I am afraid to ask the accounting department how much money I have paid to famous playwrights," said the bewildered head of one of the great producing organizations to me the other day. "Do you know the two fellows who left my office as you came in? Each of them has at least half a dozen successful plays to his credit, and I have been paying them dizzy saláries to write screen stories. You ought to read the gosh-awful stuff they turn out. There isn't a girl in our scenario department who can't write rings around them. And the fat one has sixty days yet to go before his contract expires, and I have wished the skinny, bald-headed one on to myself for another four months!"

Another Picture Prophet

But despite his experience with stage writers, this same producer at the time this is written has three stage directors assisting three screen directors in making pictures. Paramount recently made a picture called The Studio Murder Mystery. You may expect more studio murders, but there won't be anything mysterious about them. In each case the victim will be a stage director, and the murderer will be the screen director with whom he was working on a picture. There would be just as much reason in having a paper hanger collaborate with a trained screen director in the making of a picture. Paper hanging has as much to do with screen art as stage art has to do with it. That is something that needs elaboration. It brings us up to a discussion of what it is all about anyway. There has been a great deal of discussion already. The only thing that the film authorities in and out of the industry have disagreed upon is the degree of deadness of the silent drama. They agree that it is dead—dead as the stagecoach, the horse and buggy and side whiskers. They vary only in fixing the date of its last and concluding flicker.

Recently a writer in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST assumed the rôle of prophet and predicted the early demise of the silent picture. Allow me to assume a similar rôle.

The silent screen is not dead. Talking pictures never had the remotest chance of supplanting the silent variety. Within a year the studio will have swung back to their silent programs, with here and there a talkie mixed in to supply the exceedingly small market that will be available to it.

I held and expressed publicly these opinions before the audience reaction to the talkies was manifested. I continued to hold them and to utter them while the talkies were a nine days' wonder, while they were turning a flood of gold toward Hollywood and while every well-known film figure except Charlie Chaplin was going on record by predicting that we had seen the last of the silent pictures. I explain this because I want you to approach the subject as I did, and as I am going to present it now; because I want you to forget the crowded houses you have heard applauding poor talkies and the slim audiences that have greeted those you thought good—to forget your likes and dislikes, to go with me into the heart of the matter and see if we can't reason the thing out without being influenced by any of its externals.

The first fact we have to go on is that motion pictures became the most stupendous entertainment force the world ever has known. They have developed for thirty years—a long time in this swift age—without undergoing any fundamental change. They were the first and only moving entertainment to combine rest and recreation. A baseball game is full of motion, but it also is full of noise and excitement which tire us. A lecture is restful physically, but to the degree that we follow it, it exhausts us mentally. The motion picture gives us motion without noise and excitement, and can convey impressions to us without involving our intellects. The appeal of the silent motion picture is straight to our emotions, without reference to our intellects. It is precisely the appeal that music has. In the case of the picture we watch it as it flows along smoothly; and in the case of music we listen to it as it flows along its harmonious course, and in both cases the mind absorbs what is brought to it by the visual and aural senses, and does not have to bestir itself on its own account. Only in a silent motion-picture house can one get such complete rest with his recreation and entertainment.

We have music with our silent pictures, not "to key a mood and set a scene," as one writer puts it; we have it for a deeper and fundamental reason. When one sense is occupied by itself it tires more readily than it would if another sense were occupied in sympathy with it. Thus, if we watched motion pictures in absolute silence, our visual sense would tire. To avoid this we have music to employ the aural sense in sympathy with the other, the sympathy being complete for the reason I already have given—that the appeal of the silent motion picture and of music is identical.

The film industry grew to its present tremendous proportions because it turned out a product that was sound fundamentally, a product in the shape of an art form that by its own technical limitations was compelled to stick to its form, no matter how far some of its individual examples strayed away from our conception of good art. Its mechanical limits kept it true to itself and it is the only art that became stupendous as an industry.

I ask any business man who reads this, anyone with even the slightest idea of merchandising—in fact, anyone with any common sense whatever—could any article in itself fundamentally unsound develop such an amazing market as silent motion pictures have developed in thirty years? The most cautious will answer that it is extremely unlikely, but that you never can tell what's liable to happen. Well, then, would it be good business to drop suddenly the line of goods that had built your market and throw on it without notice another line that differed fundamentally from what the market had shown such an extraordinary capacity for assimilating? There can be but one answer to that—no! We see, therefore, that the film industry can be indicted for committing a commercial folly, provided we can establish the fact that the talking picture differs fundamentally from the silent. We must keep in mind that in all our reasoning we are presuming perfection in the product. I am arguing against the theoretically perfect talking picture, not against a poorly made one.

No Room for Imagination

There are but three things that enter into the perfect motion picture—motion, light and shadow. With those ingredients the story can be told in a manner that does not violate the æsthetics of screen art. For fear that my commercially minded readers may shy at the word "art" I shall remind them that the screen can achieve success as an industry only to the extent that it achieves perfection as an art. The two cannot be divorced. Prior to the advent of the sound device only these three ingredients were mixed so agreeably that out of them a gigantic industrial structure was reared, which should indicate that the mixture was just about right at its source. But there was one other thing that the public had to apply before taking—imagination. The mixture, as a matter of fact, became efficacious only when a generous dose of imagination was applied to it.

Suddenly the screen began to talk. Speech became a fourth ingredient. There was no place for it in the formula of screen art, but perhaps it could be mixed with the other three and form a by-product that the public might absorb in paying quantities. But that is not how the industry went at it. It scrapped entirely an art form that was true to itself and substituted for it a hybrid that first would gain attention as a novelty and later might establish a certain place for itself, but which under no circumstances could, being fundamentally unsound, permanently supplant something fundamentally sound. That is something that never has been done in the commercial or artistic history of the world.

Motion-picture producers not only have discarded the element that made their product perfect—imagination—but have substituted for it something that quarrels with the other ingredients and is alien to them—sound. No one can dislike talking pictures without a reason, and here we have the reason. They are not motion pictures because they are not true to the screen-art form, which calls for the story to be told in action, by a flow of motion that carries the viewer along with it. The Chaplin pictures approach perfection in this regard; the Fairbanks pictures, notably The Thief of Bagdad, are good examples, as are also the comedies of Mack Sennett. In the Felix the Cat animated cartoons the flow of motion reaches its finest exemplification, which explains why they never fail to entertain adults as much as they do children. Study the box-office returns of a given number of pictures and you will find reflected in the figures the degree in which the directors succeeded in achieving the flow of motion.

The introduction of audible dialogue in pictures not only makes a fundamental change in their appeal but it retards their motion. Some of them are satisfactory examples of photographed plays, such as Madame X, The Letter, Coquette, Bulldog Drummond and a few others, but as they are not really motion pictures they cannot be successful permanently in providing the entertainment that motion-picture audiences demand. As a novelty they were successful in attracting audiences, but by now the novelty stage has passed and the only purpose they are achieving at the present time is stimulating an interest in the stage—an interest that will be manifested at the box offices within a year if the admission prices to legitimate theaters be brought nearer the level of the scale that now prevails at the cinema box offices. The nearer the characters on the screen approach reality, the more picture patrons will be disposed to go all the way toward reality and seek out the players in the flesh. It was not until we were able to sit at home and listen to an entire symphony played without interruption on our phonographs that symphony orchestras in some places in the country became self-supporting. I have records of seven of my favorite symphonies in my house, and as I write this my radio is bringing to me a symphony concert from San Francisco, but tomorrow night I am going to drive ten miles to hear the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra play a program that I could get over my radio if I stayed at home.

All the ridiculous noises that now are disturbing what used to be the peace of motion-picture houses are introduced by

(Continued on Page 140)

The pause that refreshes

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What should one's watch tell beside time? So much—quality, style, class—and those who *know* choose Wrist Watches by Ollendorff. Originally accepted by that small group who set the style on fashion boulevards the world over, their fame has grown. Today they are demanded wherever a feeling for style and quality has penetrated.

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Let your next watch be *more* than a watch . . . an Ollendorff.

Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue and give name of your jeweler.

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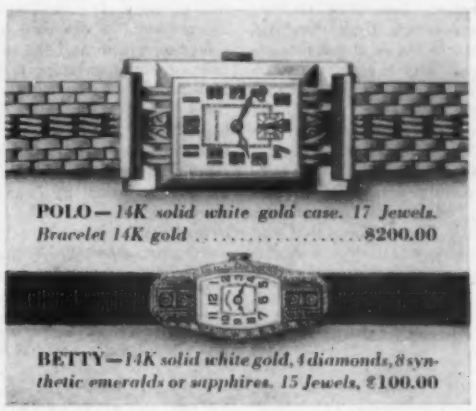

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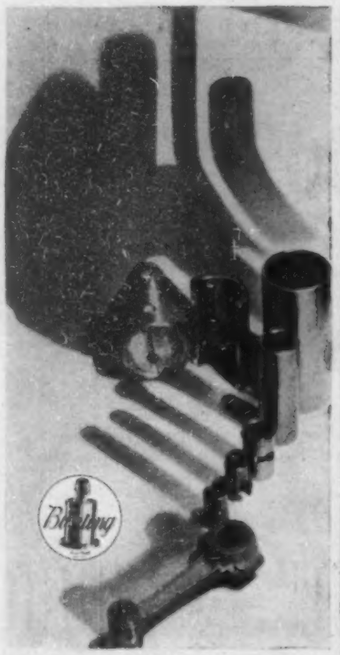

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(Continued from Page 136)

the producers in an endeavor to achieve realism, to duplicate Nature as faithfully as is possible. Goethe says, "Art is called art because it is not nature." The screen is an art of illusion and approaches perfection in the degree that it creates illusion. Its characters are shadows that become real to us only when the illusion is complete. When they talk they shatter the illusion, and we have nothing left. Dialogue in a picture is a touch of realism comparable with the real tail on the bronze bull. As dialogue it may be perfect; it may be witty, wise or dramatic, but it is too real to have a place in an art of illusion. A good photographed play will entertain you, but will not provide the perfect rest that was provided by the silent picture. Gradually your inclination to go to a movie will lessen, and instead of a trip every week the chances are that you will not go more than twice a month. What if all those who have the film habit make a similar cut? It would mean that the revenue of the industry would be cut in two, and the industry cannot operate on half its present revenue. To keep going it must get another dollar out of your pocket to make up the two you used to spend, and the only way it can do it is to tempt you once more with the same sort of entertainment that got you into the two-dollar habit.

Perhaps you think my argument is specious; that I have no warrant for my prediction that the talkies eventually will reduce the film industry's revenue by one-half. I will tell you how you can settle the question for yourself. Take a poll of the next hundred people you encounter. Ask them how they like the talkies, how many times they used to view silent pictures, and how often they go to picture houses now. Estimate the situation then and you will wonder why I am so conservative.

They Want What They Want

"But it seems so funny now to watch lips moving on the screen and no sounds issuing from them," you protest as part of your reasoning that you won't be satisfied with silent pictures again. The silent moving lips look no funnier now than they did when motion pictures began three decades ago. We had no difficulty in getting used to them then and will have less difficulty in doing it over again.

It is surprising how often one hears in Hollywood that talking pictures will be successful because the public won't get anything else and simply will have to like them—surprising, because it is such an idiotic thing to say. The public is no more apt to patronize pictures it does not like than it is to wear shoes that it does not like. Already it is registering its disapproval of the new form of entertainment in a manner that even the dullest producer can understand—perhaps in the only manner that he can understand—dwindling receipts in box offices.

When a given house first shows a talking picture its receipts jump, and by the time each of its regular patrons has seen and heard two or three of such pictures the receipts recede to normal if the exhibitor be lucky, and to subnormal if he has the same experience as most of the other people in his line of business. Meanwhile, with receipts not any greater than in the old silent days, he is paying anywhere from four to nine times as much for his new pictures as he did for the old.

This excessive charge is not due to the increased cost of making talking pictures. It is due to the fact that the producers are trying to assess the full cost of their sound equipment against their first year's output. In any other business the money spent in providing new plants would be carried as capital investment, and it would be expected to do no more than earn a respectable rate of interest on the investment. The film industry, however, seems to regard the twenty-five million dollars its sound devices cost it as merely a temporary loan to the public, and the public is showing no great enthusiasm in acquitting itself of the debt.

If the talking picture is not to be the major portion of our screen fare, what is going to happen to the twenty-five million dollars? And to the couple of hundred other millions that have been spent in equipping theaters to reproduce sound and dialogue pictures?

Present indications are that the film and electric barons overestimated the public's appetite for canned mental fodder. The market for canned psalms does not seem to be as steady as that for canned salmon. I already have mentioned several things that have contributed to the unpopularity of talking pictures—their fundamental weakness, poor projection, lack of motion—but I believe there is another to be taken into account. It is the fact that the present age is becoming overcanned. We stood for the phonograph and the radio, but talking pictures carry the thing just a little too far. Now we are promised television and a third screen dimension, depth added to height and width. As a toy, television will amuse for a time, and it may be put to some practical uses, but we never are going to be entertained by hearing Jack Barrymore read Hamlet to us from one of our living-room walls. The third dimension will harm screen art because it will supply in reality what our imaginations now supply, and imagination is a necessary screen ingredient, while depth is not.

The film and electric industries—to get back to the millions—have something like a quarter of a billion dollars bet that imagination is not a necessary screen-art ingredient. They realize now that they must hedge. The studios are equipped to make talking pictures and a few thousand theaters are equipped to show them. All this apparatus can be made to pay for itself if the producers provide the public with the kind of sound entertainment that it wants. The public wants some talking pictures, but it does not want to be talked to death. After half a dozen good silent pictures it can stand one good one that talks. The film industry's present policy of making everything talk is particularly stupid.

Broadways and Main Streets

If John Ford, the Fox director, had made The Black Watch as a silent picture it would have been a moving and stirring piece of entertainment instead of what it was—quite an ordinary screen offering. If Robert Milton, who came from the stage to direct for Paramount, had made Charming Sinners as a silent picture, much of its scintillating quality would have been missing and it would have been just an ordinary screen offering instead of what it is, an amusing bit of supersophistication brought brilliantly to the screen. But it is not a motion picture. It is a photographed play which will appeal to the Broadways and bore the Main Streets.

There are enough Broadways to make photographed plays pay, if such productions consist solely of plays that can be photographed to better advantage than their plots could be presented in silent pictures. The same Broadways, and a goodly share of the Main Streets, can absorb each year a few musical frivolities attractively photographed, and they will help to keep the sound equipment earning enough to pay its way. I do not think we ever will have great music coming to us from the screen. Music is emotional, like love. As a steady diet we won't want it relayed to us by a third party.

But screen art, to be true to itself, which it must be if it is to be prosperous permanently, will have to come back to its three ingredients—motion, light and shade—and stick to them. Talking doesn't belong. It is an affront to the fundamentals of screen art. Nothing fundamentally unsound can continue permanently to exist in something that is fundamentally sound.

You can attract people for a little while by hanging a real tail on a bronze bull, but you can't get away with it permanently.

ENDS OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 36)

they come into the St. Lawrence River by thousands. A few even spend the summer there. They are quite valuable, for the skin furnishes the porpoise hide of commerce, and the fat, particularly that about the jaws, gives a very fine watch oil. Certain French dwellers along the St. Lawrence make porpoise hunting their business.

The place where the animals were being taken in nets was near Tadousac at the mouth of the Saguenay River. Wind and weather conditions must be just right or the porpoises will not come into the tide rips where the net can be employed. They were not right when I arrived and the men seemed to think that there was little probability of an early change. After waiting ten days I gave it up and went off with three Frenchmen on their yawl to kill some porpoises for the museum. It was great fun, for I could do the hunting myself. We sailed along comfortably until we saw porpoises feeding in the tide rips. Many times we passed the brown young ones, but I did not want them. Nothing but the old white fellows would do. At last we discovered a school industriously engaged in catching fish near the end of an island. I put off in a canoe with one of the Frenchmen to paddle. My weapon was an old ten-gauge shotgun loaded with a lead ball. Some of the whales were young and we passed them, but a big white fellow slipped under very close and headed directly for us. He came up with a sharp "putt" as he blew and dove again. The next rising would bring him hardly twenty feet away.

In a few seconds the telltale patch of swirling green water began to smooth out right in front. I fired the instant his round, snowy head appeared above the surface. The beautiful white arrival shot into the air, falling back almost on the canoe. Dropping the gun, I grabbed a small harpoon and thrust with all my strength. At the touch of the iron the ghostly form again flashed into the air, but the Frenchman had tossed over the float and backed out of danger. The whale fought desperately to free itself, dashing from side to side and lashing the water into foam with its flukes. Watching my chance, I fired another ball into its neck. Straightening out, it rolled belly up and sank.

We got four other white whales that week. I took the skeletons and gave the men the blubber and skin; also a few dollars additional, so that everyone was happy. The best specimen we bleached well up in a sandy cove near Tadousac where I could work without interruption at making plaster molds. The completed cast of my white whale hangs in the new hall of water mammals of the American Museum. Besides the skeletons, I had enough photographs and new data on the habits of the species to make an interesting scientific paper. Anyway, it was interesting to me, but I suppose no one except a very few zoölogists have ever read it.

I returned from the St. Lawrence at the end of June, 1909. A month later the director of the museum called me to his office.

"Would you like to go to Borneo and the Dutch East Indies?" he asked. Just like that! Would I like to go to Borneo?

"Can a duck swim?" said I. Probably I did not use exactly those words, but whatever I did say, I got my idea across emphatically. It was ridiculous to ask me if

(Continued on Page 142)

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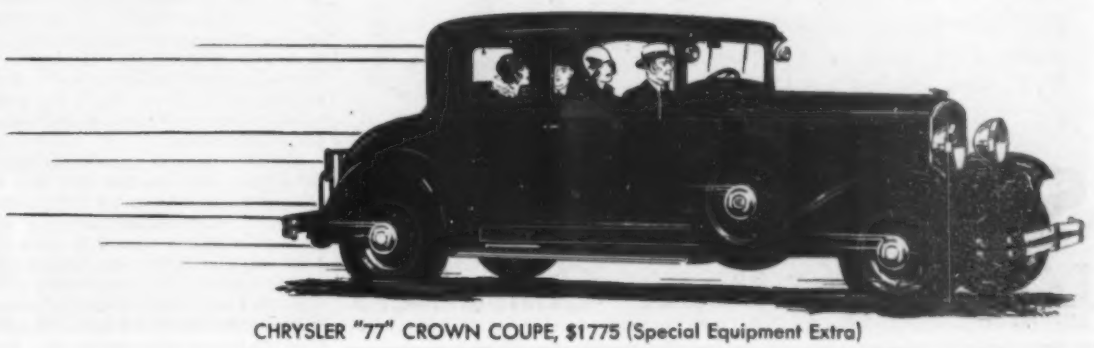

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SEALRIGHT

Liquid-Tight Paper Containers

(Continued from Page 140)

I wanted to go anywhere. I wanted to go everywhere. I would have started on a day's notice for the North Pole or the South, to the jungle or the desert. It made not the slightest difference to me. I was young, without a care or responsibility in the world, and keen for the adventure of life. Already it had begun to be such an adventure as I never had dreamed of. So it has been ever since.

The director went on to explain: "The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries has asked if I would loan you to go on a cruise of the exploring ship Albatross. They want to investigate the small islands of the East Indies and do deep-sea dredging. Your job will be to study the porpoises. Doubtless there are many new species to be discovered. No one has done it. Also you are to collect mammals and birds wherever possible."

It was all very plain and matter of fact to him, but not to me. The Albatross was the most famous deep-sea exploring ship of her time. Mere mention of the name brought visions of strange new lands, of thrilling adventures, of Robinson Crusoe islands!

I reached Manila in due course. The modern city of today was then just coming into being. The hotel was the old Metropole at the end of Santa Cruz bridge. The Army and Navy Club occupied a picturesque Spanish house in the walled city; the moat was still a slime-filled ditch.

I was to join the Albatross at the Cavite Navy Yard. She was south, near Zamboanga, and would not return for several weeks. The late Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior of the island government, was a naturalist of repute. When he learned that I was from the American Museum of Natural History, he said, "I'll do anything I can to help you."

That meant a good deal, for Worcester was the big man of the islands. I wanted to get busy at once, and he virtually turned over to me one of the little government steamers. He told me of a small island which he had long been wanting to explore. It was off the usual track of coastal vessels. The ship could drop me there and pick me up when it returned.

A week later, on a glorious tropical morning, I was rowed, with two Filipino boys, toward the low shores of a palm-clothed island. Water blue as indigo covered the outlying coral reef, over which floated fishes painted in rainbow colors. We landed in a sandy cove and made a rapid reconnaissance of the island. It was uninhabited, but had a spring of good water; that was the important thing. After leaving food for five days and our collecting gear, the ship steamed away. I was a Robinson Crusoe with two men Friday.

Desert-Island Stuff

For a week I had a glorious time exploring the island, trapping small mammals and collecting birds. At night we slept in canvas sea hammocks swung between palm trees to keep away from ants and land crabs.

But the ship did not return at the appointed time. Neither did she come the following day, nor the next. Our food was gone and almost all my ammunition. Still we were doing well enough. There was one family of monkeys on the island—a mother and father and two babies. We ate them at the end of the first week, but I saved one in alcohol as a specimen. Monkey is not bad—if you are hungry enough! Nevertheless, you could put me in the primate house at the zoo without the slightest danger to the inmates.

When ten days had passed and no ship, the Filipino boys decided that they were going to die and the sooner it was over the better. I verily believe that they would have given up and starved to death. But I had not the slightest intention of dying. As a matter of fact, I was having a bully time, for I knew that eventually Secretary Worcester would send a boat. All we had to do was to keep alive until he did. Before the last shotgun shell had killed its last bird, I made the natives get busy. Thousands of beautiful white pigeons with black wings and tails came to roost in the trees. There were plenty of fish on the reef. All we needed to get them both was a net. The boys made a net out of rattan and palm fiber. I evaporated sea water for salt and we had the necessities of life—salt, fish and birds. There was plenty to do, for we could still trap small mammals. I remember thinking that I ought to have all the appropriate feelings of despair at being thus abandoned, but for the life of me I could not work up anything of the sort. The ship was gone two weeks. She had had propeller trouble and the captain was terribly worried about us. When he found how comfortable and happy we had been he became equally disgusted.

Eventually the Albatross arrived at Cavite and I met my shipmates. She was manned by the Navy and carried about twelve officers and sixty men. Also there were three naturalists besides myself and a Japanese artist who painted fish. Almost immediately the ship left for Borneo. We stopped for a short time at the village of Tawao, British North Borneo, and then proceeded to Sibatik Island. Here the ship waited while I went inland to shoot.

The Puzzle of the Mousetraps

My first impression of a Borneo forest was one of sound rather than sight. Myriads of singing insects filled the air with such a medley of shrill vibrations that my eardrums ached. I prayed for just a moment of silence. But silence did not come until after the daily deluge of rain at half-past four. There were sights enough, too, for it was just as I had imagined a Borneo jungle ought to be. An impenetrable wall of giant trees stretching up and up seemingly almost to the clouds. The white camphor wood and *kayu rajah*, or king tree, more than two hundred feet tall, dominated all the rest. Each was hung with a tangled network of vines and creepers; below, palms and banana trees grew thickly between the larger trunks.

I soon found that it was impossible to move in the forest except by cutting a path with the huge native knife—*machete*. I tried to break through an opening, but in two minutes was caught in a dozen places. Three-inch palm thorns had me by the trousers and spiny wait-a-bit vines laced across my chest and back. I lost my temper and tried to back out, but I tried just once! The more I pulled the deeper went the thorns. Every move was agony. Finally, Miranda, my native boy, cut me loose. My clothes were in rags and I was streaming with blood.

Miranda looked at me and grinned. "Master better learn not get angry. No use. Better use knife," said he.

He was right. The jungle is no place for an impatient man. When I got back to the ship that night my feet were sloshing in the high boots at every step. I thought it was water and was horrified to discover it was blood. At least a dozen leeches had worked their way through the eyelets and into the top of each boot. My legs were covered with tiny red spots from which the blood oozed in a thin stream. The wretched leech deposits a serum wherever he takes hold, which prevents the blood from coagulating. The wound keeps open, is sure to become infected, and then you have a nice mess. There is just one way to beat his game—wear high shoes with the tongue sewed in and spiral woolen putties. The leeches can't work through the wool folds if they have been properly wrapped.

I set a line of sixty traps for small mammals. The next morning every one was sprung and I had only one mouse. He was but little more than a skeleton, for the ants had found him before I did. I could not imagine what had sprung the traps until I saw some huge ants, an inch in length, playing about one of them. That gave me an idea. I baited a trap, set the trigger lightly

(Continued on Page 145)

Culver Service Photo

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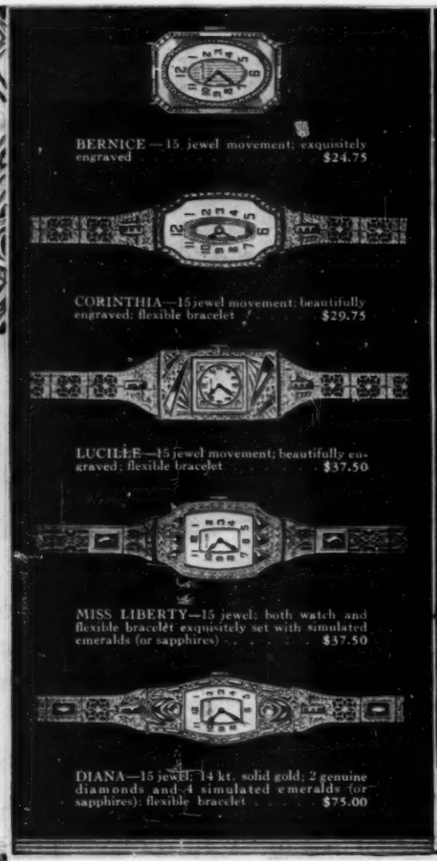

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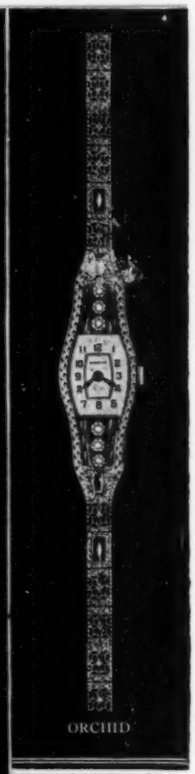

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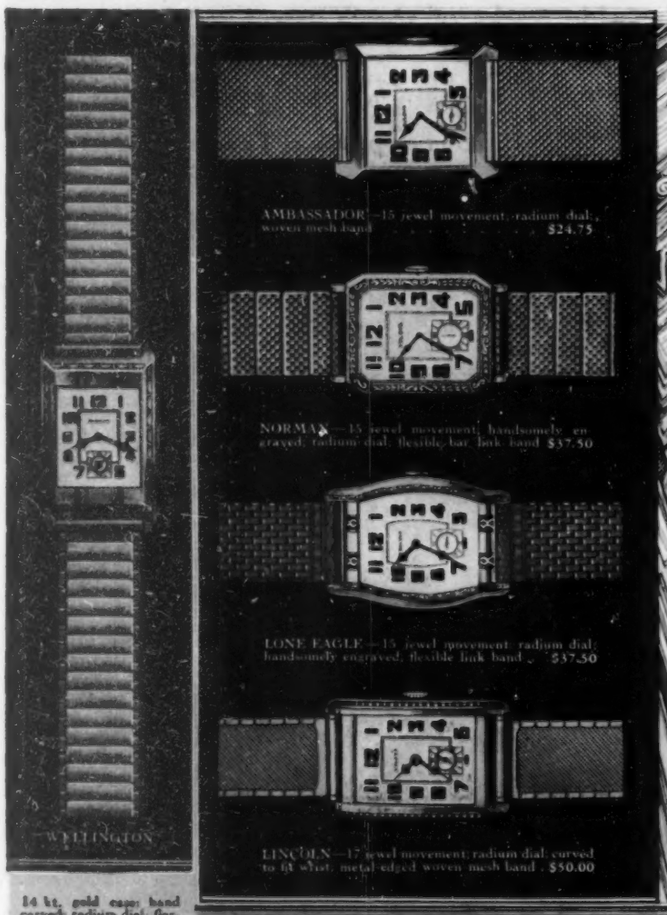

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(Continued from Page 142)

and made myself comfortable to watch. In a few moments a huge ant climbed on the pedal and began pulling at the bait. Then two others joined him. In five minutes they had sprung the trap.

Land crabs, noisome creatures which will devour a man if he is helpless, were as bad as the ants. Between these two pests, the collecting of small mammals was very poor, but with larger things I was more successful. Proboscis monkeys were fairly abundant. They are huge brown fellows with long bare fingerlike snouts. It was not easy to shoot them, for they could travel at full speed through the jungle, swinging from one tree to another, while I had to cut my way slowly along the ground. Finally one herd stopped to feed in a grove of bananas and I shot three before they discovered where the bullets were coming from.

A Python Playing Possum

Once I had what might be called a real adventure with a huge python. There are many snakes in the jungle, but one seldom sees them, for the cover is so thick that they can glide away unobserved. I do not believe that I actually saw more than a half dozen during as many months. The python incident would have been horribly fatal except for Miranda, my native boy. We were walking along a narrow animal trail in the jungle. I was ahead and going slowly. Suddenly I felt myself jerked violently backward and heard Miranda's excited voice:

"Excuse, master, but big snake right there. You shoot him quick."

He pointed to a thick branch overhanging the trail. Try as I would, I could see nothing except a gray tree trunk. Miranda was frantic.

"There, there don't you see him?"

I did not. Then the breeze moved the leaves a bit and a patch of sunlight fell squarely upon a glittering eye in a dark flat head. Following it back, what I thought was a tree trunk resolved itself into the vast bulk of a python lying close along a low overhanging branch. Perhaps ten feet of the body showed behind the head; the remainder was lost in the thick shadows of the tree.

I backed thirty feet away, lined my sights on that glittering eye and fired. A cyclone seemed to have struck the jungle. I caught a glimpse of yards and yards of snake, writhing, twisting, slashing. Vines and creepers were torn, small trees shattered. Miranda and I ran, for it seemed that anything might happen. It must have been half an hour before the jungle was quiet again and we dared to slip back to where the eruption had taken place. The snake was there all right, its enormous body twisted into folds and knots. My bullet had smashed the head to pulp. We straightened it out as best we could and I paced the length. It was pretty close to twenty feet.

Without doubt, Miranda's sharp eyes had saved me from a rather horrible death. The python had been lying on the low branch watching the trail. If a wild boar or deer had stepped along the path, fold after fold of the huge body would have been thrown about the beast and its life crushed out. Probably I would have met the same fate. After all, a python is no respecter of persons and anything that moves and breathes and has flesh would be grist for its mill. I could almost feel my bones being crushed as I watched the still-twitching muscles knot themselves tighter in the throes of death. We were so far from the ship that it was hopeless to skin the reptile, so we left it as it lay. I did not like to do that even to a snake, for I never have killed except for food or specimens. I have shot during my entire life. It has been part of my job. Many thousands of birds and animals have fallen to my gun, but for every one there was a real cause. I find no pleasure in killing just to try my skill. Now, after many years, it has become distasteful to shoot even for food. Dangerous animals are somewhat different. If you give them an even chance they can strike back.

On the way back to the beach I thought I heard an airplane. I was perfectly convinced of it, but nothing was visible in the sky except a great bird far above the trees. Down it sailed and I realized that it was the airplane. The top of a huge camphorwood tree bent under the weight as it alighted on the thin branches. The shotgun was useless at that height, but a steel bullet from my rifle brought it crashing down. It was a hornbill—the first I had ever seen alive. After looking at the stiff quills of the wing feathers, I realized that they had made the hum I had mistaken for a distant airplane.

Parrots were everywhere. One island which we visited simply swarmed with them. I collected eleven different species and almost every officer and blue-jacket on the ship purchased one for a pet. The vessel became a floating aviary and the noise was nerve-racking. Most of them had been taught Malay, but they learned English quickly enough. Finally a big white cockatoo belonging to one of the officers jumped down a skylight into the captain's cabin and nearly wrecked the place. An edict was issued against all parrots. The sailors were furious, but my collection of bird skins grew correspondingly.

One day in the late afternoon we dropped anchor off a tiny, heavily forested coral island. I went in with two natives to have a look at the place. From the edge of the jungle I saw half a dozen low trees which seemed to bear strange black fruit. It hung in masses from every branch and actually was in motion. I thought I had the hebejebes and stepped up very gingerly toward the nearest tree, squinting my eyes against the sun.

Bats. They were not fruit, but fruit bats. Farther back in the shadows the jungle was alive with them. Thousands upon thousands hanging head downward like huge black pears. They were just beginning to awake after their day-long sleep and were quarreling and murmuring, probably discussing their dreams, or whatever bats talk about. When the breeze swept out from the depths of the jungle it brought a sweetish musty odor, almost overpowering.

A Million Bats or So

At last I fired at a cluster hanging right over the beach. Both barrels, one after the other, into that black squirming mass. Then there was a row. A pandemonium of shrill squeaks and the whole jungle seemed to belch bats. Fifty thousand, a hundred thousand—I couldn't even estimate. There might have been a million for all I knew. The sky was black with them. Each had a wing spread of more than two feet, but there was a strange absence of noise. Nothing like a roar of wings such as birds would make. Just a strange swish when they went by. They fluttered up like a cloud of windblown leaves, drifted over the ship and disintegrated into thousands of black, flapping entities. It was a weird sight; there was something ghastly and unhealthy about it that made me shiver. Like a breath of damp stale air from the blackness of a dungeon.

It is strange that bats should affect Occidentals that way. Chinese consider them to be omens of fortune. The bat is one of their good-luck signs. You will often see it used in the decorations of embroideries and rugs. Bats and clouds! These big fellows are not like the blood-sucking vampires of South America; they feed almost entirely upon fruit. What tons they must destroy!

The strange birds and mammals gave me a wonderful time on land, but with porpoises it was not so good. We saw only two or three schools and they did not seem to like us. According to theory, they ought to have played about the bows of the ship and given a continuous acrobatic performance. I have seen them do it sometimes, but those we found were not properly trained. They left us severely alone, and even when I went out in a small boat, we never got near enough to shoot or use the harpoon. Still, I didn't mind much. There were quite enough other things to keep me busy every second.

From the Ocean's Floor

The ship's dredging operations were fascinating. At that time the Albatross was the best-equipped vessel in the world for deep-sea work. Part of her program on the expedition was to take soundings for a study of the ocean bottom and to make dredge hauls to collect the fish and invertebrate life of the great depths. The men always took soundings before the dredge was let down. A thirty-pound shot was used for a mile or less; a sixty-pound weight for greater depths. The wire also carried a mud cup to bring up a specimen of the ocean's floor, a thermometer which automatically tripped to register the temperature at the bottom, and another cup to obtain a sample of the deepest water, to be tested for specific gravity. All this happened at one time, when the shot reached the bottom, where it will remain until the sea gives up its dead.

Having recorded these data for future reference, the boom was swung over the side and the great dredge slowly lowered into the water. It consisted of a net twenty or twenty-five feet in length, fastened to a twelve-foot steel frame. This held open the mouth of the net and acted as a runner when it was dragged over the ocean floor. When the dredge had reached the bottom the ship steamed forward at about two knots. After thirty minutes, sometimes much longer, the steam winch slowly brought the dredge to the surface. Usually it was a quarter filled with mud. Mud so cold that the men had to wear long gloves while working in it under the blazing heat of an equatorial sun! We could have a bottle cooled in a few moments by thrusting it into the soft ooze.

With a hose the men washed away much of the mud; then the bottom of the net was untied and the contents dropped into a table trough on the deck. I was always keen to see what the dredge had brought up from the ocean depths. Often we had the strangest fish imaginable, especially adapted for life in the complete darkness of the submarine world. Fish with eyes far out on stalks; with phosphorescent spots along the sides like the glowing portholes of a ship; fish carrying little lanterns to light their way. Sometimes in the sudden ascent to the surface and release from the great pressure to which they were accustomed, they were turned almost inside out; usually those from great depths were badly damaged.

The contents of the dredge from very deep hauls—a mile or more—were disappointing, at least in variety. Sea urchins—echinoderms—led all the rest, though starfish were abundant, too, if I remember correctly. Off the coast of New Guinea the figurehead of a ship came up in the net. It was heavily incrusted with barnacles, but I scraped off enough to see that it represented the bust and head of a woman. I looked at it for a long time, wondering about its tragedy. Was it pirates, war or ocean storms that had sent the vessel to the bottom? I was romantic enough to hope for pirates.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Andrews. The third will appear next week.

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PROTECTORS OF THE POOR

(Continued from Page 47)

required for each unit of product, and the prices of your product are consequently high.

MR. FLICKER *(shaking his head):* I don't quite get you.

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(amiably):* Well, here: Labor is either effective or ineffective, efficient or inefficient. If your labor is effective, it ought to be highly paid; and it will turn out a large amount of work in a short time, so that the work can be sold more cheaply. When labor is effective, high wages and low prices ought to go together.

MR. FLICKER *(protestingly):* Oh, here——

YOUNG MR. GANSON: Furthermore, the community is prosperous precisely as this combination exists—high wages and low prices.

MR. FLICKER *(glancing helplessly at* MR. BLACK *and* MR. GREEN*):* Well, that may be all right in theory ——

MR. BLACK *(grumpily):* It's a lot of socialistic nonsense!

MR. GANSON *(pompously):* You'll find that our workaday life is very different from the beautiful impracticalities of your college days, Cameron. You can learn a great deal by listening, my boy, and not arguing.

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(plaintively):* The things I was saying aren't beautiful impracticalities! They're just plain, ordinary facts.

MR. FLICKER *(with an air of great frankness and good fellowship):* No doubt you're sincere in what you say, Mr. Ganson, but how do you account for the fact that hard-headed business men from all parts of the country come before these distinguished senators and representatives in Washington and say just exactly what Mr. Green said—that high wages and a high standard of living in America cannot be maintained unless the country is protected against commodities made by the cheap pauper labor of Europe?

YOUNG MR. GANSON: I can't account for it! You'd think the senators and representatives would throw them out on their necks for trying to make fools of them. A high general level of wages is the result of high general efficiency of labor.

MR. BLACK *(under his breath):* That's Bolshevism!

MR. GREEN *(pompously):* High wages are due to the tariff, and cannot be kept high without high duties.

YOUNG MR. GANSON: Sir, that's a lot of apple sauce.

MR. GANSON *(sternly):* Cameron, I'll thank you to stop interrupting this business meeting. No doubt Mr. Flicker will be glad to debate with you at a later date.

MR. BLACK *(gloomily):* What if the committee gets to asking questions about that stuff?

MR. GANSON: Oh, we can cross that bridge when we come to it. I don't believe there'll be any trouble over that.

MR. GREEN: I tell you, gentlemen, this business of being undersold by the pauper labor of Europe is a pretty serious thing for all of us. You take snucks—those little irregular holes you put in rye bread. Do you know what snucks cost a thousand dozen in Czecho-Slavovia? Twenty-one cents, gentlemen; and in this country, with our skilled, high-priced workmen, it costs us a dollar and six mills. Now, how can we meet such competition as that?

MR. BLACK *(defensively):* We make a better snuck in this country than they can make in Czecho-Slavovia.

MR. GREEN: I grant that! Our inventiveness has led us to produce a better and a more wholesome snuck. The Czecho-Slavovian snuck tends to produce gas and indigestion in the consumer, but not everybody takes that into consideration in buying snucks.

MR. GANSON: It's a very good point, at any rate. *(Young* MR. GANSON *rattles his paper violently.)*

[There is a knock at the door, L, and a general cry of "Come in." Enter WILLIAM ROBINSON, *with a trayful of set-ups.* MR. FLICKER *seizes the check, reaches in his pocket; then pauses and looks sternly at* WILLIAM.

MR. FLICKER: This says two dollars!

WILLIAM *(showing a tremendous number of teeth):* Yassuh, cap'n!

MR. FLICKER *(severely):* Look here, George, you can't do this! Why, this is twice what set-ups used to cost! What's the big idea?

WILLIAM: Yassuh, cap'n. 'Taint me, cap'n! If it was me, cap'n, I'd give it to you, cap'n. Yassuh! You gentlemen cert'nly been good to me, en I wouldn't charge you nuffin. That check, tha's what they gimme downstairs, boss.

MR. FLICKER: This is outrageous! I'll speak to the manager! *(He reaches for the telephone.)* Let me speak to the manager! . . . Yes, the manager!

WILLIAM: Yassuh, cap'n, I doan blame you folks! Nossuh! Gittin so's a li'l' feller can't buy nuffin, prices goin' up en up! Looks like ev'ybody done forgot how to make cheap stuff, boss! Gotta mek fifty dollars a week to keep fum goin' nekked, yassuh; nuther five years, can't do nuffin er go nowheres 'ithout mekkin five hund'ed dollars a week! Who-o-o! Five hund'ed dollars!

MR. FLICKER: On your way, George! *(He tosses* WILLIAM *a half dollar.* WILLIAM *exits.* MR. FLICKER *speaks into the telephone while* MR. GANSON *busies himself with the set-ups):* Hello. . . . Oh, yes. This is Henry Flicker. . . . Yeah! Public relations counsel, Hole Institute of America. Yeah. . . . Oh, sure! . . . Say, the boy just brought us four set-ups with a check for two dollars. Two dollars for four! Two dollars is the price by the dozen, isn't it? . . . Well, what's the big idea? . . . Well, it ain't our fault that everything's going up! . . . No! . . . Well, we don't make the tariff. . . . Huh? . . . A lot of good that would do! . . . Oh, all right; all right! Only you don't want to bear down so hard on the boys or they'll all walk over to another hotel! . . . How's that? . . . All right; all right. . . . Only don't get us sore. *(He hangs up.)*

MR. GREEN: What did he say?

MR. FLICKER *(smelling appreciatively of his glass):* He was squawking about what the tariff was doing to prices. He said we ought to kick to Congress for putting a high tariff on everything. He's just one of these squawkers.

MR. BLACK *(sullenly):* Let him squawk!

MR. GREEN: Sure, let him squawk!

MR. FLICKER: Well, there's a point there! If anybody on the committee asks any of you whether you're interested in the prices that people have to pay for your products, don't say what this roughneck labor leader said a few weeks ago. Somebody on the committee asked him if a higher tariff on gabbets wouldn't result in raising the price to the consumer to an unreasonable point; and he said "I'm not interested in the price to the consumer!"

MR. BLACK: What's wrong with saying that? What he was interested in was gabbets.

MR. FLICKER: Well, I don't know just what's wrong with it, but there's something about it that didn't seem to sit right on the committee, so you want to go easy on the consumer.

MR. GREEN: What Mr. Flicker means is that the consumer isn't represented in these tariff hearings the way we are, so you want to act as if you lay awake nights worrying for fear the consumer wasn't going to get a square deal.

MR. FLICKER: I've worked out a swell answer, in case anyone asks you about the consumer. You say: "We are very much concerned to see that the consumer gets our product at the very lowest possible

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 146)

figure, and our statistical bureau is at work on that now." See? That sounds good.

MR. GANSON: Wouldn't it be better if we could produce some statistics?

MR. FLICKER: Statistics on low figures to the consumer, do you mean, or just plain statistics?

MR. GANSON: Low figures to the consumer, I mean; though we need plenty of plain statistics too.

MR. FLICKER: Certainly. I already have a number of plain statistics for all of you—statistics dealing with labor costs in the post-hole industry in Germany, Italy, Czecho-Slavovia, and so on; and I can get you some consumers' figures, too, if you think you ought to have them. I can work them out after I go home tonight.

MR. BLACK: Where did you get your figures on the European post-hole industry?

MR. FLICKER *(in some surprise):* I worked them out, the way all the different industries do when they come to Washington to get higher tariffs.

MR. BLACK: Worked them out of what?

MR. FLICKER: Out of my head, the way all of them do when they make a comparison of foreign and domestic costs. Who's going to question you if you say that skilled post-hole cutters in Czecho-Slavovia receive a maximum wage of three dollars and nineteen cents a week?

MR. GANSON: What is the maximum wage in the post-hole industry in Czecho-Slavovia?

MR. FLICKER *(impressively):* There, you see; if you don't know, nobody's going to know!

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(looking out from behind his newspaper):* You'd think the Czecho-Slavovian Ambassador would know and raise a rumpus.

MR. FLICKER *(indifferently):* Let him! By the time he sends over to Czecho-Slavovia and gets the real figures and gets them back here again, the tariff hearings will be over.

MR. GREEN: It's only necessary to be impressive and serious about your figures when you read them. Never admit a mistake. Just keep silent if they get you out of your depths; then nothing will appear in the records but the statements that they're trying to break down.

MR. FLICKER *(laughing meaningly):* I guess you can trust these gentlemen to know that! They weren't born yesterday. *(He draws a paper from his brief case.)* Now here's a sample statement, Mr. Ganson. I have prepared this for you. You can read it to the committee if you have time; and if you don't have time, you can file it. I have other briefs for Mr. Black and Mr. Green.

MR. GANSON *(reaching for the telephone):* Hello! Hello! Room service! Thirty-sixty-one. Four set-ups and eight ham sandwiches. *(He hangs up.)* Go ahead, Mr. Flicker.

MR. FLICKER *(clearing his throat and reading from the paper):* Brief of the Post Hole Group of the Hole Institute of America to the Finance Committee, United States Senate. Gentlemen: The American post-hole industry is confronted by a real tariff problem. It is not merely seeking higher duties but a remedy for severe foreign competition.

There are three general types of post holes produced, (1) large machine-made post holes, known in the trade as "sinks," (2) small, hand-made post holes, known in the trade as "sunks," and (3) convertible post holes, which may either be used as post holes per se or broken up into smaller holes, such as doughnut holes, cheese holes, buttonholes, bread holes, and so forth, and are generally known in the trade as "conks," though other trade names are applied to the different divisions.

MR. BLACK: Why bring that up?

MR. FLICKER: It dazes them, so that they can't ask you any questions. *(He continues reading.)* We are especially interested in the present tariff act in paragraph 11,689: "Post holes made of holes, well holes, aqueduct holes, cistern holes or caves, 15 per cent ad valorem."

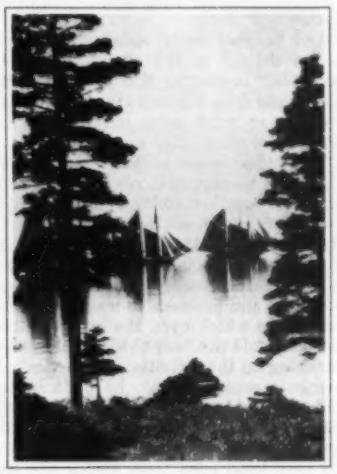
We believe that the words "artificial holes" should be inserted in the new act, because large importations of purely artificial holes are being made from Japan. They are being used as an inside filler of our best handmade domestic post holes, which is unfair competition. We do not believe that the word "holes" in the present tariff is specific enough to be said to include artificial holes.

The present act only places a tariff of 15 per cent ad valorem on post holes, and we ask that it be raised to 150 per cent ad valorem, because in the next few years foreign countries, principally Austria, Hungary, Italy, France, China, Japan, Greece and Egypt, will have access to large new supplies of post holes. New tombs are constantly opened in Egypt, and the installation of waterworks in Athens will shortly make an enormous number of old wells available for export purposes, to name only two instances; and foreign costs are so much less that a failure to place a high tariff on foreign post holes would make it impossible to compete against them, as well as reacting against our farmers, since 90 per cent of our post holes are produced by 4500 wage earners, large numbers of whom depend exclusively on farm products for their nutriment, and we believe there are from 2000 to 2500 factories that do not report who employ about 9000 more, making total wages of $12,275,000, all of which would be spent largely on farm products; and this, it should be remembered, does not include the salaries of executives or hole scouts.

As to costs of material, we believe that in foreign countries such as Hungary, Austria, Italy, France and Japan, they are employing men, women and children—mostly women and children—and their average wage cost per gross of post holes is around twenty cents, as against the average around here of $1.66 per gross; in addition to which liquor is served on the premises in these foreign countries, thus enabling the employers of labor to stimulate this pauper labor to renewed efforts after hours. Their average costs outside of wages are around $1.80 per gross as against our costs here of about $3.34 per gross, making their total average costs around two dollars per gross as against ours of five dollars per gross, which would work out that they can manufacture and sell at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent per gross at two-fifths of our cost, even if we could get the child labor, and it would take on this basis a duty of 150 per cent ad valorem to bring their costs up to our costs and equalize them, and to allow us a reasonable profit. (MR. FLICKER *looks around the room impressively.)*

MR. BLACK *(admiringly):* That's all right, Flicker!

MR. GREEN: That's the stuff they can't get away from! Equalizing of conditions! What could be fairer than that?



Boothbay Harbor, Maine

YOUNG MR. GANSON: No, sir! If you equalize conditions by slapping a high enough tariff on things that are hard to make, then anything and everything can be made in this country and sold at high prices to the helpless consumer.

MR. BLACK: What of it?

YOUNG MR. GANSON: Well, sir, that would mean that international trade would cease. We would have no trade with any other country, and that wouldn't be so good.

MR. GREEN: Pure theory! (MR. BLACK *growls bitterly under his breath.)*

YOUNG MR. GANSON: Not at all. Furthermore, your argument seems to be that the more difficult it is for an industry to be carried on in this country, the more desperate should be the efforts to carry it on. Don't let tea or coffee come in from the tropics; put a high duty on them, so that Americans can raise them in greenhouses in Maine and North Dakota at tremendous expense. That's what you're arguing.

MR. GANSON: My boy, I'm ashamed of you, sitting there advancing these silly college theories before a group of practical business men!

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(peevishly):* They aren't theories! They're good economics!

MR. GANSON *(haughtily):* Well, economics are theories, aren't they? (YOUNG MR. GANSON *stares hopelessly at his feet.)*

MR. FLICKER *(flapping his hand warningly at* MR. GANSON *and speaking caressingly to the son):* My dear sir, when you have been in business for a little while you will realize that there is more to this than meets the eye!

YOUNG MR. GANSON *(curiously):* What I don't understand is why the senators and representatives let you fellows get away with it!

MR. BLACK *(venomously):* Ganson, you'd better look out for that boy! He's getting to be nothing but a Bolshevik!

MR. GANSON *(sighing heavily):* I can't make him out! He used to be a quiet, sensible young fellow. Maybe a year or so in the factory will knock some of these fool notions out of his head, but I don't know—I don't know.

[*There is a knock at the door.*

MR. FLICKER: Come in!

[*Enter* WILLIAM ROBINSON, *L, with a tray containing a plate of sandwiches and four bottles of ginger ale. He places them on the table.*

MR. FLICKER: Where's the ice, George?

WILLIAM *(affably):* Got a new rule, cap'n! Manager says kain't serve ice to folks that want to use it foh licker pupposes. No-suh! Kain't he'p a man to break de law, manager says. Kain't have set-ups no mo'! Kin have half set-up, but not udder half, so's if probishion off'cers come around, dey won't git nuffin on him!

MR. BLACK: Well, of all the dirty outrages ——

MR. FLICKER *(angrily):* Boy! You can't do this to us! We'll walk right out of your old hotel!

WILLIAM *(grinning shamefacedly):* Yes-suh, cap'n! 'Tain't me, boss! Manager, he says what we do. Manager says all uh hotels goin' do jessa same. No mo' set-ups, boss, on account uh law!

MR. FLICKER *(utterly flabbergasted):* Well, did you ever know the beat of that!

MR. BLACK *(triumphantly):* What did I tell you! Laws, laws, laws! What'll this country be in a hundred years! Nothing but laws! I tell you they ought to shoot a man that tries to make a new law!

MR. GANSON *(wearily):* I'll say so!

[*He reaches for a ginger-ale bottle and fumbles at the cap with an opener. The cap snaps off and the warm ginger ale gushes out.* MR. GANSON *claps his hand over it and a spray of ginger-ale deluges* MR. BLACK, MR. FLICKER *and* MR. GREEN, *who slump back in their chairs and endure it numbly.*

[WILLIAM *tiptoes to the door, L, and exits softly.*

[*There is a heavy silence, and the curtain descends with a series of sharp squeaks, as if in pain.*

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QUALITY

EVERY Ken-Rad is a hand-picked tube—an aristocrat—sent out into the world only after passing the most rigid tests. If—in these tests—it fails to live up to the Ken-Rad name and standards in any detail, it is *out!* It either rates the Ken-Rad carton or it doesn't. There is no middle ground.

Now you understand why it is that every Ken-Rad tube you buy is a *perfect* standard quality tube in every respect. Ken-Rads are made by one of the three oldest radio tube manufacturers, known in the industry for its conscientious, painstaking policies. Insist on Ken-Rad licensed tubes.

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A unique and tuneful Ken-Rad program—"Cabin Nights"—on the air every Monday evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Daylight Time, 9 P. M. Central Daylight Time, 8 P. M. Central Standard Time, over stations WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN. Haunting melodies, dusky voices and lilting tunes. Ken-Rad invites you to listen in every Monday evening.

THE KEN-RAD CORPORATION
Incorporated
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
A Division of
KEN-RAD TUBE & LAMP CORPORATION

KEN-RAD
RADIO TUBES
LICENSED BY RCA

MODEL RL 55C
Console type,
walnut finish

Outstanding achievements in radio furniture

the New 1929

Red Lion

CABINETS

FOR ATWATER KENT RADIOS

CHARMING simplicity which harmonizes with any surroundings—gracefully balanced design which adds a definite character to whatever room you may choose for your radio—beautiful walnut finish which blends well with furniture of a similar tone or denotes the individual note of a contrasting piece so popular in present-day decorative schemes—have been cleverly captured in these new Red Lion Cabinets. Each cabinet is a master creation whose sound construction and excellent workmanship are indicative of the finest type of furniture.

The unusually attractive console, Model RL 55C, is finished in walnut. The satinwood grilled panel with frame of antique metallic finish, the old gold fabric over the speaker-outlet, the fine molding outlining the arch, the well-designed molding down the sides and the English turned legs are artistic touches which greatly enhance the pleasing appearance of this fine piece of furniture.

Your Atwater Kent Dealer will gladly show you Red Lion Cabinets especially designed for Atwater Kent Radios

RED LION CABINET COMPANY · RED LION · PA.

Makers of the Famous Red Lion Furniture

THE CENSOR

(Continued from Page 16)

an audience. We all know people who want to go to a show, regardless of the merits of the show itself, and who, if they have chosen a specific play and cannot get in, will wander like lost souls around the block until they find a theater where seats are available. They want to be amused, but part of the amusement consists in being in a crowd. Lonely souls flock to the movies, not merely to see the picture and hear the music but to sit in plush seats, next to other people, sharing thrills and laughter with them.

Their enjoyment depends upon the crowd; only Ludwig II, the King of Bavaria, took pleasure in operatic performances of which he was the solitary spectator—and he was mad.

The moment people enter the theater or the picture palace, their capacity to resist suggestion lessens. They want to do what everyone else is doing and enjoy what everyone else is enjoying; their individual reactions die down and in their place comes a crowd reaction. And it is at that moment that the play or the picture can persuade them of almost anything.

Every once in a while a play is haled to court and the attorney for the defense offers to read to the jury or to hand to the jury the printed text of the play. It would be as sensible to ask those infallible twelve men to judge the force of Niagara by offering them a bucket of its waters. The dynamic force of a play lies not only in the fact that human beings are acting it but that human beings forming a highly susceptible crowd are watching and listening to the actors and are identifying themselves with the hero and heroine, and are receiving from their thousand neighbors a variety of emotions and impulses of which they are not conscious when they are alone. The jury can only guess at the probable effect when it reads a play; the actual effect is due to factors not present in the court room. These factors raise the influence of a play not merely a thousand times if there are a thousand spectators, but to the *n*th power, because the indefinable factor—the effect of the crowd—has never yet been reduced to a mathematical equivalent. It is a mystery.

The Psychology of the Crowd

This mystery the opponents of the censorship have generally ignored. But two observers, as well qualified as any—one a defender and one an antagonist of the censorship—may be heard:

"A theatrical audience," said the urbane and intelligent A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic of the London Times until his death a few years ago, "has the peculiar psychology of the crowd. An offensive play performed before it has an entirely different effect from that which the play would have if read separately and privately by each individual. The crowd is the controlling factor in the matter."

And he goes on to speak of "the absorbed delight of the crowd in its own existence," suggesting that half the people in a theater do not listen to the play because they are so much more interested in the audience of which they are a part.

The other critic is Mr. George Jean Nathan, who says that censors are "emotional morons," retaining in age the childhood impulse to smash things. Nevertheless, Mr. Nathan admits that "there isn't one of us, once his loud talk has died down, but believes in censorship in one degree or another," and proceeds to mention certain exhibitions which even the extreme libertarians would not bear to see on the stage. Summing up the activities of a particularly energetic censorial year, he finds several dull and tawdry pieces and only one substantial work of art suffering from the censor, and attributes the closing down of the occasional good piece among the contemptible ones only to the ignorance of the censors. Yet of this particular good piece he himself wrote:

"[It is] the most subversive, corruptive and potentially evil-fraught play ever shown in the American theater . . . completely degrading and of a definitely deleterious effect upon its more impressionable women spectators. It exercises this effect because it is the well-written, and hence provocative, work it is."

The remarkable thing about that statement is that it disposes of the ancient argument that if a play is a good work of art it can have only an uplifting effect. Mr. Nathan is realist enough to know that if the effect is evil, the superior technic, the power of the artist's imagination, only enhances the evil. Yet Mr. Nathan, admitting all this, opposed the censorship and gave among his reasons the declaration that "with the morals and the fate of a moron public I personally am not concerned in the slightest."

Let Joy be Unrefined

That is, of course, the complete giveaway, for the censor and the police and the state and Federal governments in general have to be concerned with the fate of the public, no matter how moronic that public may be. It is the business of any state to protect itself, and if a play is going to be "subversive, corruptive and potentially evil-fraught," the state will naturally step in and stop it, unless those who govern prefer to let people become corrupted and degraded, rather than interfere with artists and dramatists and writers of fiction.

Interfering with a handful of artists might appear unjust to the artists alone, but when the state through any agency bans a book or forbids a play, it is also interfering with the liberty of the private citizen. For the citizen's good, it says, but there are those who hold that the interference is so great an evil that it is worse than any corruptive play or book can possibly be. They are the believers in liberty. Like the opponents of censorship who refuse to consider the new researches into crowd psychology, these libertarians pride themselves on their ability to discard outworn ideas; they assert that for them nothing is sacred because of age or tradition, and that, unlike conservatives, they are willing to throw overboard all their prejudices in favor of the truth.

Yet one prejudice they have not only retained, they have refused to criticize it—the prejudice in favor of liberty. Take the liberty of the press as a specific example—it is an inheritance from the past to which, in theory, we all pay our respects. Yet a hundred years ago, when people spoke of the liberty of the press and noninterference with the rights of the reader, they were thinking of something far different from our present situation. A hundred years ago, being able to read, being habitually a reader, meant being a moderately well-educated man. Those who read were presumably able to think; the reading public was small, it was subject to the discipline of society and the church, as well as of the state. People who read were supposed to be able to criticize what they read. Today being able to read implies none of these things; it implies being able to make out the words under the pictures in the tabloids. A century ago, and later still, an editor held a relation of responsibility toward his readers; today that relationship has almost disappeared. Except for the laws against obscenity, there is very little check upon what an editor, eager for circulation, may offer his readers, and there is no background of discipline or thoughtfulness for the reader himself. The ideal of liberty of the press was essentially political; it was considered desirable that newspapers should be permitted to criticize the king, the President or the local constable. Carried over

(Continued on Page 153)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

You needn't be an expert

to see why it does what every radio would like to do

YOU may not know the first thing about the inside of a radio set—about the mysterious goings-on that change faint vibrations of the ether into music.

But you do know that in order to do a perfect job, a radio set must be designed and built with more than ordinary skill.

Step into a dealer's store and look at an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid receiver, stripped for inspection as this one is. Look at it closely. It invites examination—glories in it.

You needn't be an expert to see that this is no ordinary radio. One glance tells the story. You know by the superb workmanship.

And what you see is a measure of the fineness of what you don't see. The hidden things in an Atwater Kent get just as careful attention as the visible things.

In the winding of miles of wire finer than a human hair—in adjustments as close as one-half of one-thousandth of an inch—in the sealing of parts that moisture might affect—in the attention lavished on every one of the 1705 parts of an Atwater Kent Set—in the 752 tests or inspections of each set before it can leave the factory—the Atwater Kent reputation is guarded as jealously as you would guard your own.

Does it count—this extra care, this almost unbelievable precision? *Listen to an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid.* Hear the answer in the unruffled purity of tone. Feel it in the surge of controlled power. See how the station you want is separated from others by needle-point selectivity. Find out how the miles between you and the broadcasting studios are erased by a radio that pulls in "distance" without half trying.

Of course, it counts! It has counted for twenty-seven years of Atwater Kent manufacture—seven years of radio. It counts more than ever today in the obvious all-round superiority of the new Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set.

The radio that doesn't argue but *proves*—the radio that most people are buying—that sells by the tens of thousands*, because it's the radio that does what every radio would like to do.

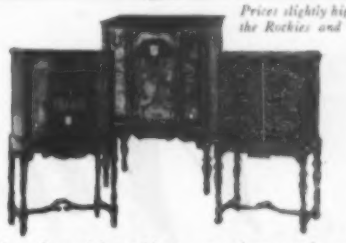
*The number of Atwater Kents that have gone into the homes of the world is over 2,550,000.

Be sure to look inside an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid receiver and see the workmanship which produces such superior results.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time), WEAF network of N.B.C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Daylight Time), WJZ network of N.B.C.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada



Your choice of exquisite cabinets, at prices varying according to design. Table model receivers, $88 and $100, without tubes. Electro-Dynamic table speaker, $34.

Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only. Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case

On this page are illustrated fine watches with movements by leading watch manufacturers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other Wadsworth models will appear in succeeding advertisements.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.
Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 150)

to the present, it means the right to print anything and to offer it to anyone, however ill-fitted to use judgment and taste, who can spell out a few suggestive English words.

The censor seems to us a throwback to the days of tyrannical monarchs—the sort of thing we fought the War of Independence to destroy. He may be that; at the same time, he is an answer to the spread of education, a check on the tendency of the deliberately vicious to take advantage of the liberties gained by the honest artist and the honest moralist. It is true that the censor gets into the limelight chiefly when he attacks a work of art, and that he allows many foul things to appear without protest. But to understand the censor it is necessary to consider what he is after, not merely what he accomplishes. He destroys carloads of smutty pamphlets and filthy pictures; and, not being an æsthete, he proceeds against serious works of art which, in his opinion, offend in the same way. He does not always succeed, but the mere fact of his existence is a threat.

What happens when the threat is weakened? After the profoundly serious novels of Thomas Hardy had been attacked in England, there was a wave of agitation for a more liberal attitude toward the treatment of sex in fiction; it was based on a false premise, "one of the most curious miscalculations of the old nineteenth-century radicals," as Miss Rebecca West calls it, explaining that "when they upheld the rights of literature to deal candidly with life, they believed they were liberating the tragic spirit; but it has turned out to be the comic spirit that has chiefly availed itself of the liberation. They hoped for more novels like Jude the Obscure. They have got Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and The Hard-Boiled Virgin." And it may be said of the parallel agitation here that sincere and thoughtful people fought for Ibsen and Mrs. Warren's Profession—and got Mae West.

In a single season in New York, fifty-seven plays were produced which were either in whole or in part contemptuous of or indifferent to the average code of morals. Not all of them were offensive; it is possible to make fun of a code of morals without being indecent or even to attack the whole code as being itself immoral. But the fact is that the battle against the censorship has been successful enough to bring these fifty-seven plays to the boards; and of the fifty-seven only a few were subjected to attack, and even fewer were serious works of art. What the result would have been if the censor did not exist at all is a pretty question. According to some of the new moralists, the disappearance of the censor would result in native purity on the stage; according to those who have observed the progress of the stage, the result would be unspeakable.

Practically Absurd

About eight years ago, during a spasm of activity on both sides of the censorship fight, I made a suggestion which sounded practical and was actually and intentionally absurd. The accusation against a book is always that it tends to corrupt its readers. I proposed, therefore, that the head of the Society for the Suppression of Vice bring into court a youth whose morals had, in fact, been corrupted by reading the challenged book. It seemed to me, then, that as books do not usually bear the consciousness of guilt about them, they should have the privilege of ordinary citizens—that is, they should be considered innocent until proved guilty, and not convicted of a crime before they committed it. Having seen this point made many times since, I begin to think it a little less than brilliant. It considers the censor merely as a meddlesome gentleman who appears in court as a prosecutor; it leaves him out of consideration as a defender of the general sense of decency as he understands decency; and it obscures the fact that the government is a protective agency as well as a system of punishment. If the Government can forbid mergers of large corporations because they may become monopolies, or limit the sale of firearms because they may be used for murder, it is logically justified in forbidding the sale of a book or the production of a play or the exhibition of a picture which it considers potentially dangerous.

And can a book or a picture or a play or an opera be dangerous? According to some of our most admired psychologists, they can. Consider a fairly well established principle of child education. The old idea of stuffing as many facts as possible into the infant brain has been discarded. Modern teachers want the child to grow without forcing, and instead of giving him a picture book with zebras and locomotives, they wait for the child to experience something—to see a zebra at the zoo or a locomotive on the rails—and then tell him the name of the object. They are trying to protect the child's innocence of experience. They do not drum into his ears the principle of honor or the nobility of altruism; they wait until an episode in the child's life brings up a point of honor or of generosity, and then answer his questions. The basic principle is that the child shall not learn through the experience of others, but through his own.

Giving Our Children a Chance

The same child, at the age of about fourteen, goes to the opera and hears Tristan und Isolde, a work which is generally accepted as the most impassioned statement of a man's love for a woman that has ever been made in music. The man was Richard Wagner; the woman, Matilda von Wesendonck. With these two people the boy of fourteen has nothing on earth to do, and listening to the music he is subjected to a passion he has himself never experienced.

So far as he understands the music at all, it is an anticipation of his own future—the bloom is off the rose from that moment, the innocence gone. A man of forty, hearing the same music, may feel that his own love affairs have been trivial and shabby, and he may learn, by comparing his experience with the one Wagner translated into music, how profound love may be. The boy of fourteen has no such standard of comparison.

Now, if we are not going to show a child a picture of a lion until he has seen a lion, why should we show him a picture of love until he has discovered it for himself or has, at least, something to build on? A child, having seen an old woman, a broom and the moon, may accept or reject the idea of a witch flying in the heavens; he has the materials for using his own imagination. But until he is mature he will not know how to judge the story of witchcraft in New England. And if you bring the story of witchcraft to him as a work of art, you rob the child of the intensity and purity of his own experience. You are asking him to measure the world not by his experience, but by his ignorance.

This is true of all the arts, decent or obscene. It is probably the reason why Plato—a pagan Greek—exiled the poets from his ideal state—he said they lied, but the fact that they give their version of the truth is really the trouble, because it prevents us from seeing the truth with our own eyes. According to the Alger books, if you work hard and are honest and courageous, you will become a millionaire. That is not always true, but the American people want their children to believe it. According to some of the books banned by the censor, you can have the time of your life if you disregard the feelings of others, outrage public morals, and abandon yourself to vice. The American people are skeptical and do not want their children to believe that this is the last word of wisdom.

If the censor were thoroughly logical, he would be against all the arts on the ground that they rob us of our most priceless right—the right to live our own lives. Actually, the censor is a moralist and is concerned only with a few moral principles. But he can say with justice that if a great work of art can inspire us to heroism or can reveal to us unsuspected powers in ourselves to be patient in adversity, another may make vice attractive or suggest to us latent degeneracies of which we would otherwise remain ignorant. The censor disapproves of vice; he thinks that if a child can be kept normal or turned to abnormal by seeing a work of art, it is better for him to be normal. He says to the artist, "You are too powerful, your methods are too insidious; I will protect people against you." He may exaggerate the power of the artist, he may have a limited system of morals and a meager idea of goodness; but the fact is that he is working on the common level. The job of his opponents is to raise the level.

The fact is that the opponents of the censor are also moralists—even puritans—but they have a different system, a different set of moral values. They believe more in individual liberty and care less for purity. Imagine them in control of a state based on free love; if the example of Soviet Russia means anything, they would be hostile to works of art preaching marriage and chastity. A considerable number of liberal-minded people, even today, object to the immorality of the Pollyanna type of literature and if they had authority, only a handful among them—a handful as generous and consistent as Mr. Krutch, who is really against all censorships—would fight down the impulse to suppress all books with concocted happy endings.

Concessions Needed From Both

This tendency to abuse authority whenever you have it is what makes the fight against the censor necessary; and the tendency to abuse a liberty whenever you have it is what makes the censor himself necessary. The censor has proceeded against dozens of works of art and failed to get convictions; judges and juries have decided that certain books and plays did not tend to corrupt public morals or offend against decency. If publishers and producers did not fight, if they took no chances with their books and plays, our literature and drama would grow thin and bloodless and artificial.

Just at present, the individual is losing ground to the state; in European dictatorships or American democracies, the state is deciding how fast the citizen shall drive his car, what he shall drink, how much adulterant he can put into the food he sells, and presently it may decide how much of his forest he may cut down or what portion of his oil he may sell. It is not remarkable that the state is also trying to decide what he shall see and hear.

But if the artists, who are the most extreme of individualists, really want to fight the censor, they need to stop jeering at his stupidities and pay attention to the points upon which he is right. And they could make their fight before the public more easily if they agreed among themselves on general principles, saying how far they want their liberty to go, what respect they are prepared to pay to public morals, and how far their allegiance to the state will carry them. They should get rid of their commercial camp followers. Just at present the stupidities of the censor are matched by the excesses of the artists. One of which is the assertion that although the arts can do everything good, they are incapable of doing evil.

Step Right into the Custom-Tailored Class—*at lower cost!*

The chances are that just one reason has kept you from having clothes tailored to measure. That was the added cost you had always associated with custom tailoring.

Now that barrier is down! Wherever you see the symbol of English-American Personal Tailoring Service, you can order custom-tailored clothes as low as $22.

Responsible Merchants Represent English-American

The English-American representative in your community may be a clothier—a haberdasher—a local tailor—but he's always a merchant conducting a business with a real standing in your community.

Individual Fit by the Correct Posture System

The Correct Posture System of fitting and cutting is exclusive with English-American Tailoring Service, which makes allowance for variations in posture as well as normal differences in chest, waist and back measurements, height and weight.

Step into the store where you see the English-American Tailoring Service Symbol—and you're stepping into the custom-tailored class and saving money at the same time! **Mail the coupon for booklet "The Open Door"—it shows what well-dressed men are wearing.**

ALL WOOL SUITS
Tailored to order
STARTING AS LOW AS
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SUPER FABRICS AT
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There is still a chance for some alert tailors or stores to represent English-American on an exclusive franchise basis. Wire or fill in the coupon now for our money-making proposition.

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☐ Please send me booklet "The Open Door" that shows what well-dressed men are wearing.
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English-American Personal Tailoring Service

You'll ENJOY This HOT WATER HEAT

in Your Car this Winter

FOR chilly Fall mornings and evenings—and for the Winter weather that's on its way—you'll sure enjoy Arvin *hot water heat* in your car. Then—when you step on your starter and turn a switch on the dash, a surge of heat comes booming in to keep you warm and comfortable. An abundance of pure, odorless, super-heated air circulates throughout your car . . . The Arvin Hot Water Heater mobilizes and radiates the heat from the water system of your car and a motor-driven fan delivers it to you in a gale. The volume of heat will astonish you . . . Supplied in three models that fit all cars. Installation is simple. Leading car and accessory dealers sell and install Arvin Hot Water Heaters. Get yours now and be ready for the cold days to come. If you're buying a new car, be sure to have it equipped with this heater.

Reissue Pat. No. 17131

A typical installation, showing how the Arvin fits on the dash, up under the instrument board and out of the way. In addition to Hot Water Heaters, Arvin makes all other types of heaters, including the famous Arvin Manifold Heater. Prices from $1.75 to $37.50. *Prices slightly higher in Canada*

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ARVIN
CAR HEATERS

A FRENCH GARDENER

(Continued from Page 13)

decadence set in. French gardens became full of gimcrackery and knickknacks and all sorts of artificiality. In the space of an acre there would be kiosks, temples to a dozen deities and virtues, lead sheep and shepherdesses, ruins, enough statues so that you could make one army with them, altars, stucco for stone, Chinese bridges across hollows to make believe there was something beneath.

French groves became nothing but green chests upon poles, and every walk was buttoned on each side by lines of flowerpots, which would be changed in their seasons. As for the flower beds, or *parterres*, they were mostly boxwood and gravel paths, cutting every which way, very bare and dry, so that you could hardly tell the change of seasons or winter from summer by looking at them.

Now the English were the first to react against all this, but I am proud to say it was a Frenchman who aroused them to do so; and this was Jean Jacques Rousseau, that strange, eccentric philosopher who preached so effectively in favor of a return to Nature that he changed the face of all Europe and America, and not only brought on revolutions but changed people's houses and clothes and ways of wearing their hair and their very thoughts, as well as their gardens.

"We shall no longer," Rousseau proclaimed, "have in gardens anything that is found in the country. We shall only like porcelain flowers, baboons, arbor work, sand of all colors and fine vases full of nothing."

As the result of all this, in England there appeared what was known there as "the landscape garden," but which, in France, was called "the English garden." Marie Antoinette had to have one at the Petit Trianon, and then all of France followed. And so for many years gardens like Versailles and the work of the great Lenôtre came to be despised.

Giving a Garden the Ha-Ha

A great English gardener, William Kent, made the first landscape garden. He invented the fosse, or ha-ha. This was a ditch which Kent used to bound the circumference of a garden, instead of a wall; and this ditch, you see, would be invisible until you were right up on it. That is why the common people called it a "ha-ha"; to express their surprise at finding a sudden, unperceived check to their walk. But the effect was that—in case a man had a ha-ha around his garden instead of a wall—his garden merged right into the careless meadows and woods beyond, so that the wild land outside began to be included in the general design of the garden. The garden was set free from its prim regularity and leaped the fence.

And Kent's management of water—how different from Lenôtre's! No more canals, basins, glassy cascades over marble steps. Kent it was who taught the gentle stream to serpentize, until they serpentized all over England and for many years over much of France.

After Kent, another Englishman, Lancelot Brown, or "Capability" Brown, as he was called, became the complete dictator of the art of gardening for about half a century. He made the private gardens at Blenheim, which consisted of only three hundred acres, but which, by an artful convolution of paths, were made to appear limitless. He was the one who said exultingly, when he covered a narrow valley with an artificial river, that "the Thames would never forgive him."

There was no longer architectural symmetry in a garden, but only landscape—hill and dale and tasteful, meandering disorder. But I must get on with my story.

A young French workingman always has the sense not to marry until he is settled in life. After I had done my time in the army and had put myself through the agricultural college at Orléans, I found for myself a fine job with an American lady, who, I could perceive at once, was one of the best and kindest women who ever lived. So I sent for my little fiancée, who worked in a chocolate shop in Paris, and we were married.

The American lady was Miss Greatorex, an artist. She had a very pretty place in the forest of Fontainebleau at Moret-sur-Loing, which, in those days, at least, was like a town in the story of the Sleeping Beauty; for it was surrounded by a medieval wall, with towers at the gates, and outside the walls there was an ancient moat, though it was dry then, and all this antiquity slept in the forest just where the Seine and the River Loing flow quietly together.

Now Miss Greatorex, even so long ago as that, was a great believer in women's rights, and in the forest not far away from us lived the most startling feminist of all that time—Rosa Bonheur. Miss Greatorex would often send me over to work in her garden.

The first time, I approached Rosa Bonheur's place cautiously, and who would not? She had lions at large in her yard, padding around the grounds with only the stone wall of the garden around them. As for other animals, she had leopards, cats, otters, sheep, donkeys, rams, chamois, hoopoes, an old stag named Jacques, a wild horse that Buffalo Bill had given her, and other various kinds of beasts that I cannot remember at the moment.

The Little Hussar

She was seventy-seven then, small and spare—just straight up and down the front—and very lively. But what was most remarkable for those days, she had short hair and wore trousers and smoked cigarettes. As they used to say around there, "She was not the kind of a lady you could make cry."

She used slang all the time, even when nearly eighty years old, and was full of all sorts of tomfoolery, sometimes cracking jokes that might make an old-fashioned lady blush perhaps. As for how she looked—like Napoleon, exactly! The same eagle nose and sharp, dark eyes. Her manners were quick, her look honest, and her talk soldierly and blunt. From childhood, from her resolute way of talking and walking and the strange way she dressed herself, they called her "the little hussar."

The grounds of her place were a long parallelogram and seemed to be cut out of the very forest itself, the trees at the end of her property and those of the forest being the same. In the wall at the back a wooden gate opened directly into the forest, and through this Rosa would walk into the woods, taking her dogs and monkeys, the latter running up the trees and returning when she called them and perching on her shoulders. And in her old age, returning from the forest with her strong, spare figure and her fine white locks, the peasants said she was like a miniature of old Corot, who had been much beloved and who not so long before had been wandering through the same glades. And almost every afternoon she would go for a drive in her tilbury. For a time she drove, hitched to her carriage, two deer which Buffalo Bill had given her.

One day one of these deer ran away, spilling out Rosa and her coachman and dogs, and smashing the carriage all to pieces. She made a great joke of this.

Now Buffalo Bill in a way was the Lindbergh of his day. After he had been in London with his Wild West show, the year of the Queen's Jubilee, and performed before almost all the royalty of Europe, a conference was held between England and America to indorse arbitration, and the London Times said: "Colonel Cody has

(Continued on Page 157)

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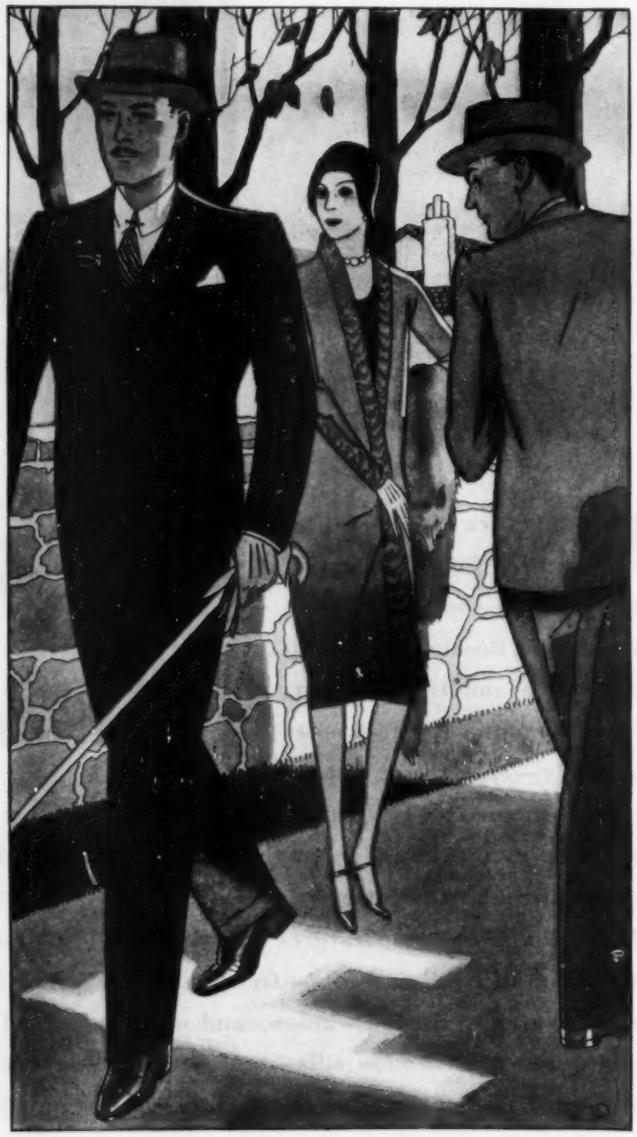

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ARCH PRESERVER SHOE — "KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

(Continued from Page 154)

done his part in bringing America and England nearer together." And when he came to Paris, "to the capital of the how-truly-named La Belle France," as his advertisements put it, with his long hair, his mustachios, his goatee, galloping and shooting glass balls, he was like the Chevalier Bayard or the Duc de Guise come to life again—so aristocratic and debonair.

The president of France and Queen Isabella of Spain and the American minister were at the show. Cowboy hats and Mexican saddles became the rage in the Bois de Boulogne. Dukes and counts thronged to the breakfasts and dinners that Buffalo Bill gave, and Rosa Bonheur practically lived at the camp for those six months, making studies of the Indians and animals. She painted a famous portrait of Buffalo Bill himself, which was shipped home to Mrs. Cody in North Platte, Nebraska, where no doubt it was a great comfort to her, since she never went along on her husband's European triumphs.

"To be loved by wild animals, you must love them," Rosa Bonheur said. I have seen an old lioness put her paws on her shoulders and lick her face. Sometimes when one of these beasts was lying at her feet while she painted at her easel and she wanted to get up, she would brush him off with a vigorous kick, as if he were a dog. People used to say that her pictures of animals were all exact portraits, the soul of that particular animal and none other, but that when she drew people you couldn't tell one from the other.

Helping Nature Flourish

She liked to talk to us working people. On Sundays all sorts of people—neighbors, friends, workpeople, small shopkeepers who had lived near her in Paris when she was poor—would come out to her place to see her, and because she was so full of good nature and jokes, they would grow bold and opinionated, even taking to criticizing freely the canvases that stood about on easels. One day Rosa happened to speak of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and one of these half-educated nobodies, to show off, said:

"Oh, yes. That took place in the time of Charles X."

"You mean Charles IX," somebody corrected.

"Charles IX or Charles X, it's about the same thing," was the answer; there being only about two hundred and fifty years between them.

I hope I was not so stupid. Anyway, she liked to talk about gardens with me.

Now, both she and Miss Greatorex did not like French gardens or English gardens, but what we in France began to call at that time "the American garden." You see, the American virus or elixir—whatever you want to call it—was already soaking into France. For example, a man writing a biography of Rosa Bonheur said in it that she was very dreamy and poetical and loved to gather posies in the forest. But Rosa crossed this out in the proof and wrote: "I am not fond of nosegays, nor was I ever dreamy, but, rather, matter-of-fact in everything—American style."

By an American garden we meant one in which wild flowers are captured, improved upon, cultivated in masses of the most glorious colors, growing richly and profusely. As we used to say, the French garden forced Nature; the English garden copied Nature; the American garden surrounded Nature and helped her to flourish more richly. There would be in an American garden no cannas or begonias or geraniums, but larkspur, delphiniums, stocks, sweet-williams, daisies, asters, foxgloves, snapdragons, and so on—no plants in pots.

"A plant in a pot is a bird in a cage," said Rosa Bonheur vehemently; and she said also that the French people preferred a jet of muddy water drawn from a frog pond—in other words, a fountain—to a pure stream pouring over rocks.

As for a landscape garden or an English garden, that was tiresome too. We gardeners used to say: "A man cannot be drunk enough to make an English garden," and then we would get up and walk across the room drunkenly, to show how all the English rivers, roads, paths, undulated, staggered and meandered, with never the relief of a beautiful, dignified straight line or a geometrically perfect curve or lozenge or rectangle in it.

The herd of gardeners who came after Capability Brown and imitated him introduced the boredom of the English garden; for example, the notion that greatness of dimensions was all that was necessary to greatness of design. Hence the immeasurable length of lawn—grass will grow on the bedstead in England—the tedious length of drives, the useless breadth of meandering roads, the tiresome monotony of shrubs.

Just Daubs of Paint

Walking through such a garden, with its everlasting serpentine, or line of beauty—incidentally, much like Central Park in New York—a man becomes spent with fatigue and resolves to see no more. But this is vain, because all paths wind as tediously. If landscape gardens were actually a capture of space—woods and stream and bank and wild hills—very good. But when it is nothing but sinuous walks and futile hillocks ——

"And those dullest of dull things—shrubs," Miss Greatorex would say. "What a bore!"

I like to think that great landscape painters influence gardeners, and that great gardeners influence landscape painters. Watteau painted the kind of gardens that Lenôtre loved. Then, in the late nineteenth century, nearly all the great French landscape painters lived in the forest of Fontainebleau and painted its rugged wildness. Perhaps this explains the sudden passion that developed for the wild garden, or American garden.

Rosa Bonheur, for example, had an insatiable passion for the wildest parts of the forest, the gorges where only about a hundred years ago dangerous bandits used to hide; for the oaks that were, some of them, twenty-six feet around. And at that time, about thirty years ago, there were thousands of stags and roebuck and wild boar there, though they tell me that today nearly all the game has disappeared.

The severe winter of 1879 killed many of the famous oaks, and Rosa Bonheur used to regret the planting of so many pines, though she recognized the reason for doing so; namely, to give the soil a change, so that fifty years hence oaks could be planted there again. Nevertheless, she walked always among the oaks in the forest and would not go among the pines.

Corot was before my time; he died the year I was born, but his phantom still haunted the forest where he had lived most of his life. Up to the time he was fifty, they say, he painted like any other man, but after that his methods changed and the last ten years of his life his paintings became full of that mystery and poetry that distinguish them from all others. Every cottage around there in Moret had a Corot painting in it, or two or three. If you knew how sad it makes me to think that I have actually burned canvases by Corot, Sisley, Pissarro, Rosa Bonheur—taken them out to the rubbish heap and burned them! And they were many of them signed too. What would they not be worth now!

Now Constable, in England, and Corot, Daubigny, Courbet, Millet, Rousseau and others, in France, were known as the Plein Air school, because they were the first to paint in the open air. However, the pictures they painted out-of-doors were only studies; their finished pictures they always made in the studio, and it was these studies and sketches that I have burned on the rubbish heap. The thought is too painful to dwell on.

Then, after the Plein Air school, came the Impressionists, and they not only

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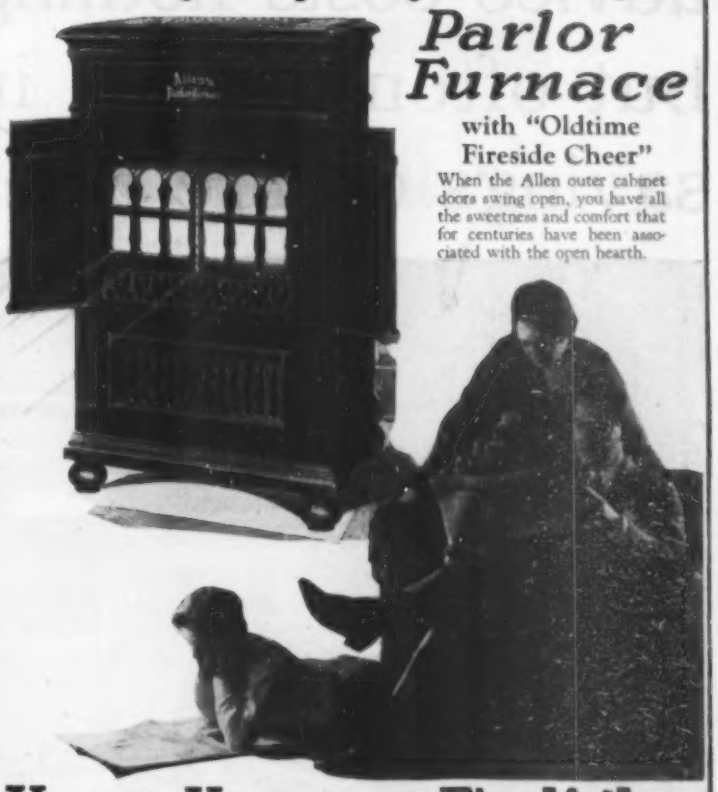

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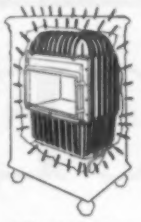

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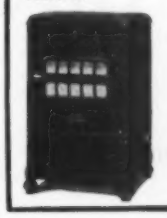

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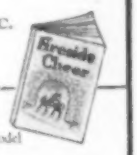

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painted in the open air but made this an absolute rule. They held that every landscape, however much time it required, should be completed directly on the spot. Monet, Pissarro, Sisley—I have seen them all stubbornly working in the open in all kinds of weather.

Monet was the one who tried to paint the flying moment, to fix on the canvas that envelope of light that changes with every hour, every day, every season. What he would do would be to paint the same scene many times, but at different hours of the day, and thus show how the same scene at different moments was an utterly different picture—magically different. He could make his landscapes quiver with the heat of the day, and his fogs seemed to be the first fogs that ever made a canvas wet and clingingly misty. No one could paint those hot July nights with a few large stars the way he could.

When I saw him Monet was about sixty, a strong, alert, weather-beaten man, and so he remained until he died at eighty-six in 1926. Next to gardeners, I think the landscape artist leads the best life, painting under the sky in winter and summer, searching and experiencing the beauty of Nature. When you come to think of it, the two professions are something alike.

Now I must tell of Monet's famous garden at Giverny. Some artists, like Whistler, exercised their genius on the interiors of their houses, painting them in the most subtly beautiful colors. But Whistler was a townsman. Monet, the man of the open air, of light and atmosphere, displayed the colors in his garden.

At certain seasons his garden would be all blue. In a blue garden there would be wistaria, iris, larkspur, delphinium, *Linum lewisi*, dwarf gentian, septemfida—which is an Alpine plant of the most wonderful sapphire blue—the blue clematis, *Salvia patens*—all these colors ranging from deep violet to the palest azure.

Each Limb in its Place

A yellow garden is dazzlingly beautiful—golden privet, golden dogwood, sempervirens, goldenglow, our own goldenrod, tall evening primroses; also marigold and coreopsis and yellow snapdragon.

In Monet's garden there were fruit trees trained against the wall, each peach and pear tied in gauze as daintily as if a milliner had done it, and the little trees away from the walls would be planted in quincuncial lozenges—that is, in squares of four, with one in the center, so that every way you looked you saw straight lines of trees. In France, in smallish gardens, we keep the fruit trees small, so that they can be pruned and trained to absolute perfection, growing little higher than a man can reach and each branch and twig growing in its allotted place, as though a jeweler had wrought the little tree. But we cannot do this in America. Labor is too high. Or I should say that only those who have so little money that they cannot afford gardeners can have such trees, for then they can train them themselves.

Artists are the best people to work for. Their generosity, for instance, seems to be almost a mania. They seem unable to bear the sight of poor people around. The possession of money seemed actually to annoy Rosa Bonheur. She would stuff bank notes in any handy place and forget all about them, so that long after her death people kept finding money in her house. This was like her father, Raymond Bonheur, who had also been a painter. He was an idealist, a Saint-Simonian Socialist, and because he despised money he used to throw it on the floor to lie in the litter of his paintings; and Rosa Bonheur would tell how they had to fish it out, searching in all this artistic rubbish, to find the five-franc piece necessary for the day's lunch.

But most of the artists were very poor. Rosa Bonheur was the only one I knew around there who made money from her paintings, though success came to Pissarro late in life. As for poor Sisley, he, I am sure, was actually starving most of the time. He had a daughter and son—poor, thin children of fourteen or so. Both of them had to go out and work in Moret, washing dishes and doing all sorts of hard, menial work in order to buy a little bread and cheese. The boy worked for me for a while.

Sisley's parents were English, but he was born in France and lived his entire life there. His father had once been a rich merchant, but the fortune was lost during the war of 1870, and after that Sisley had to depend upon his painting.

The Artist's Reward After Death

He was a thin, gentle, anxious-looking man. Miss Greatorex gave him one of her studios rent free and did all that he would allow her to do to help him. And the touching thing is that with all this poverty and this sad, anxious existence in which he, with the other Impressionists, was neglected and snubbed by art critics and the buyers of pictures, Sisley always painted the bright, smiling moods of Nature. Bright sunlight he used to paint a kind of rose-tinted lilac. Although his pictures were utterly scorned and were the object of all sorts of bitter attacks and insults, the irony is that as soon as he was dead their delicate charm was understood. Suddenly, like a revelation, critics, everybody, was struck with the sensation of gladness and delicacy that he wished to express. Suddenly they saw it all, heard what he had been trying to say.

Nevertheless, when I knew him he had to give away his canvases for twenty-five francs—prices lower than Pissarro or Cézanne ever knew. Poor Sisley—the height of his ambition, he told me, was to receive one hundred francs, or about twenty dollars, for one of his pictures. But even in his worst distress he never abandoned his course or made the slightest concession to the public.

It is said that an artist once spread reports that he was dead and immediately the price of his pictures went up. Well, that really happened at the death of Sisley. Three months afterward thirty canvases brought 112,320 francs, and in the following year one picture, L'Inondation, brought the remarkable price of forty-three thousand francs. But as a kind of reparation, poor Sisley, who suffered more than all the Impressionists, was the first of them to receive a mark of public appreciation. The people in Moret raised a monument to him near the bridge which I have seen him painting so often—lost, lost to the world.

One night there was a hailstorm which beat down some beautiful dahlias, and the village people and all who came by there the next morning crowded about with painful concern and sorrow on their faces. "Too bad! Too bad! *Quel dommage!*"

I always think of that scene and how the painter Pissarro once said to me that one thing was certain about the French people—that of all people their hearts are most touched by graceful and beautiful things.

For example, the poorest peasant in France had flowers. Perhaps there would be a manure pile not far away—in France we used to say that you could tell a man's wealth by the size of his manure pile—but, nevertheless, how often, in these little gardens, you would see displayed a charming and subtle color sense. For example, instead of putting raw oranges and plain reds together in a garden higgledy-piggledy or something equally obvious, they would have a purple mass combined with masses of low, lavendery blue, and all this against the graystone of the house—wonderfully beautiful, I think. And the graystone house, I have known often enough, would have only a dirt floor inside.

Strange as it may seem, in France we would even have gray gardens. You might think these were colorless, dull, mere botanical trickery, but I tell you nothing could be more mysterious and poetic. There would be a gray cypress hedge about ten

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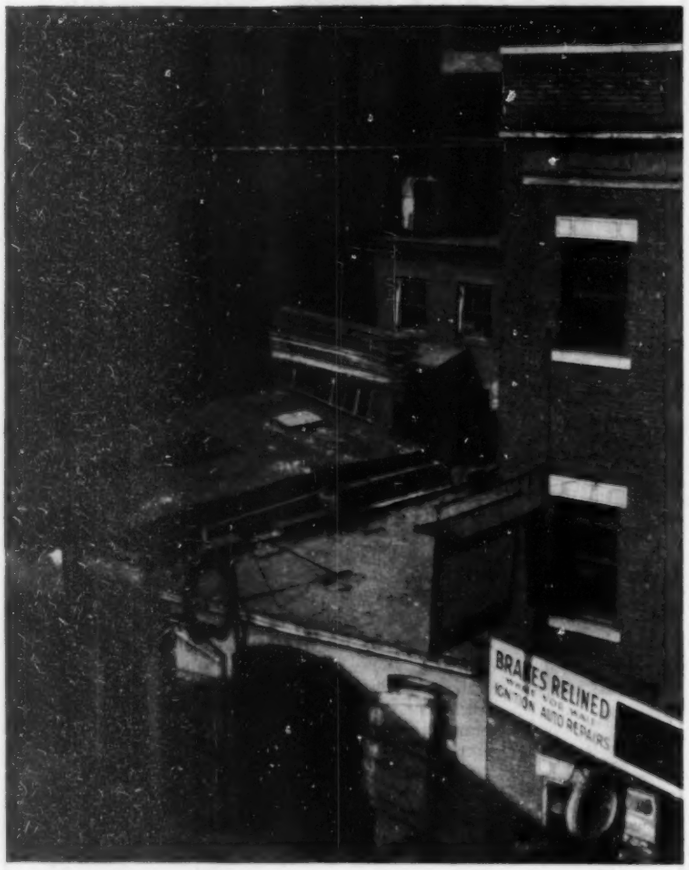

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The Flow of Capital and the Flow of Power

WHEN our great grandfathers wanted to dig canals and build railroads they found that individuals and partnerships did not have sufficient money or credit for such great tasks.

They formed corporations. Originally the corporation was a capital raising institution. It was invented and modified to meet the needs of the country. Banks came first, then canals. Individuals could operate boats upon canals, so companies which built them did not go into the transportation business.

When the electric light and power industry consisted of individual systems serving communities from isolated power plants, local financing was often sufficient. But when electric power began to be transmitted over considerable distances from large interconnected central generating stations, capital had to be obtained in larger amounts. The same condition confronted the electrical industries which had confronted the early settlers when they had railroads to build. The utility investment company came into being exactly as railroad and canal companies were born.

As electric power is generated in bigger plants and transmitted over greater distances, the capital needed for the performance of a certain amount of service increases, while the operating costs go down. The capital raising organization therefore was bound to become a paramount necessity in the electric power industry. From American inventiveness and organizing talent, from history and from electrical science, the public utility investment company has grown as naturally as a tree grows from the soil. Modern to the core, it still conforms more closely to the primitive duties of a corporation than most of its business contemporaries. The public utility investment company may be compared to a pipe line system by which money is obtained from the people of widely scattered communities. This money is turned over to operating companies which equip themselves to generate and deliver power into the homes, shops and mills of the people. The power goes out and helps to create wealth, to secure leisure and to enable people to live better. From communities so enriched there arises a surplus of money which seeks investment. Part of these funds are attracted by utility investment companies, which repeat the investment process and carry further the electrification and enrichment of the smaller communities of America.

The Middle West Utilities Company was formed at a time when the smaller communities of America had a need for electric power comparable to the need for transportation in an earlier day which brought forth the canal and railroad company. Its work has been of the same pioneer nature, and would be perfectly understandable to the great grandfathers of this generation if they were alive today.

Middle West Utilities Company

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

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In the successful performance of all automatic signalling and stopping, the electrical condenser plays a vital part. And here, where condenser construction must be super-accurate, where condenser performance must be unfailing—here is where the Sprague Condensers show their superior merit.

For Sprague Condensers are built with the ruggedness and strength of the locomotive itself; by the keenest of engineering minds, with skillful workmanship and exacting care.

SPRAGUE SPECIALTIES COMPANY
Quincy, Massachusetts

SPRAGUE
CONDENSERS

(Continued from Page 158)

feet tall; a few beautiful gray cedars—*Atlantica glauca*—towering over all, and beneath, exquisite blues and grays, such as old lead jars planted with Nepeta and *Artemisia vallarsii;* then *Salvia argentea,* with its silver-white foliage, huge bushes of lavender, and *Salvia sclarea,* which is mauve with gray-silver spikes, and *Centaurea gymnocarpa,* with its silver foliage and blue flowers.

Pissarro was of Franco-Jewish parentage, and, like all landscape painters, a kindly, tranquil man. The battle against the Impressionists never disturbed him and he enjoyed success, when it came at last, without changing his way of life in the slightest degree.

First it had been Millet—he also had lived in the forest—who, instead of painting nymphs and Trojan warriors and beautiful, stylish women, as other painters before him had done, painted peasants and thereby caused a great uproar. But Millet gave his peasants a kind of grandeur, a symbolical dignity.

Peter the Wet

Then came Pissarro, and what went straight to his heart was plain unembellished peasants, working people and villagers; plain everyday plowland and pastures that other artists had always thought not good enough for paintings. Such things seemed to him in no way despicable.

"They are all throwing Millet at my head," he once said, "but Millet was Biblical. It is curious, but for a Hebrew I don't seem to have much of that quality in me. My peasants are neither idealized nor degraded."

Miss Greatorex rented her place to Mr. George Inness, the son of the great American painter, and an artist himself, and so I worked for him. And when he and Mrs. Inness finally returned to America they wanted me to go with them. But I would not. Strange to say, hardly six months later I had such bad rheumatism that the doctor ordered me to a dryer climate. My kind Miss Greatorex thought I should go to America. She secured me a job there with one of her friends, a lady who had a fifteen-hundred-acre place at Stonington; she put me on shipboard, and when I arrived in New York, there was five hundred dollars waiting in the bank for me—this from Miss Greatorex, so that I could return to France if I became homesick.

"Leon," she had said to me, "America is a democratic country and a man gets big pay. But if you do not or cannot do the work they want, they have no heart or affection, as in France, where the aristocrats still think of taking care of their workpeople. In America they put you out and never give you another thought."

"Well," I said, "I don't think much of a man who counts upon kindness to get along in the world. Wherever I work, I always work to please myself—myself alone—and I guess I will get along in America all right."

I have been here ever since; for the last thirteen years I have worked on the estate of Miss Anne S. Richardson at Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Our pride is our delphiniums. These are the enormous hollyhock delphiniums. They grow eleven feet high—our record-breaking ones—and have blossoms three inches across. They are perennials, though they become smaller after three years or so. As for colors, they are red, blue, magenta, brown and pure white. Some are the blue of a blue sky after a week of rain; double blossoms and each petal outlined with a scallop design in mauve, as if it had been done with the finest pen. We get the seeds from England, though now California, I think, can outdo England in delphinium seeds.

Dr. John Finley, then president of New York University, came up to visit Miss Richardson, and when he saw our delphiniums he insisted upon taking them to the Boston Flower Show of 1924, where, I heard, they made a satisfactory sensation, though they arrived too late to win prizes. But we have won plenty of prizes since then. Also Doctor Finley called me the King of Delphinium, and that seems to me a prettier and more poetical title than *le roi d'Yvetot* or the Emperor of India.

Modern American gardens are very fine. Still, I often think how the ancient idea of a garden was so much more complete. I think how much there was in old French gardens that we have not now. And why shouldn't we?

For example, in the ancient gardens there was wonderful architectural beauty. It is true that if the gardener architect was commonplace and without taste, the garden was ugly. But on the other hand, if he was a genius, what enduring repose, regularity, dignity there were in a garden. I remember one beautiful French garden that had, instead of hedges or walls, balustrades of wrought iron of a marvelous, austerely beautiful design, so that though the garden was divided into geometrical parts, nevertheless, you could see the whole at once. Besides, straight lines, the French think, give grandeur, and so do geometrical figures, which, the Chinese say, are beautiful in themselves.

Fountains are not much in style. Yet what is more beautiful than a fountain, the flying water making rhinestones in the sun? People have now not much interest in marble-rimmed basins and think that all pools should be bound only by irregular rocks in imitation of a trout stream. Yet I maintain that a glassy canal as straight as a street and confined in architectural stone is a thing beautiful enough to make the heart beat; a marble-rimmed pool in a dark glade, the water reflecting the black yew hedges like a somber, green, funereal mirror—what Lenôtre and Watteau would have liked—there is something to be said for that too.

In the old days they even had fountains that would play practical jokes. I remember an old *jet d'eau* in a sundial. While strangers were looking at it a gardener at a distance would turn a wheel so that they were plentifully sprinkled, the ladies emitting charming screams of dismay. The same thing happened to Peter the Great when he was visiting Versailles. He was very stingy. He hired sixteen musicians to play for him four days and then sent them back to Paris without paying them a sou. And in the gardens, after everything had been shown to him—the wild animals, the aviary, the *parterres,* the water theater—he gave such a tiny tip that a gardener contrived to give him quite a wetting by making the fountains play unexpectedly.

Too Much Perfume

As for statues and ornaments of gilt or marble, no doubt there can be too many in a garden; but again, it all goes back to the taste, the genius of the man who designed the garden.

In modernistic gardens in France they are beginning to use mirrors and colored glass to reflect sunlight; and no doubt they think this is quite new but in the time of Shakspere fine gardens would have on the hedges and walls broad plates of colored glass for the sun to play upon, and there would be bathing pools in which the bottom would be finely paved and embellished with colored glass and gold leaf and silver metal and such things of luster.

Today we do not give much thought to perfume in a garden. In the old days perfume was an essential. There was always an orangery. The little orange trees, in tubs, were not only decorative with their small golden globes but it was their perfume that made them a necessity. Louis XIV had an almost pathological craving for perfume, and so Lenôtre made for him a collection of orange trees that had never been equaled—about six hundred specimens. One of these, named Le Bourbon, was said at that time to be five hundred years old, and it lived until just a few years ago. When the King of Siam saw the orangery of Louis XIV at Versailles, he said that Louis must be indeed magnificent to have built such a palace for his orange trees.

And for other perfume there would be, in certain parts of the garden, jasmine, heliotrope, tuberoses, mignonette.

"I have seen," Saint-Simon wrote of Louis XIV, "the King and Court leave the garden on account of the excessive number of tuberoses, of which the scent made the air fragrant, but it was so strong on account of their numbers that no one could stay in the gardens."

And in the old days one felt the music of birds was part of a complete garden. A man would have mulberry trees in his garden—which are very pretty—and the darkish purple fruit would keep birds flashing in and out of it continually. I always can hear in my mind the casual words of a guest visiting the Duchess d'Uzès, who is now more than seventy, I believe, and one of the greatest huntswomen in France.

Cultivating an Echo

I had a temporary job there and some guests came through the garden, and one of them—an *abbé,* a gentleman with the pleasant, frank features of a boy, though he was white-haired and very ruddy—said:

"I would rather have my garden full of blackbirds than cherries. The thing to do is to give them fruit for their songs."

In the old country a nightingale singing in one's garden swelled a man's heart with pride. Well, there are no nightingales native to America, but a whippoorwill is nearly as nice.

And who thinks of the importance of an echo in a garden nowadays? Once, if a man had an echo, he was as proud of it as of a fountain by Bernini or Donatello. Often artificial echoes were contrived whereby words were repeated many times. As John Evelyn wrote of a seventeenth-century French garden:

"It was never without some fair nymph singing to it. Standing under a tree or in a little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another place, as if it were underground."

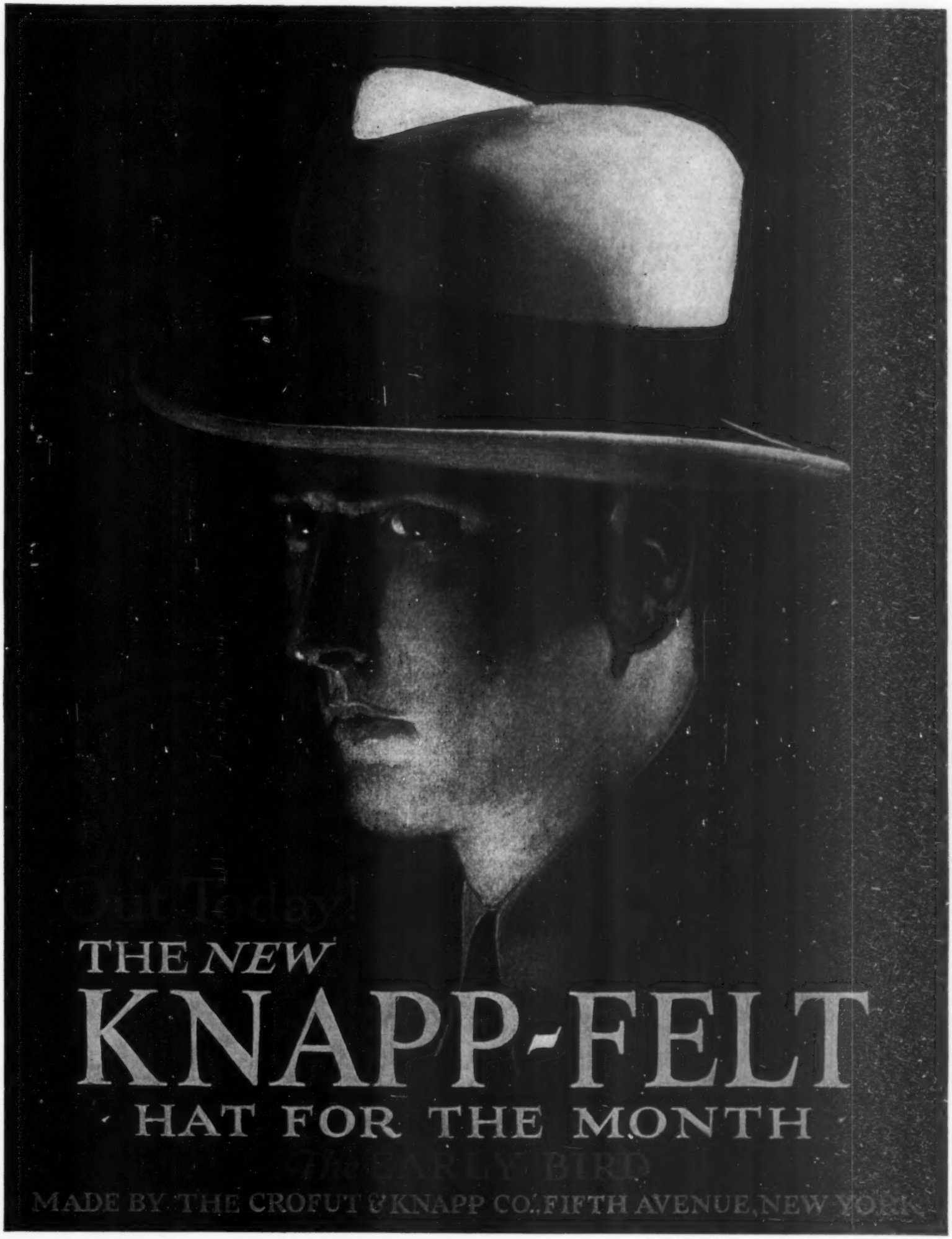
In one American garden where I was there was a wonderful natural echo, but no one appreciated it until I pointed it out. So we had a carved stone bench placed under a great beech tree, so that if you sat there on a still night and called, why, a sad, beautiful voice would come out of the dark woods three times.

A bullfrog plucking at his muted strings would be reëchoed musically all night long. Sometimes I think that it was only sonnet-writing noblemen of two or three hundred years ago who could be sensible of all this beauty.

Today we think of a garden as a pretty place to look at. In the old days it was a place to live in all day long, in the lavender haze of twilight, in the evening, in the moonlight. It was a place of retirement, for sweet, sacred seclusion; a place where one never seemed to tire of walking, as people today never seem to tire of walking on golf links; a place for poetical and intellectual reflection, for conversation, gayety, garden parties, fêtes, and for making love.

Yes, in America the uses of such gardens are supplanted, I suppose, by golf links and amusement parks; the latter supposed to be, of absolute necessity, very cheap and ugly. But remember that at Trianon there was even a merry-go-round set up on the lawn, under a charming pavilion in the Chinese style; its carved beasts and chariots were works of art, and it was all a charming and graceful thing for the special pleasure of the queen herself, Marie Antoinette, and her finest ladies and handsomest gentlemen.

Now such gardens, you will say, need thousands of acres and armies of workmen; only a multimillionaire can afford one. But American cities give more money to public parks and gardens than a thousand multimillionaires. I just wanted to remind them of the gardens of France.


THE NEW
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HAT FOR THE MONTH
MADE BY THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO. FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ST. LOUIS AND THE LAMB

(Continued from Page 19)

pencil from his effects. The pencil itself he did not need, but it had attached upon it a metal extension, into which had been set a cylindrical rubber tip, such as is commonly used for erasing pencil marks from paper. This he detached and trimmed down with his pocketknife into a smooth slab. Then, lifting off the receiver of the telephone, he wedged the slab into the slot beneath the arm.

"To keep the bell from ringing," he remarked into the air, "during my conference."

He completed the job by darkening the rubber with lead from the pencil. The receiver went back into its crotch, the pencil into the desk out of sight, the fragments of rubber into his pocket. When he was through, so clean was his addition, even a service man might have glanced at the instrument many times without noticing any change in it.

The telephone had promised him two callers, but upon opening the door Donovan found but one. The voice would have identified the man, had his words not done so.

"I'm Donovan," began the jewel expert. "This is ——"

"Me name is Bullen. You was talking to me by phone. This bird from St. Louis fixes it so he floats in separate, see? I give him your number."

"The man with the diamonds," said Donovan.

"I got the diamonds," corrected the other.

"You haven't bought them already, Mr. Bullen?"

"You tell me."

Donovan smiled a little wearily. "I don't know why their owner lets you show them, if they're in such delicate status."

"He knows me, see? I'm good."

"All I can give you is a rough judgment."

"Call them like you see them. Sure."

"We'll work at this desk, then, under the droplight. You might take this chair at the end."

As his caller stumped out into the room Donovan received a further impression of his appearance. No one can say of a man that he is this or that, merely from his walk; but one can say of him that he looks so and so.

"I don't know why, but I expected you to be tall," he remarked lightly. "You're not as tall as I am. I expected you to have blue eyes, and you have brown."

The other, halting, looked at him suspiciously, as if to see if Donovan were serious. Then, wheeling, he began a swift inspection of the room, beginning at the door by which he had entered.

"What's out there?" he asked, pointing to a door at the right.

"My bathroom."

"I want to see."

Striding to the door, he flung it open, as he did also the door of the clothes closet.

"No one else is present," said Donovan.

"I got to be sure. This bird from St. Louis tells me, see? What's them wires?"

"Radio," said Donovan.

"Cut 'em out. Wires gives me the willies."

The smile with which Donovan responded became wearier, but he pulled out the power plug and stripped away the antenna and ground wires.

"The customer is always right," he said softly. "The radio is now disconnected; it didn't work very well anyhow. I see you have your bag with you. I ought to pay you by asking to see your shirts and collars."

"You wouldn't see them!" snapped the other. "We waste our time on monkey work."

"Then sit down and show me the diamonds."

Fishing out a yellow buckskin bag, Bullen thrust his slender forefingers into the drawn top, expanded the puckered lip and pushed it across to Donovan, who gently emptied its contents upon a sheet of blank paper. Gem after gem cascaded out upon the pile until an impressive pyramid, flashing with reflected lights and iridescences, lay upon the desk.

"Now what do you say?" asked the caller.

"Unusual stones," said Donovan noncommittally.

"Ever see better matches?"

"Very white and even in this light."

"You don't have to ask them diamonds questions. A blind man can feel them diamonds. Touch them with your hand. Do paste diamonds feel cold like that? Ask me!"

"You have to ask every diamond questions," said Donovan.

"Try them with a file. Hard!"

"No need. No one would mistake them for paste. Paste hasn't that luster, and paste shows black centers at some distances, even when the table is cut smaller."

"That's me too. You're good, to tell them like that, just by looking."

"Now, why did he say that?" Donovan asked himself, taking up one of the stones.

Aloud he was about to reply: "Diamonds of this grade should be sold through the trade. The better price would amount to much more than the customs charges." But instead he suddenly became aware of a new perception, and said nothing.

The pile of stones gleamed blindingly under the light, every door thrown wide, a rainbow in every window. A good diamond is a very beautiful thing. Multiplied into a handful it becomes impressive beyond the reach of mere words, like a sunset, or a thunderstorm, or a day in June.

But now that he lifted one of the stones between his fingers another sensation crowded in upon him. He knew diamonds as a cashier knows coins. All his life he had handled them. He could tell the weight of a diamond within the fraction of a carat merely by the pull upon his sensitive fingers. Other precious stones likewise. Sapphires are heavier than diamonds. White sapphires are sometimes used to imitate diamonds. He could tell the one from the other by its relative weight. He could not have distinguished thus a paste diamond from a real one, for the heavy glass known as paste has about the same weight as diamond, but the glassy luster and softness of paste mark it clearly.

Even as he lifted the stone the expression of his face softened into blankness. He twisted the flashing bauble, drew it back and forth, let it take the light. Then he began very casually to ask a series of questions.

"Have you had much to do with diamonds, Mr. Bullen?"

"Me? I lock up diamonds every night."

"Just why did you bring me these stones?"

"You're the expert, see?"

"After deciding to buy them?" added Donovan.

"What's the matter with them? You said it yourself, they're good diamonds."

"I told you they were not paste."

"What's the matter with them?" repeated the other.

"Do you wish me to tell you?"

"Sure. I want to know."

"I'll do better," said Donovan. "I'll show you."

Crossing to his hand bag, he took from it a case, and from the case four wide-mouthed bottles, one of which contained a crystalline substance, another a slushy-looking mixture, and the third and fourth colorless, heavy liquids. These he took to a faucet, where he held them for a short time under warm water, adding to the heat until it became hot. Drawing then a glassful of hot water, he stood the first of the bottles in it and carried the four to the desk.

"I have here some bottles containing thallium-silver nitrate—a substance a little hard to obtain. Thallium-silver nitrate becomes liquid when heated or when mixed with a little water. This bottle in the glass contains no water at all; the others different amounts of water. As you see, the crystals have now melted down into liquid form; the slush also."

Donovan reached into an inside pocket for his wallet, from which he now took a paper containing three small cut stones. He also found the case containing his diamond tweezers.

"Why do you use that stuff?" asked the other. "I don't know that stuff."

"In the bottles? Because of its density. You're a mining man; you know quicksilver. A nail will sink like lead in water, but it will float on quicksilver, because the quicksilver is heavier. Suppose you had a nail made of iron and a nail made of wood painted to look like iron. Wood will float on water, because water is heavier than wood. Suppose you place the two nails in a pan of water. How long would it take you to tell which was which?"

"One would sink and the other would float."

"Yes. You can tell other substances apart in that way. Now watch me. I have here a small diamond of my own. Diamond is about three and a half times as heavy as water. The liquid in this first bottle is more than four and three-quarters times as heavy as water—much denser. The diamond will therefore float upon it. I place the diamond in it, so. You see?"

Lifting the diamond with his tweezers, he dropped it into the bottle containing the melted crystals, now liquefied by heat. As he had promised, the stone floated.

"This second bottle," Donovan went on, "contains a liquid slightly more than four times the weight of water. It is the same as the other, but slightly thinned down. But it is still heavier than diamond, and the diamond will float upon it. I will show you."

Again lifting the diamond, he dropped it into the second bottle, where again it floated.

"You see? The diamond is still lighter than the liquid. Now we will try it in the third bottle, thinned down to three and three-quarters the density of water. The diamond is still lighter. When I place it in this bottle it will still float."

"Gives me the squirms," said the other, as Donovan made the transfer into the third bottle. "She don't prove a thing—not a thing. Get a cork and try it."

"Wait until I show you. Do you see? As I predicted, the diamond still floats. But this fourth bottle contains liquid thinned down to a little under three and a half times the density of water. The density of the diamond is now greater than that of the liquid, and it will sink when I transfer it to this bottle."

He illustrated his words by placing the diamond in the bottle indicated, where it promptly sank to the bottom.

"Now suppose we try another experiment."

Turning again to his gems, Donovan selected another cut stone between the points of his tweezers.

"I have here a small white sapphire of my own. White sapphires are often used to imitate diamonds, instead of paste. They haven't the fire of paste, but they're harder and wear better and have the diamond luster. Now, sapphire is heavier than diamond; its density is about four times that of water. This sapphire will, therefore, float in our first bottle, and in our second also, although not very high out of water. Do you see? I place it in the first, and it floats, and in our second, and it floats. But it will sink in the third."

He placed the stone in the third bottle, where it sank to the bottom, as he had said it would do.

"Do you see? The diamond floated in that bottle, but the sapphire sank."

"I bite," said the other, with the trace of a snarl. "She sinks. What of it?"

"Suppose we now select a stone from your pyramid," said Donovan.

"You think I am looking at sapphires? Pah!"

Donovan, who had not missed the earlier trace of a snarl, glanced sharply at the other without seeming to do so. But what he saw he ignored. Selecting one of the stones Bullen had brought in, he dropped it into the first bottle, as he had done previously in the case of the others, and, as before, it floated.

"Do you see? Lighter than the liquid, and therefore less than four and three-quarters times the density of water. Now we will try it in the next bottle. If it's diamond it will still float. If it's sapphire it will float. It's much too brilliant to be sapphire, but suppose we try it."

But this time the stone placed in that bottle sank to the bottom, as the sapphire had done in the next bottle, and the diamond in the fourth.

"It does not float. It is therefore heavier than the sapphire, which did float, and much heavier than the diamond. No further test is needed. That stone is not a diamond. The rest of the lot are like it. If you wish to try them further, you may; but you will not find a diamond in the lot."

The other man hesitated. For a moment Donovan decided he might have been mistaken in the snarl.

"If you play so sure, them diamonds are something else, what do you call them then?"

"They are zircons," replied Donovan.

"What's that—zircons?"

"Zircon of gem quality is found in a good many places. The list wouldn't interest you, but Ceylon is the most important. One of the zircons is known as jacinth or hyacinth; some are called jargon. Never mind about that. Mostly it occurs in colors. A fine green zircon is found near Pike's Peak. What interests us is its brilliancy and fire—only the diamond surpasses it here. It is also one of the heaviest gems known, and ranks next to the sapphire in hardness."

The caller looked at his watch. "Colors?" he said a little absently. "Call them stones colored?"

Donovan seemed not to notice the action, but replied to the words as he might have replied to a man seeking for information.

"I was about to speak of an even more interesting fact. Chemists have learned how to take the color out of zircons by giving them a heat treatment."

He took up one of the stones—a gem of purer water than many diamonds, and not greatly under any diamond in brilliance.

"That stone, now—that zircon, when found, may have been quite smoky, or even brown. If so, it was carefully heated, possibly to redness or whiteness, and possibly in an atmosphere of carbon tetrachloride or carbonyl chloride, as is sometimes done."

He stopped to glance at the other man, then laughed.

"I'm talking like a chemist. Anyhow, there's the result. Decolorized zircons are known in the trade as Matura diamonds, from the name of a zircon-producing district in Ceylon. I call that a fine gem in its own right."

The caller suddenly pushed back his chair.

"You been talking about zircons. Now it's my turn to talk about diamonds. Diamonds, see?" he repeated. "I listened careful to you. Now you listen careful to me. Lay off pawing over them diamonds and listen."

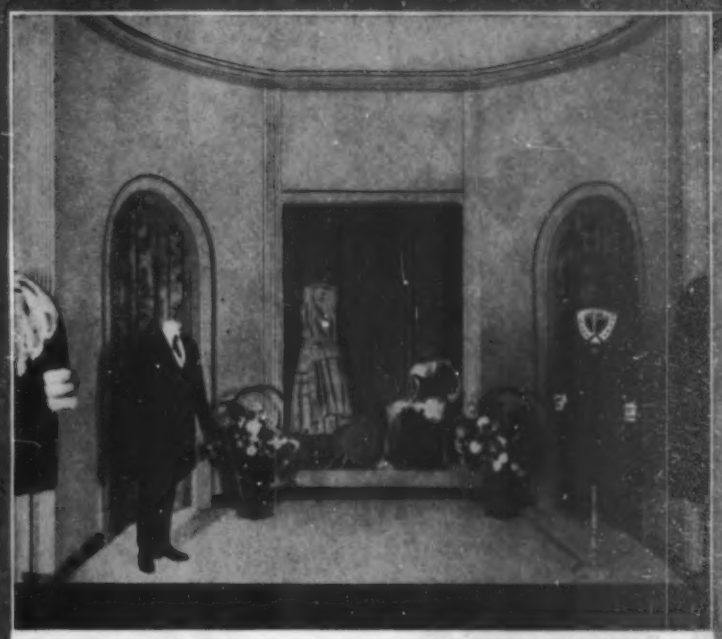
When the man at the desk raised his eyes he found himself looking into the muzzle of a black automatic.

III

DONOVAN showed no surprise, but glanced swiftly past the pistol at the speaker behind it. He noted idly that the man's eyes seemed to narrow, and at

(Continued on Page 167)

In the Arnold, Constable & Co. store, New York, Masonite Presdwood is considered ideal for display window backgrounds.



In the Marshall Field & Company store in Evanston, Illinois, Masonite Presdwood forms the background of their indoor display stage; it is used in walls and fixtures and gives an added decorative touch in gently curving arches.

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But you who have traveled in Texas or Old Mexico ---who have known the real Chili flavor in con carne, omelet, tamale, enchiladas, and the whole menu of cooking triumphs---ah! *you* have tasted food, for which the palate forever craves; and of which the memory never fades.

"Why," you have asked, "can't American cooks duplicate that flavor? What is the secret of these native cooks? Do they inherit some mystic conjury that lends magic to their skill?" They do . . . But now the secret is out. Now you may have it, too.

Its basis is the Mexican ancho chili pepper, which the Indians found growing wild in the high slopes of the Mexican Sierras, and which today must be cultivated under native soil and climatic conditions to preserve its original flavor.

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But Gebhardt has done it for you. The genuine Mexican ancho chili pepper---the rare pungent spices ---the delicate balancing of flavors, tangs and tastes are all in the bottle of *Gebhardt's* (Eagle Brand) chili powder which you may now buy at the store.

And the recipes, too; many of them word-of-mouth ritual, handed down from generation to generation; these Gebhardt has compiled and preserved in print for you.

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Here is potato salad that is both a picture to the eye and a pleasure to the palate; one of many salads by Alice Bradley in the *Gebhardt* book.

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Of course you have known omelet, from custom called Spanish; but ah! here is Spanish Omelet as the Spanish know it. Recipe in *Gebhardt* book.

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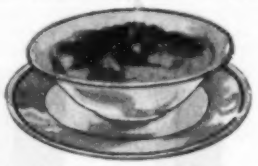

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MANSFIELD

THE MANSFIELD TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY. MANSFIELD, OHIO.

(Continued from Page 162)

the same time brighten, like those of a pickpocket about to snatch a purse.

"I see the gun," he said. "You need not point it so directly at me. I am listening. Go on."

"This is about the bird that meets me here. I give you his name—Johnny Bullen, see? Get that? This Bullen guy is a rich miner from Nevada, and his train loses time unless he spends a million a year."

"You gave Bullen as your own name," corrected Donovan.

"Sure. And why? Me, I'm the importer from St. Louis. I own them diamonds. You can call me Lindy."

"I'll call you St. Louis," said Donovan. "Go on."

"Anyhow, this Johnny Bullen spots me with them diamonds, see, and wants to buy in for nothing and a doughnut. That's him. Sitting on all the money, and wants to buy the rest for nothing. And why does he want them? For his wife. He can go to a store and buy diamonds nearly as good, but instead he wants to stick somebody for half price."

"Instinct," said Donovan.

"Sure. Don't I know? Me too. Now, me, I buy my diamonds cheap and sell them cheap, no questions asked."

"Your zircons," Donovan corrected.

"You don't listen close," snapped the other. "My fingers isn't steady on the gun. Listen, expert! Move back your chair careful. Now reach up and unscrew that light on the wall beside the phone. Now turn off the juice. Now lay the light on the floor. We don't need it. Now move backwards very slow and lean down careful and lift the bag I fetched in onto the chair. Now open her up very soft."

Acting under directions, Donovan opened the bag and took from it a socket plug, upon which were attached a pair of insulated wires. One of these had been severed six or eight feet from the plug, and the copper core scraped clean. The other led into the bag, out of sight. The scraped wire end seemed to be matched by another upon a length of wire in the bag. The plug he screwed into the former light socket.

"Now take out the coiled wire, careful, and lay it against the wall," came the command. "You can hand me that loose end. You can hand me that first loose end too."

When the St. Louis man had been given the loose wires he directed Donovan to lean over the bag again, to see if he could make out its contents.

"Don't get scared," he said. "The juice is off. But don't make any breaks. I got you covered, see? What do you make it, inside?"

"The bag seems to be about half full of dynamite cartridges," said Donovan.

"Look close."

"Two of them seem to be capped with electric primers, connected upon these wires. Are they?"

"You said it," replied the other. "You're good. Now listen! I'm closing this bag loose and sliding it careful under the table, see? Now I'm turning on the juice. I got one of these scraped wires in my left fist, and the other in my right, see? Do you get what will happen if they slip and touch each other?"

"We'd both be blown to Arcturus," said Donovan calmly.

"You're hearing good tonight. And when Johnny Bullen shows up, all three of us."

"Suicide? Why?"

"Because I'm a guy in a jam. Because at this minute I'm mixed up in a racket so thick that they got me on the spot. They'd bump me off tonight if I was back on the old river. They're liable to do it anyhow. It's me for the cross of roses any minute. Unless I dig up some quick dough I'm through."

"Why do you tell me this?" asked Donovan.

"I'm showing you my hand, see? If I lose, I lose anyhow. If I win I make a getaway—Brazil, South Africa, some hot spot somewhere. That's me."

"Desperate, with your back to the wall."

"A guy in a jam," repeated the other. "Anybody what crosses me—a puff of smoke."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Lay off of my racket. When Johnny Bullen comes, tell him how good I am. Them diamonds are for his wife. Them diamonds are good diamonds, see? They save him money."

"You'll have to sell them yourself," replied Donovan. "Furthermore, I suggest that you place your pistol in your pocket, now that you do not need it. That bare wire end in your right hand makes me nervous."

"Quit your kidding," said the other; but he followed the suggestion. "I hear the elevator door. Bullen knows the number. I need him inside, see? You fix it."

The knocking at the door followed; whereupon Donovan's steady voice, without so much as a ripple of hesitation, rapped out a command to enter.

The newcomer proved to be a tall man, dressed in clothes that might have come from his tailor that afternoon. For all the careful grooming of valet and manicure, his face and hands still showed the effects of Mohave Desert sunshine. Donovan noticed that he had blue eyes. He carried a leather brief case.

"You've already seen them!" cried Bullen when he had been introduced. "I held out for an expert. What do you think? No rhinestones in that lot, I'd say."

"He's asking you," said St. Louis quickly.

"No," replied Donovan. "They're not paste."

"How is the color?"

"The color is good."

"Do they make an even match all through?"

"A good, even match," said Donovan.

"How about their hardness?"

"Take a file," said St. Louis. "Take my file. You didn't try them with a file."

"A file will not scratch them, I know."

"Try anyhow."

"They stand the file test," replied Donovan evenly, after complying.

"How about carbon spots?" continued Bullen, as if to show that he knew all the tests for diamonds.

"I found none. They contain no carbon spots."

"He said it," the St. Louis man interrupted. "He said it all; and I couldn't ask better questions myself. Ask him anything you want to know."

"What I want to know is whether he advises me to buy."

"Answer him, Mr. Expert."

"Buy them at what price?" asked Donovan.

"One hundred thousand even," Bullen replied.

"As is," added St. Louis, "and the leather case thrown in. One hundred thousand as they stand, and let the buyer beware. I don't guarantee a thing."

"He means export and import duty and bill of sale from the last owner," Bullen explained. "That comes out of the price."

"Not my price," said St. Louis.

"Of the price I'd have to pay a dealer."

"Tell him, expert," repeated St. Louis.

"Yes. What do you advise?" asked Bullen.

"I advise you to buy," said Donovan.

The man from St. Louis did not make the mistake of letting down his guard. He filled his eyes with the money the mining man produced, but he watched Donovan sharply meanwhile through his narrowed bright eyes, and Bullen also. Bullen counted out the bills upon the desk.

"Mostly large bills," he explained, "in the bank wrappers, just as they came."

"Who you got with you?" asked their new owner.

"Nobody. You told me you were afraid the customs people would get wind of the deal."

"That's taking big chances, these days," said St. Louis, shifting his wires, "the way crooks is working the streets."

"I wish you would put that money in that brief case with one hand," said Donovan.

The other ignored the suggestion. "One hundred grand—correct. The diamonds is yours, and you can pick them up yourself, see? And say! If you ask me, stick the works into a safe quick, and don't tell nobody where. Sure! Give the little buckskin bag a hand."

Bullen turned to Donovan. "I suppose I owe you a fee for this service," he began, as he tightened the drawstring upon the purchased stones. "It is understood that I wish to insure these diamonds later."

"I will send you a bill," said Donovan.

The St. Louis man likewise turned to him. "I got another diamond for you, Mr. Expert. She's private imported for an oil works. I got to show it private. Five minutes is all I ask."

"Oh, I'll wander on!" said Bullen.

"Wait for me at the elevator," cried St. Louis as the other started for the door. "Three minutes! Not one second more!"

Donovan, for no reason at all, asked, "Is that a gray hat you are wearing, Mr. Bullen?"

"Gray—certainly."

"Good night. I see now that it is."

The sound of the closing door acted like a signal upon the St. Louis man. He suddenly became more intently watchful, and at the same time more nervous, as if approaching the delicate part of his task. But before he could carry into effect even the beginning of his plan, Donovan began speaking.

"You wish to bind and gag me," he said, "using that live wire. You will bring the bared ends almost together in a half twist, but behind my back, where I cannot see them. If I pull on them even gently they will slide into contact. I shall, therefore, have to stand very still."

"All night!" snapped St. Louis.

"Yes. To give you the longer start. Don't hurry. Bullen will wait for you."

"Where do you get that stuff—I bind you up with wire?" asked the other, pausing.

"That's how you did it before," said Donovan.

"Pah!"

"Be careful how you touch your green hat with your sooty fingers."

"Before—when?"

"And that brown suit of yours ——"

"Before—when?" repeated the other.

But Donovan shook his head. "When? What does it matter? That other time you used paste diamonds instead of zircons. That's what fooled me. That other time it was a dealer you tied up, instead of an insurance expert. You asked me when. Was it five years ago, or six?"

"How do you know—paste diamonds?"

"Again what does it matter? Why don't you ask me where?"

"Where?" asked the other, as if against his will.

"In St. Louis," said Donovan, "which is in Missouri."

"Now you can show me!" snapped St. Louis. "Stand up!"

The brief case was stuffed with money; any man will pull himself together for one hundred thousand dollars. But no man will blow himself to Arcturus upon remembering that he has that much in cash.

"Now you stand quiet and don't wiggle your jaw!"

"Why don't you ask me why?" said Donovan, ignoring part of the command.

"Cut it out, I say, or ——"

"Not now, you will not. I'll tell you why. Because you remembered that the laws of this state place a heavier penalty upon robbery at the point of a pistol than they do upon swindling. You were a desperate man, but you remembered that. You might have robbed Bullen without dragging me into it. Instead, you induced him to buy."

"If you think I am not loaded ——"

"You are. I saw the dynamite. I shall not move a finger. My feet—that does it. Now my arms. The delicate balance between safety and disaster is understood. You have now completed binding me. You are looking over your work. You have taken up the brown leather brief case. Soon I shall hear the door close behind you and you will have gone."

"Open your mouth wide!" came the command.

"The gag. Please use my own handkerchief, in my coat pocket. . . . Thank you."

"Now stand that way all night," said the other.

Donovan watched him cross the room. A moment later he heard the sound, muffled but distinct, of the closing of the door. St. Louis had departed to look for another lamb.

IV

THE program showed signs that the end was approaching. Those standing before the console were Colonel O'Day, who had served in France with Donovan, the private detective Leith, and the house electrician. The two assistants who had come to O'Day's room with Leith had later gone down to the first floor, to attend a rendition of the same program in the manager's private office, where Donovan's wiring had been duplicated, even to the slashing off of the telephone receiver.

The voice they heard was Donovan's.

"You have now completed binding me," came from the speaker; and such was the amplification, they would not have heard it more clearly had they stood in Donovan's room. "You are looking over your work. You have taken up the brown leather brief case. . . ."

"Are you ready?" asked O'Day.

"Tell me when," said the electrician.

Leith for the third time took his pistol from his coat pocket, looked it over and returned it.

"Ready," he said.

"Now stand that way all night," came in the voice of St. Louis from the console.

A moment later was heard the sound, muffled but distinct, of the closing of Donovan's outer door.

What followed in that room can soon be told. Leith picked up a traveling bag O'Day had set by the door and left the room. O'Day took out his watch and began counting off the seconds. The electrician stood peering down into the wiring inside the console, a large screw driver grasped in his rubber-incased right hand.

"Twenty-five seconds longer!" announced O'Day. "Twenty seconds! Fifteen seconds! Ten seconds! Five seconds! And—let her blow!"

The response was a faint flash of fire from the console, followed by the extinction of every light in the room. The electrician had merely laid his screw driver across the power terminals in a short circuit, thereby blowing out the fuse and automatically cutting off the current. As Donovan's room lay in the same circuit, his lights also went out.

Almost at the same instant the sound floated in of the closing of an elevator door.

"Come with me!" cried O'Day. "Fast!"

But his dash down the corridor was wasted. Even as he tried the knob on Donovan's locked door, it was turned from the inside. When the service man arrived with a pass-key the door was standing open.

"I hit the count rather well," Donovan explained. "I knew when the lights ought to go out and was ready for them. All I had to do was whip off the harness and yank out the plug. The police will send for the dynamite. The play is over. You can screw in a new fuse any time."

"I'll do that little thing," replied the electrician, grinning.

"We're to meet again in my room," O'Day reminded him. "Don't forget to come back."

"You won't know I've been away."

Meanwhile other things were happening in the hotel, some of which belong in the picture.

"When I opened that door that crook hadn't gone five steps," Leith said later. "Short man, green hat, brown suit, leather brief case—why, I could have picked that fellow out from a bushel of gooseberries. The other man too. Instant I saw him I knew the gray hat was named Bullen."

(Continued on Page 170)

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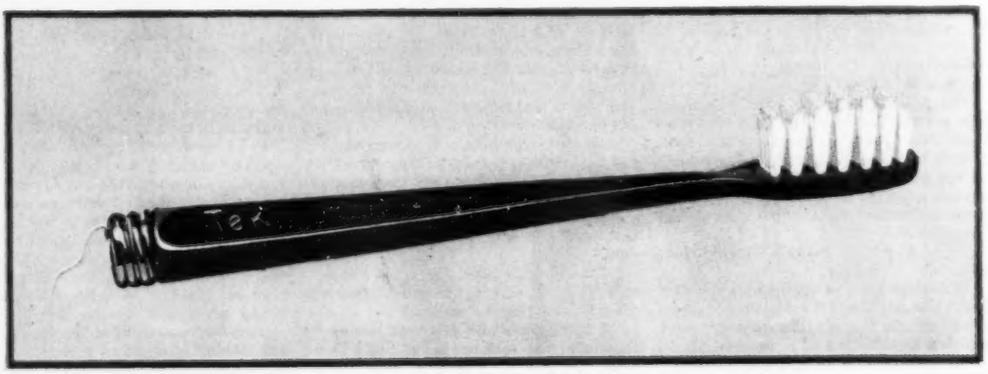

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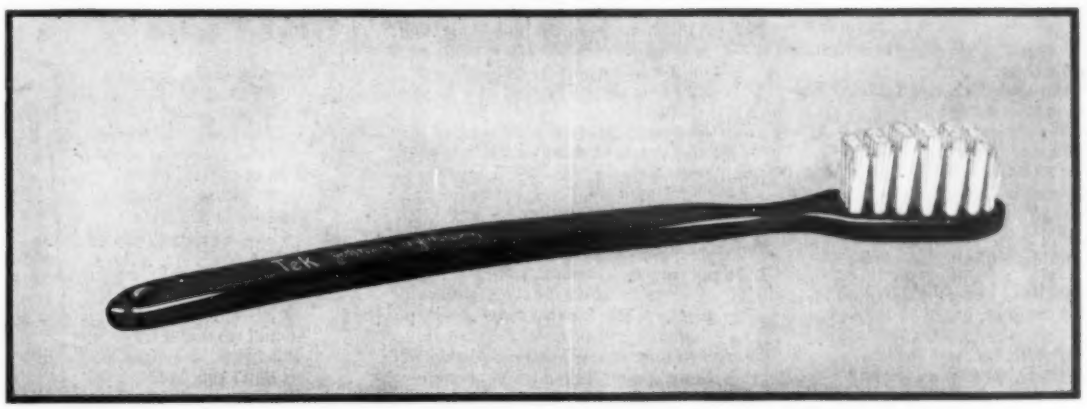

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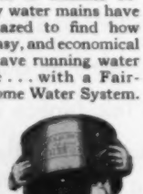

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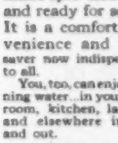

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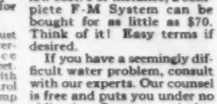

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(Continued from Page 167)

"Didn't they shy off?" someone asked.

"Not a shy. Old St. Louis came the nearest. He spotted me, all right; but I came from the farther end of the hall, and I carried the colonel's bag, and both things together made me just a guest checking out. How would an oil-burning dick from out here know enough to open the gate on a river guy? What's a little lemon industry like ours compared with the ice racket? You don't have to dig for the answer."

The three entered the elevator together, and that made four; for one of Leith's assistants had gone on as elevator boy. He took care of the borrowed bag, and slammed the door shut usefully with a noise, and ran the car down to first without seeing signals; beyond that he was not called upon to practice his profession.

"The chief wants to see you," Leith remarked quietly, on the way down. "Both of you."

That was all that was said. The man from St. Louis started to shift the brief case to his left hand, so as to be able to reach his pocket quickly. A prod in the back induced him to drop that strategy. Before he could think what else to do, Leith himself had unearthed the pistol.

"Wrong floor," said Leith. "Take us back to eight."

They were a little slow in starting, and lost a little time stopping at other wrong floors. By the time the elevator door opened at the eighth, O'Day's lights were again burning.

St. Louis was the first of the prisoners to see Donovan; his face went green, matching his hat. As he had done in the elevator, he sought refuge in silence. Bullen did not recognize the expert until Leith addressed him. His response was a volley of indignant protests.

"Special delivery," said Leith. "Who signs for them, colonel? You?"

"Donovan," replied O'Day.

"Here you are, Captain Donovan. Take your prisoners."

"What does this mean?" began Bullen. "Why am I detained? Who is this man? What do you want of me?"

Donovan, who had been standing at the window, did not turn to face them for a moment. "A police car has just driven up," he announced. "They're coming into this hotel. Bruner must have done that."

"I asked you why I was brought here," repeated Bullen.

"That was just Leith," said Donovan.

"But why? Why?"

"We're a little nervous this evening. First it was a crazy man. Then someone had his money stolen. Then somebody left a satchel filled with dynamite in one of the rooms. Then the radio began cutting corners. Then the lights blew out. Then Colonel O'Day lost his hand bag."

"But why drag me into it?" asked Bullen.

"I'm the one who did that," said Donovan, without explaining why he did it.

Bullen turned to his companion from St. Louis. "Come!" he cried. "It's getting late."

"I can't let you go," said Donovan.

"You wouldn't dare!" cried Bullen.

"Dare what? Notify the customs?" Donovan smiled. "The customs, I think, can be dismissed. I told you that money had been stolen. We need you for a witness."

"I know nothing about any stolen money!"

"It was stolen from my room while you were present."

"I know nothing about it and refuse to testify. If that is all, I'm going home."

Donovan shook his head. "No," he said.

"You mean, you will detain me by force?"

"Until the police arrive and the money is accounted for."

"By what right?" asked Bullen. "Who are you to keep me in this room against my will? Me, or him either? Either of us?"

Donovan showed his badge. "By that right," he replied softly. "You see, you're the man who was robbed."

It was some minutes before Bullen again interrupted with questions. What was told him has already been narrated. He heard out the swift account. When it was finished, he said:

"Your man stopped us in the elevator going down. How did he ever find out so soon?"

"He heard everything that was said. I had a microphone in the room, that St. Louis overlooked. Any telephone transmitter is a microphone. All I did was to get the switchboard girl to connect me with this room, and with one downstairs, and then, instead of depending on the telephone earpiece, which answers very well if the other fellow stands close enough, I hooked up on the phonograph posts and amplified what came in, using the loud-speaker system of this radio."

"Another thing I don't see: You knew in advance that this crook would threaten you with dynamite. How?"

"I didn't know it," said Donovan, "or even believe it. What I knew was, if he turned out to be a certain particular crook, he was likely to. I knew he was likely to, because he had worked the same trick before, on one of my friends. All I did was to prepare for him in case he did."

"He never was caught," O'Day added. "The man he imposed on still suffers from the strain."

"One more question and I'm through," said Bullen. "Why did he ask me to wait for him at the elevator?"

"Just a further touch of insurance," Donovan replied. "The penalty for robbing a man at the point of a pistol, as I said before, is exceedingly heavy. He wished to be seen leaving the hotel with you. Another type of criminal would have knocked you in the head and had done."

The sound of the opening of an elevator door floated in from the hall. Donovan pulled up the fire in his pipe.

"And I'm not sure you wouldn't have deserved it," he added. "I think I hear the police."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

With dear old mammy singing low That Little Old Red Shawl!
How Can I Bear to Leave Thee? But the long years lie between,
And your sweet lips are silent, oh, my lost Sweet Evalene!

O stars on Sourwood Mountain! O moon on Mobile Bay!
And O Susanna, singing through the sunny Southern day!
Somewhere I Hear You Calling Me, and some day I shall see
Once more the lips that smiled at me, Way Down in Tennessee.

And after life is ended, Where the Mississippi Flows
Or somewhere in Virginia Lay My Head Beneath a Rose.
When Gabriel Blows His Trumpet, let me wake again and know
I'm Way Down South in Dixie, Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow.

O Lily Dale and Kittie Wells and Darling Nellie Gray,
And Bright-eyed, Laughing Little Nell of Narragansett Bay!
Dear little girls and dear old songs! A little while, and then,
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, may we meet you all again!

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

The Poker Alphabet

A IS for Ante, and do it right now!
B is for Bluff, or out on a bough;
C is for Call, while perched on the limb;
D is for Dealer, but trust not in him;
E is for Early, the time set to quit?
F is for Full, but doesn't mean lit;
G is for Gaff, the strain on the purse;
H is for Hand, it couldn't be worse!
I is for Inside, you ought to be shot!
J is for Jacks, they can open a pot;
K is for Kitty, the banker's loose love;
L is for Losers, who shove and who shove;
M is for Monkey Flush, throw it away!
N is for Nits and Lice, sometimes they pay;
O is for Opened, you haven't a pair;
P is for Pat, sure, nobody's there!
Q is for Queens, who couldn't love four?
R is for Raise, let's bump it once more!
S is for Stud, a card is interred;
T is for Triplets, with bullets preferred;
U is for Up! the sweetener's scream;
V is for Velvet, ah, innocent dream!
W's Wife, who waits and who burns;
X is the Cross on the check which returns;
Y is for Yammer, the bloodthirsty sound
Of Zealots bleating for One More Round!

—*Ferdinand Reyher.*

Ballade of the Questionnaire

DO YOU love your wife and, if not, why?
How much is your average monthly pay?
And do you believe in a by-and-by?
And what do you eat and what do you weigh?
How much do you save for a rainy day?
And what do you read and what do you wear?
And don't get huffy at me, I pray—
This is the voice of the Questionnaire.

Oh, are you a wet or are you a dry?
And what are your favorite forms of play?
Do you ever steal, or cheat, or lie?
And what do you think of the cosmic ray?
Have you been divorced? Are you getting gray?
Do you let your stenographer smooth your hair?
Come, answer the queries, yea or nay—
This is the voice of the Questionnaire.

Are movies moral? Do you apply
The rod when your children disobey?
Is modern society geared too high?
Does mother-in-law dispute your sway?
Is Congress showing signs of decay?
And are you a sunbeam or are you a bear?
Our sociologists bid you say—
This is the voice of the Questionnaire.

Envoy

Prince, I hear they are out to "survey"
The ruling families everywhere.
What sort of a monarch are you, hey?
This is the voice of the Questionnaire!

—*Gorton Veeder Carruth.*

Autumn Song

VACATION is over!
Good-by to my playing;
To loafing in clover,
To swimming and haying,
To hammocks a-swaying,
And corn on the cob!
Expenses defraying,
I'm back on the job.

Vacation is over;
Farewell, holidaying!
No longer a rover,
The piper I'm paying.
Fond fancies go straying,
With work playing hob!
For fortitude praying,
I'm back on the job!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Apology

I SHOULD be tranquil,
And calm of mind;
But Life is so sudden,
Don't you find?

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

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DINTY AT THE BAT

(Continued from Page 17)

"Sire," he says, "let's call it The Courageous Crumpets."

"Lousy," says the king.

At that Sir Galahad raised his hand, and it remained for this lad, this mere stripling, to suggest the name that stuck.

"Sire," Galahad says, "let's 'onor 'Er Majesty the queen by calling the team Guinevere's Red Socks."

"'Ow," asks Arthur, looking very sternly at the boy, "do you know hennything about Guinevere's 'osiery, may I awsk?"

"Sire," Galahad replies, with an innocent grin, "hi 'ave seen them 'anging on the line, so hi 'ave!"

And that was that.

King Arthur and his knights played the game for a couple of years, to tune up, and then, with Guinevere's Red Socks in great shape, over they went to Dublin to meet the Irish Giants.

The Giants, of course, won. MacCool pitched the best ball of his career, striking out everybody that faced him and establishing the first strike-out record. The score was 21-0, it was, the British becoming rather downcast.

"The brikes," King Arthur stated, following the contest, "were hagainst hus. MacCool is a great pitcher, 'e is, but in the next gime at Camelot we'll turn the tibles."

"MacCool's pitching," MacCool said, for publication, "was the big factor in the Irish victory. MacCool yesterday proved himself the greatest moundsman the game has ever known. We will win the second game at Camelot and end the series there."

But at Camelot the Irish were surprised. Arthur had twirled the first game for the British, but when the second started an unknown young felly named Ambrose Merlin was in the box against the Giants.

"Who is this Merlin?" MacCool asked Brian Boru.

"A mere busher," Brian replied. "Arthur knows he is beaten, he does, and this Merlin is the fall guy. After we win, Arthur will be saying, 'Now if I had been in there, instead of that Merlin, we would have wön.'"

"Well," Dinty remarked, "we'll be after knocking this Merlin out of the box, and Arthur will have to pitch."

Money No Object

But Merlin was not knocked out of the box. The rookie pitcher was a lad with a brain in his noddle. He used what was called the Limburger Ball, rubbing cheese on the sphere so that the Irish were unable to hit it at all, since they couldn't very well hold their bats and their noses at one and the same time.

The British won the game by a count of 22-0, and sad were the Irish that day.

"MacCool was off form," MacCool stated after the game, "but the third contest will be different. Big Train will be doing his stuff again. I must admit that Ambrose Merlin had too much on the ball for us yesterday, but MacCool's arm, which has been bothering him, will soon be right, and the British won't have a chance."

"British determination was never more clearly exemplified," said Arthur, "than hin this second gime, which we won. We're hon our wy to the championship."

"Well," sayd Dinty, "let's be after going back to Dublin for the next one."

"Why," aske Arthur, "carn't we be plying it 'ere in Camelot?"

"Dublin," sayd Dinty.

"Camelot," says Arthur.

An impasse impended, but young Galahad, who had named the British team, once more came to the rescue.

"Why carn't we ply it in Scotland?" Galahad asks.

"Grand," says Dinty, like a true Irishman, always ready to compromise.

"Splendid," says Arthur, like a true Britisher, always ready to yield.

So into Scotland they went, to a place called Glenglennie.

The Giants lined up as they always did—MacCool pitching, Boru behind the bat, the others where they belonged.

Merlin once more was on the mound for Britain, Lancelot catching, Kay at first, Gawaine at second, Ewaine at short, Galahad at third, Tristram in left field, Mordred in right, and Bors in center.

The umpire was King Robert Bruce of Scotland, a fair man, in the opinion of both sides.

Despite the fact that the price of admission had been fixed at only one smeck, there was but a single Scotchman in the stands. A smeck is a coin so low in value that if a man has three million smecks he owes twenty dollars. Still, not a Scotchman would come to the game, except the felly in the stands, and this felly, whose name was One-Eye MacConnolly, had crashed the gate.

With MacNameedle at the Mike

There was another felly on the field, but he didn't have to pay the admission price. This was a famous announcer for the raddio, as it was called, and his name was MacNameedle. The rest of Glenglennie stayed outside. Some of the Scotch, who were Peepnewsies, knew that when the game was over this MacNameedle would grab a paper from the newsboy on the corner to see how it came out, and they then could gather around and read it over his shoulder. Others scoffed at the idea of paying to see the game, figuring they would rather listen to MacNameedle on the raddio, and have fine fun betting on what he would say next, with some fellys giving odds that he knew nothing at all about what was going on.

Well, the game started with a fine display of pitching by Merlin. The Irish had lost the toss and the British had last licks. Boru, the Giants' lead-off man, struck out. Cuspidure, who followed him, popped to Galahad, and McPhungus, who batted third, grounded to Gawaine, who himself beat Paddy to first.

Then MacCool went into the box and began to mow down the opposition. He fanned Galahad on three pitched balls. He forced Ewaine to hit to My Lord Sligo, who threw him out with little trouble. He struck Tristram out on three called strikes, the British outfielder standing there like a ninny and letting Dinty whip his fast one by.

The Scotch, gathered around the municipal receiving set in the public square, heard MacNameedle describe the game.

"This is MacNameedle at the mike," they heard him say. "I hope all my friends out there recognize my voice. Well, the Irish and the British—the Irish Giants—ha-ha—I think it is, and Guinevere's Red Socks—there's a colorful name—are playing for the world's championship here in beautiful Glenglennie, with the heather and the gorse and the whins and all. What a spectacle this is, with MacNameedle at the mike.

"It is now the beginning of the ninth inning. . . . Wait a minute until I consult the scoreboard over there in the corner. . . . Let's see now. . . . Yes, it's the ninth inning in this great game here in Glenglennie, with MacNameedle at the mike, and the score is nothing to nothing. Nothing to nothing is the score, and I believe the game is tied.

"Dillon, the Giants' heavy-hitting outfielder . . . No, it is not Dillon—is it Doolin? . . . is at bat. Merlin, the British pitcher, is winding up. He lets the ball go with a lot of speed. . . . Oh, yes, a great deal of speed. Umpire Bruce calls it a strike. Strike one, friends, with MacNameedle at the mike. . . . Strike two . . . the weather is perfect. . . . Strike three. . . . One-Eye MacConnolly is giving the Irish the bird.

"Here comes Donlin now. . . . No, it's Dillon. Wait a minute, I think it's Donlin. It's hard to sit here without field glasses and distinguish the various players. . . . Yes, it's Doolin. I thought it was Donlin all the time, but I didn't want to say it was Dillon until I had made sure. Ha-ha!

"Donlin stands at the plate facing Merlin, the British pitcher, and the score is nothing to nothing in the first half of the ninth inning, with MacNameedle at the mike. Strike one. My, that was a beautiful outcurve! Strike two! It was a fast one, a hopper! Doolin missed it a mile. Strike three! Merlin threw a slow ball and Dillon nearly broke his back missing it.

"And now, friends, here comes Dinty MacCool to the bat. This is the great Irish pitcher, the man who invented baseball, and, with MacNameedle at the mike, he is going to try to win his own game. There was another great Irish ball player, friends—and you'll remember him, I'm sure—named Casey. Casey, you will recall, struck out. Maybe MacCool will do the same thing. And then again maybe this mighty man will smash out a homer and take the championship back to Dublin, with MacNameedle at the mike."

The Hero of the Game

"MacCool strides up to the plate swinging five bats, a smile half hidden in his jowls alongside a plug of tobacco. He is ready to murder the ball. MacCool bats left-handed, friends, and when he hits 'em, they travel! Here it comes now! Merlin has thrown a fast ball, straight down the alley!

"Smack, crash, wham and bang! Oh, what a sight this is, friends! MacCool has just clouted the ball a terrific wallop. It is out past the fielders and rolling toward the clubhouse. MacCool has rounded first and is now passing second. Tristram, the British outfielder, is running after the ball, with MacNameedle at the mike. MacCool has turned third and is on his way home. Here comes the ball! Tristram has a powerful throwing arm! MacCool dives for the home plate! There is a cloud of dust! It's hard to see what happened! King Robert Bruce is waving both arms! MacCool beat the ball to the plate! MacCool is safe! The score is one to nothing, with MacNameedle at the mike!

"But wait a minute, friends—wait a minute! Don't get excited now! Keep cool! Wait a minute! There's something going on here. Ewaine, the British shortstop, is running in from his position. He has taken the ball from Lancelot, the British catcher, and is walking toward MacCool. MacCool is standing in front of the stands, bowing to their lone occupant."

The End of a Perfect Day

"Keep cool now, friends, and we'll see what happens. Ewaine walks up to MacCool, extending his hand. It looks like he is going to congratulate him or maybe give him the ball as a souvenir. But no! No-no! Ewaine tags MacCool! He cries, 'You're out!'

"MacCool turns on him with a snarl. 'Be yerself!' MacCool says.

"'You didn't touch second!' yells Ewaine. 'You didn't touch second.'

"King Robert Bruce, the umpire, comes up. 'What's this?' he asks. 'He didn't touch second?'

"'No,' says Ewaine. "E leaped right over the bise. 'E didn't touch second.'

"'Well,' says King Robert Bruce—and all the Irish and all the British are now standing around MacCool, Ewaine and the umpire—'if he didn't touch second he's out!'

"Wait now, friends; don't get excited. But there's a lot happening down there on that field, and I want to tell you about it. This is MacNameedle at the mike, and I am describing the final game between the Irish and the British for the world's championship at Glenglennie, Scotland.

"Dinty MacCool, the Irish pitcher, has just been called out for failing to touch second after hitting what looked like a home run. He has grabbed a bat. Now he swings the bat, hitting King Robert Bruce of Scotland, the umpire, over the head. Sir Lancelot, the British catcher, has taken off his mask and is pounding MacCool in the face with it. Honest Paddy McPhungus and King Brian Boru, Irish players, have tackled Tristram and Bors, two of the Britishers.

"Everybody now is in the fight. It's a free-for-all! King Robert Bruce is down. Sir Lancelot is down! King Arthur, who just came running up, swinging a bat, has been knocked down by Napper Tandy, the Irish relief pitcher, who, from somewhere, has produced a brick.

"Sir Gawaine, Sir Ewaine, are down. Donlin, Dillon and Doolin are down. Cuspidure goes down, Mordred goes down. There's nobody at all standing now but MacCool, who is still swinging his bat.

"What a spectacle! There never was a game like this! MacCool still swings his bat! Wham! MacCool hits himself in the head, and he goes down too! Now everybody is down! All the British and all the Irish! King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, Merlin, Mordred Boru, Cuspidure, McPhungus, MacCool—they're all down!

"One-Eye MacConnolly, the lone spectator, has come out of the stands. He is on the field. He is counting over the players. 'One,' he counts, 'and two, and three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! Out!' MacConnolly cries. 'They're out!'

"And it looks, friends, like they are! Yes, they're out. They're all out! And the great game is over! Called, I suppose, on account of a lack of players!

"I will now turn the mike over to Mr. MacConnolly, who, to save the price of a stamp, wishes to tell his tailors in Glasgow to go jump in the Firth-o'-Forth."

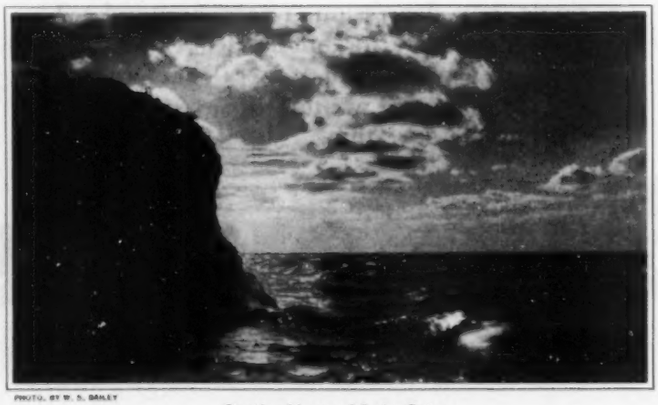

PHOTO. BY W. S. BAILEY

On the Shore of Lake Erie

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13

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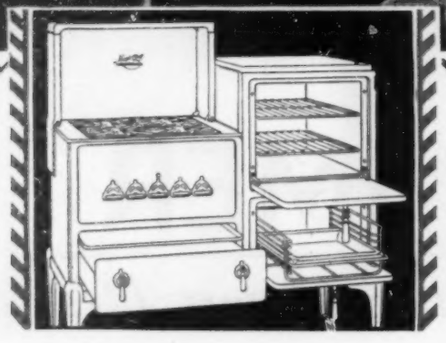


1. *"Patrician"* Model shown above has top and front panels in Italian Grand Antique Marble Finish with Old Ivory Trim. All handles of Onyx Green Bakelite with solid brass fittings. Also, *"Jonquil"* Model in Old Ivory with Peacock Green Trim and Marble-finish Top. All enamel.
2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator. Measures and automatically controls the oven heat.
3. Cooking-top cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Unsightly utensils quickly covered.
4. "Magic Chef" Oven, also oven and broiler doors, are heavily insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.
5. Pipes, gas valves and all bolts entirely concealed. All valves convertible by the turn of a screw into "safety" valves that cannot be operated by young children.
6. Unique Broiling-feature includes an extension carriage that brings broiling pan into full view for the easy turning of meat. Reversible broiling pan requires no rack.
7. Top-burners of new, vertical-injection type have removable, non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner. "Boil-overs" will not clog port holes.
8. Roomy service-drawer mounted on rollers operates easily.

OGUE *in* GAS RANGES

UPSETTING all traditions, ignoring all precedent, American Stove Company has created a new, exquisite and totally different type of gas range—*Magic Chef*—to satisfy the urgent demand for a stove to conform with the art trends of the times.

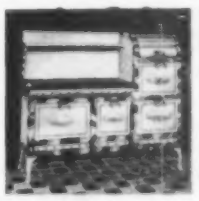
***Magic Chef* sounds a new note of beauty for the kitchen. Possessing the aristocratic elegance of a piece of fine drawing-room furniture, *Magic Chef* will give your kitchen a refreshing atmosphere of individuality and modernity—a kitchen that you can now embellish to your heart's content, without a single discordant note.**

Authorities on interior decoration have pronounced *Magic Chef* the most notable style-creation in the house furnishings field in a decade. For this immediate acceptance by experts a large measure of credit is due Frank Alvah Parsons, B. S., President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, whose expert advice contributed materially to the artistic perfection of this advanced example of stove-building craftsmanship.

But, *Magic Chef* has *more* than pleasing proportions, symmetrical lines, beautiful finish and radiant coloring. It possesses, in addition to the famous Red Wheel, many exclusive service features that make it an unusually durable, efficient, labor-saving cooking appliance.

Dealers in all gas-served communities now have *Magic Chef* on exhibition for public inspection. Watch your local newspapers for Dealers' announcements. Plan to be among the first to see and examine this utterly new departure in gas range design.

To those unable to view *Magic Chef* immediately there will be sent upon request, free of charge, an attractive twenty-four page booklet presenting full details. The booklet contains handsome illustrations of the most modern and most charming kitchens. But plan to see *Magic Chef*—merely to see it is to want it for your own.



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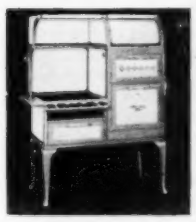
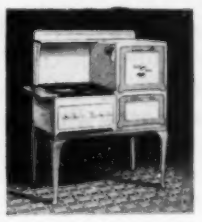
DIRECT ACTION *Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio*



DANGLER *Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*

QUICK MEAL *Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.*



NEW PROCESS *New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*

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Magic Chef
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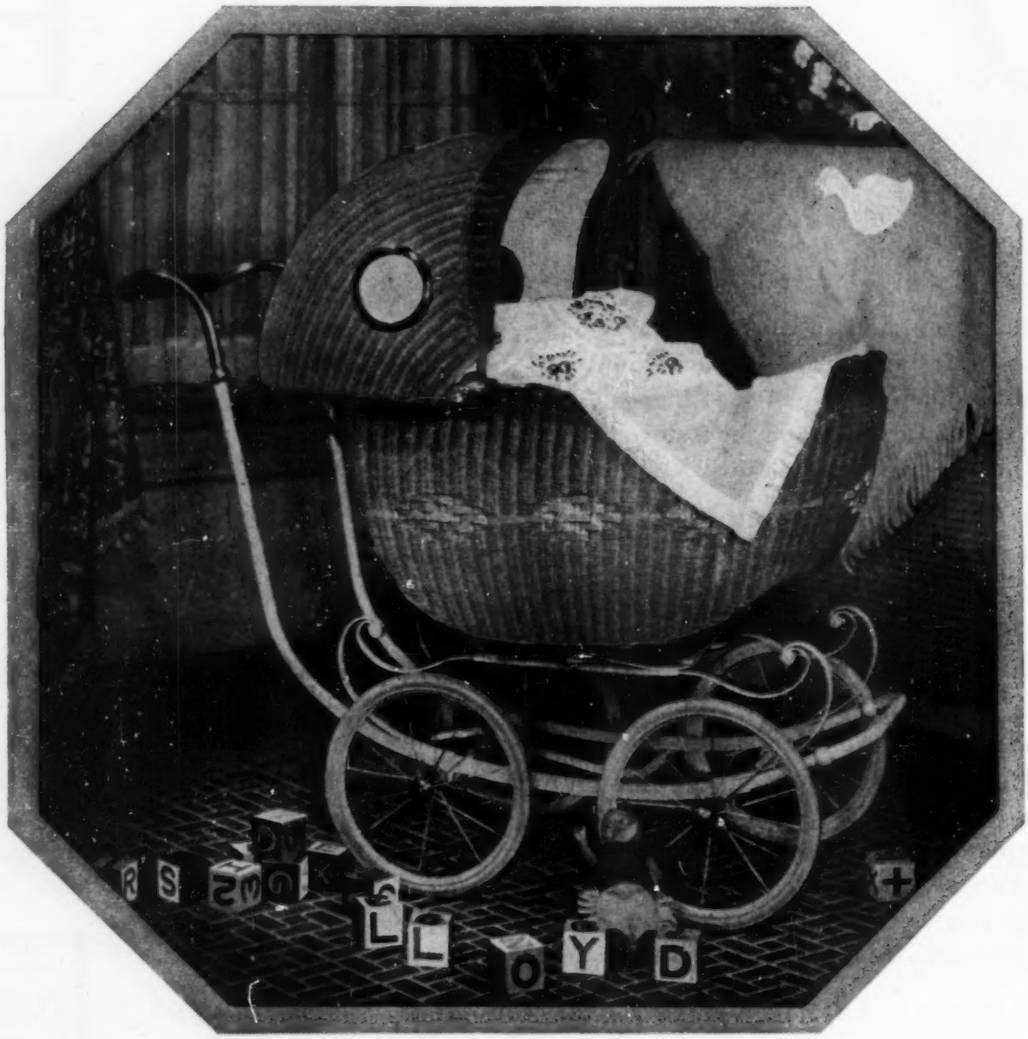
UNLESS *the Gas Range has a* RED WHEEL *it is NOT a* LORAIN

SO FRAGILE IS YOUR BABY'S SPINE



IT isn't that parents do not really care. Yet—whatever the reason—the fact remains that the comfort, possibly the entire future health, of many a defenseless little one is being handicapped today because mothers fail to provide them with a scientifically constructed baby carriage. It is now known that jars and jolts to the spinal column in infancy may have far-reaching effects. Safety lies in choosing a shock-proofed carriage—the kind that is made by Lloyd. Its basket-shaped body of woven fibre, its oil-tempered springs, its sturdy frame, and comfort-giving, balloon-tired wheels combine to keep the tiny passenger as free from harmful spine vibration as when sleeping in its bed. Gay colors and conservative effects—beautiful beyond anything heretofore known—feature the new Lloyd baby carriages and strollers now on display at most good stores. Prices are extremely moderate—due to enormous volume of sales, but no carriage, regardless of its cost, can do more for baby's health and happiness than a Lloyd.

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BABY CARRIAGES AND FURNITURE

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN
ORILLIA, CANADA

GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

(Continued from Page 29)

Court, Taft would have been presented at court in the usual way. But the King felt that some special consideration should be given to him as a former President, and he referred the matter to the Lord Chamberlain and the American Ambassador for recommendation of a suitable procedure, which would, of course, establish a precedent. Harvey and the Duke of Atholl discussed the matter in the same frank way in which they had settled the matter of dress at the royal wedding, with the result that they suggested, and the King readily agreed to it, that Mr. and Mrs. Taft should be accorded the same honor that it had been customary to pay to former chiefs of state of European powers. In brief, an ex-President was as good as an ex-king.

Consequently, instead of waiting in line and thus passing before Their Majesties and making the prescribed bow and courtesy, Mr. and Mrs. Taft were received privately by the royal family half an hour in advance, and accompanied them to their places in the throne room. There special places were assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Taft at the right hand of the King. The Chief Justice wore his judicial robe, and Mrs. Taft was in full court dress. Immediately after the reception of the others who were to be presented at court, Mr. and Mrs. Taft accompanied the King and Queen to the supper room. Thus George V established a precedent which fixes the social status of a former President of the United States and his wife at the Court of St. James's as second only to that of the King and Queen.

Another interesting incident of Taft's sojourn in England was his visit, in company with Harvey, to Sulgrave Manor; the first time a former American President had visited the home of the ancestors of the first American President. In an informal speech at a luncheon given by the Press Club in London, the Chief Justice paid a high tribute to Harvey for his ability as a journalist and publicist, and his skill as a diplomat. In a letter after his return home he said:

"I need not repeat what I said at the Press Club luncheon, but it expressed exactly my thought then and now. It was not the language of compliment; it was the language of truth, and I have ventured to write a letter to the President saying the same thing. I think you occupy a unique position in London, at a time when it is very essential to have a man there who shall know the truth of the situation on both sides and not in any sense yield his Americanism to the very luring attractions of English society, but who, on the other hand, by his frankness and his knowledge of what can be done between the two nations, can make it clear to the British Government what should be done. . . .

"I ventured to write the President that I thought your plan for an adjustment of the British debt, with its subsequent possibilities, was an excellent one. I did not give him the details, because I supposed that you would wish to present them yourself."

The Fat in the Fire

In a long letter in reply to this of Taft's, Harvey referred to the important purpose of Taft's visit, and then spoke at length and with much concern about Lord Balfour's unfortunate note on the debt question, which I have dealt with in a former chapter:

"To the best of my recollection, you are the first Chief Justice to take the initiative in a great constructive program, outside of and beyond the technical requirements of your exalted judicial position. You are thereby making an example of breadth and vision, no less than of fidelity and industry, which should inure to the lasting benefit of the country, even though only as an incentive to all others in the public service to reach out in realization of the fact that any public office is only what the holder makes it.

"Incidentally, you may have noticed that the prediction that something would grow out of our luncheon conversation in Downing Street was quickly fulfilled. Sir Robert"—Horne—"lost no time in making the speech in the Commons along the lines that I indicated, and even heeded my suggestion that it would do no harm to let the press convey the impression that he would head the"—Debt—"Commission to Washington. . . . But then came along the Balfour note, and the fat was in the fire. This has been most distressing to me, because all hope of carrying through the plan of settlement, which I am confident would have been of tremendous mutual advantage to both countries, and which I was formulating as a result of weeks of hard study when I last saw you, seems to have gone glimmering. The good relationship between the two peoples, which had been quite happily established and was getting better daily, not only suffered a severe shock instantaneously but is obviously growing worse as time goes on and political considerations of parties and individuals in both countries become involved. To me it all seems very sad, because at the moment I can perceive no way to prevent a renewal of the feelings of distrust which for so long have been the curse of the two countries and consequently of civilization."

A Coach on the Bank

One of Harvey's frequent and always interesting correspondents was Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, from among whose many letters on various topics a few must be selected. In 1917 he was busily engaged in government war work in the United States, but in November he returned to England. He then a little later wrote to Harvey:

"*My dear George:* You will perhaps have read that to my great personal regret I am not now returning to my life on the Congressional Limited. It is much better that we Britishers should have one-man control over our affairs in the United States, and we could not find a better man than Reading.

"My task is to represent him in London; quite a big job in speeding up our many departments. The position also enables me to keep an eye on certain weak members of Lloyd George's government. When I reached England, he offered me a cabinet position, which I declined because of those weak members. As members of the same crew, I should have had to row their pace. As coach on the bank I can be effective. I gathered some idea of that ever-present danger to good Anglo-American relations—the cable—from the fact that your cable editors read my letter of 'declination' as an attack on the Prime Minister. No one here thought so, and the 'old gang' thought that L. G. had written the letter himself! . . .

"I do hope you will send us your War Weekly, and I do hope some good American speakers will come to Great Britain. I am sending British speakers to you. We know little of you; we see only one American—Page—and we overwork him. Come yourself, if the Weekly, and the Review permit, but at any rate send us some speakers. We get a good many hot-air statements from Washington, but we want to see some Americans.

"The war crawls on, alternate hopes and fears, but my conviction of the certainty of the destruction of the monster was never greater than today.

"With cordial greetings for 1918, your sincere friend, "NORTHCLIFFE.

"Why not utilize T. R.? He is an Allied asset, and a very big one."

In the following months matters on both sides of the Atlantic got more vigorously under way, and in September, 1918, he wrote from Nairn, at much length, in a more confident tone:

"*My dear George:* I was delighted with your long and interesting letter. I get The North American Review's War Weekly, and it is passed round a wide circle over here—mostly among Americans, of whom I see a great many. I am writing this from the far north, six hundred miles from London. Here again are American sailors, mine makers and mine layers, doing thus at last the work which was urged nearly three years ago by the younger officers of our navy. It was then described as impossible to place a mine barrier across the North Sea.

"Since I dictated the foregoing has come the Battle of St. Mihiel—a fine, clean piece of work which has greatly rejoiced everyone in England, where we have been deluged with German and neutral statements as to the inefficiency of the American Army, its lack of officers, absence of discipline and nonsense of that kind.

"From the very first our soldiers at the Front have been enthusiastically pro-American, as have also our sailors. Mingling, as I am very glad to do, among them, I find some who tell me that they do not understand the silence of the Scottish people, which your fighting men regard as stand-offishness. As you know, it is nothing of the kind. I play golf with Scottish partners and they hardly speak a word during the whole round.

"What I am so pleased about regarding your Weekly is that it reaches every part of the Union. I cannot conceive a more difficult task than that of trying to spread the light over the vast territory of the United States. Here, in the United Kingdom, we get, as a rule, nothing but Eastern opinion. I see from the correspondence of the Weekly, and also from that of the Review, that your seeds of thought are blown all over the United States from your library at Deal and develop into promising plants where they fall.

"I have always thought it a great mistake to suppose that Washington and New York rule the United States as Paris rules France and, to a far lesser extent, London rules Great Britain. That is why it is so important that there should be some acting link, and why the Review ought to be published more frequently than once a month."

A Poor Excuse

"I suppose that when your national effort reaches its maximum, you will come to Europe. Indeed, I expect that, if you had not hammered so hard at the door of the cabinet room at the White House, you would be coming to London now in an official capacity. I always think that the appointments of the representatives of London and Washington are matters of extreme delicacy and of the utmost importance. Page did uncommonly well. You can imagine the difficulties of a Democratic Ambassador in a very large and influential American community which is entirely Republican. Only yesterday an American woman said to me: 'We had to give up reading your paper because you supported that man Page.' It is very obvious to outsiders that Mr. and Mrs. Page were, though officially absolutely neutral, detesters of Prussian foulness. There was a time when the influence of the United States in Europe was down to zero, and when Americans who felt keenly would not dine out in London or in Paris. But today, thanks very largely to your effort, to which I must say the President and Government of the United States have responded superbly, America now stands as she has never stood before.

Faultless—*the Master* Caster

WHERE it's a job for big sturdy casters—where ordinary use means abuse—where only a steel caster, case hardened, extra strong, can stand the gaff—that's where Faultless belongs. Designed for use on jobs demanding the utmost in strength, this new Faultless Truck Caster will speed up your plant, save your loads, protect your floors and give you the maximum in satisfaction. There is a Faultless Caster for every purpose.

FAULTLESS CASTER COMPANY
Evansville Indiana
New York Chicago Grand Rapids
Los Angeles High Point, N. C.
Canadian Factory: Stratford, Ontario

Interested in truck casters? Here is a book you should have. It tells you a lot of important things to know about truck casters. A copy will be sent upon request.

NOELTING
FAULTLESS · CASTERS
Makers of Quality Casters for a Third of a Century

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

1930 MODELS

"Prince of Wales," $3.50

"Straight Eight" Plain, $3.50

"Aristocrat," thorn, $4

Don't let "Tobacco Yello" spoil your pipe smoke! Tobacco Yello upsets the stomach, kills appetite, stains the teeth.* Smoke a few pipefuls in one of these new 1930 models of Drinkless-KAYWOODIE. Then take off the mouthpiece and look at the Drinkless attachment. There it is—a moist, yellowish-brown coating, the Tobacco Yellow that, through ordinary pipes, enters your mouth and stomach. You get a sweeter, *healthier* smoke through a 1930 Drinkless-KAYWOODIE. Insist on the Drinkless attachment, and the clover-leaf inlay on the mouthpiece. $3.50, $4, $5 and $7.

**Write to us for an authoritative booklet on Tobacco Yello.*

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc.
Established 1851 120 Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada—Civic Company, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q.
In England—Civic Company, Ltd., London

"The war seems to have reversed estimates of countries' national characters. The English, who have always appeared to be silent and taciturn, have been the most loquacious, as the utterances of their politicians prove.

"The British soldier has all the gayety and *élan* supposed to be peculiar to the French troops, who, as a matter of fact, have turned out to be the grimmest of warriors. The American, who was supposed to be boastful, is comporting himself in Europe with great modesty. I never did believe in what was called the 'stolid German,' having lived among them too much. I was not, therefore, surprised to see their officers weeping like schoolgirls when taken prisoner, and the men squeal like pigs when chased with bayonets. . . .

"I reflect greatly on the future of our race, my dear George, which I regard as the only hope for the liberty of the world. . . .

"Your affectionate
"ALFRED."

After the war, and during the negotiations and controversies over the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations and the relations of American politics thereto, he wrote, in May, 1920:

"*My dear George:* It is quite impossible to explain American politics to English people. For that reason I forbid criticism of that subject in my newspapers. Misunderstandings due to different meanings of the same words are among some of the basic difficulties of Anglo-American relations. The very words 'Republican' and 'Democrat' are confusing to the average non-American. Just now there is a discussion about the price of paper in which the use of the word 'publisher' for 'newspaper owner' confuses our people. . . .

"None of these things are as important as your health. I am very sorry to see that you have apparently given up Deal. I, on the other hand, have gone one better than you. Instead of moving into town, I have moved out to my Deal. As a matter of fact, my wife and I have now three different Deals: One in Surrey, one in Sussex and one in Kent, and see as little of our London house as possible. Go thou and do likewise. Go and play golf at Deal.

"Yours sincerely,
"NORTHCLIFFE."

Sticklers for Simplicity

Another visit to America followed, and then a voyage westward across the Pacific, during which he wrote, on August 11, 1921, from the steamer, off Honolulu:

"*My dear George:* My visit to God's Country was so brief that I did not have time to write to you. Of the fourteen nights I had in the United States and Canada, I was seven in the train. At Washington everyone asked me about your Embassy. I told them what I told you—that it is considered the best managed in London. They seem to think we understand American politics and your position therein. I assured them that we do not, and we don't. I think your friends and critics in Washington are about equal in number. The President strikes me as being the right man in the right place at this juncture of American affairs. I have known four White Houses. This is the simplest yet. The President seems to me to be a man who, having chosen his cabinet, will sit back and let them a good deal alone. That is the way of every good organizer. . . . The office has broadened him a great deal. He spoke very kindly of you. I came away from Washington with the opinion that, though he is handsome, amiable and unassuming, I don't think anyone will slap him on the back.

"I saw two kinds of Hughes—Hughes of the State Department and Hughes at the dinner party—one very much the Secretary of State, the other most amusing and human.

"There seems to be a general understanding that our ambassador—G. H.—is quite different from the previous ambassadors; and your membership of the Supreme Council is recognized as being a great and important event.

"Affectionately yours,
"ALFRED."

It was inevitable that Harvey should suffer the common fate of his predecessors in being lampooned and denounced for wearing court dress on ceremonial occasions, notably at the royal wedding. There were even public demands that he be recalled for such "un-American" conduct—demands chiefly made by those who were envious because they had no chance to go to court at all. The same fantastic fuss had been raised many times before. Some of our hot-gospeler patriots almost went into conniption fits when it was known that John Hay attired himself in conventional court costume; and narrowly escaped apoplexy when Whitelaw Reid did the same thing. It was an intolerable reflection upon American manhood, they wailed and ululated, for an American Ambassador to toady to effete royalty by putting on knee breeches; which ought to be prohibited by law. And all this in the sacrosanct name of "Jeffersonian simplicity," in naïve disregard of the fact that Thomas Jefferson probably never in his waking hours wore anything but knee breeches after he had put off baby clothes; nor did Washington, Adams, Franklin, or any of the Fathers of the Republic. Similarly, bedlam was let loose when, upon his retirement from the ambassadorship, Harvey "obtained the King's pleasure" before making his departure; that of course being an immemorial and universal formality of courtesy—corresponding with the invariable custom of decent people in private life, in bidding adieu to their host or hostess on leaving a house in which they have been entertained. Out of these idiosyncrasies Harvey probably got more fun than anybody else.

In the Name of Congress

In one of Harvey's letters to President Harding, already cited, mention was made of the decoration of the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey with the Congressional Medal of Honor, on October 17, 1921, the actual bestowal being made by General Pershing, assisted by Admiral Niblack, and addresses being made by the American Ambassador, by General Pershing, by the Dean of Westminster and by the Prime Minister. As a part of the service The Battle Hymn of the Republic was sung by the choir and congregation, during which it was observed that the Duke of Connaught and General Pershing were sharing a single Order of Service. Harvey's brief address was so generally regarded as the finest feature of the occasion, and as one of the finest of his many fine speeches, that it must here be reproduced. He said:

"By an Act of the Congress of the United States, approved on March fourth of the present year, the President was authorized 'to bestow, with appropriate ceremonies, military and civil, a Medal of Honor upon the unknown, unidentified British soldier buried in Westminster Abbey.' The purpose of Congress was declared by the Act itself, in these words:

"'Animated by the same spirit of comradeship in which we of the American forces fought alongside of our Allies, we desire to add whatever we can to the imperishable glory won by the deeds of our Allies and commemorated in part of this tribute to their unknown dead.'

"The Congressional Medal, as it is commonly termed because it is the only medal presented 'in the name of Congress,' symbolizes the highest military honor that can be bestowed by the Government of the United States. It corresponds to the Victoria Cross and can be awarded only to an American warrior who achieves distinction 'at the risk of life, above and beyond the call of duty.'

"A special Act of Congress was required to permit the placing of it upon the tomb

(Continued on Page 181)

Shoe Style Service

A column of authentic shoe style information for those men who wish to be shoe-right.

Formal Shoes Look Best with formal dress. Certainly there can be no exception to this rigid rule of correct dress; strictly "formal dress," plain-toe footwear of black patent leather should be worn with tuxedo or full evening dress.

Plain Pattern Shoes in tan or black look best with conservative clothing, tan with all the brown fabrics, black with blues and grays—and after six p. m.

Black Shoes Look Best with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter shades of gray. The lighter weights are best for summer time, and the heavier shoes for wet and wintry weather. Wear black shoes *always in the evening.*

Fancy-Pattern Shoes Look Best with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in the open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas.

Sport Shoes Look Best with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general playtime wear men are offered almost unlimited range in their choice of special footwear that's smart and practical, including the new blue-and-white sport shoes for wear with blue coat and white flannels.

High Shoes Look Best when made in simple and conservative patterns. They are favored by many men for Fall and Winter wear . . . In all weights (whether browns or blacks) they are good style when worn in accord with the preceding axioms.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

For assurance of correct shoe style and fit, consult the merchant who displays the emblem of Shoe Leadership shown above. You will find his store and stock in harmony with the spirit of this advertisement—one of a series sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries, collaborating with the National Shoe Retailers' Association of America.

Are Your SHOES "Out of the picture?"

This Booklet tells how to get the utmost in dress-value and satisfaction out of footwear. Ask your shoe dealer for a copy . . . or write to *Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 260 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.*

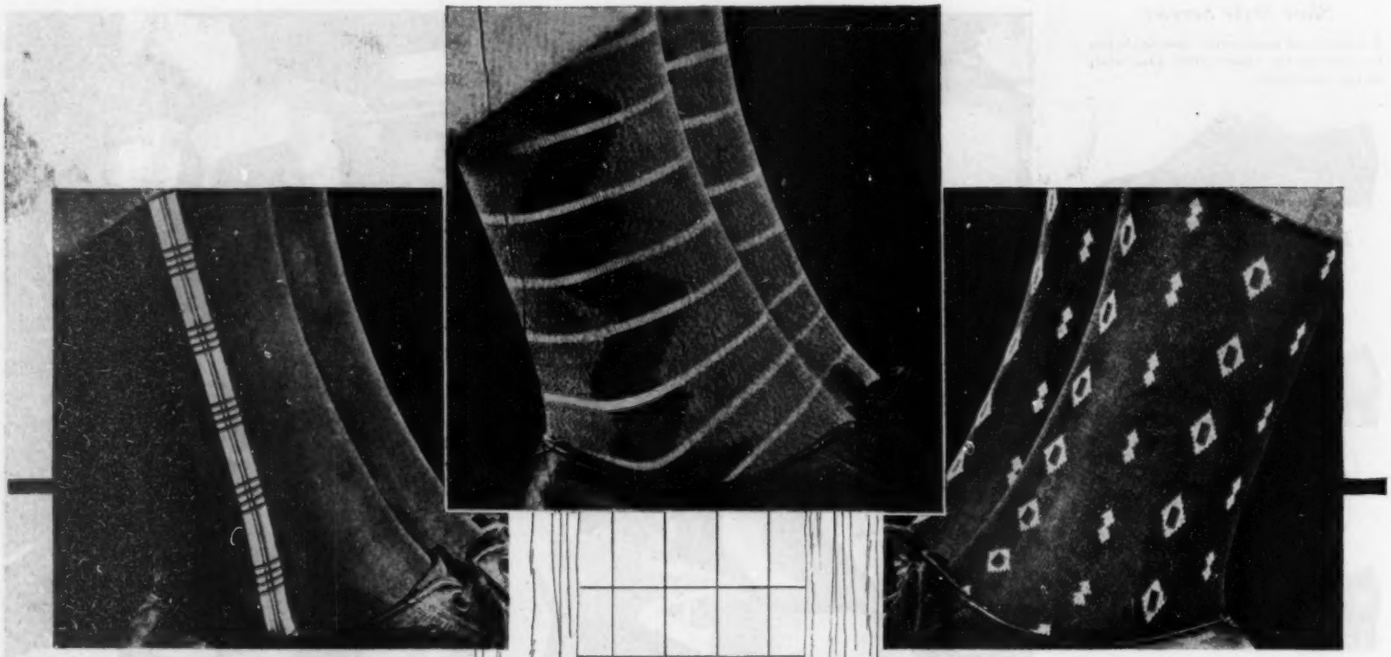
FOOTBALL weather! Stadium packed with fur-coated, robe-swathed enthusiasts! And there, alone, a discordant note, he sits in straw hat, light-weight suit and summer shoes! *Out of the picture!*

Again—the Avenue where well-dressed men convene. New hats, smart topcoats, Fall clothing—yet, here and there run-down, shabby Summer shoes! *Out of the Style picture!*

Take heed that *your* shoes are in keeping with the rest of your Fall attire. Be sure that worn, run-down, misshapen shoes do not single you out in the well-dressed throng as out of the picture! New, smart Fall styles await you at your dealer's.

The Shoe Style Service column at the left discusses the correct types of shoes for Fall and Winter wear, enabling you to select new footwear that harmonizes with the clothes *you* wear and the things *you* do. It is authoritative. Be guided by it.

SHOES MARK THE MAN



THE COMMITTEE ON COLOR MAKES ITS SELECTION

Monito

—ADVANCE STYLE— SOCKS

ON the table is one Monito pattern produced in *twenty-eight* different color combinations. All of them are good, yet some must be better than others, and only four will be featured. How to select the best? That is a problem for the Monito Color Committee—a committee composed of style authorities representative of the entire country.

To the layman, some of the color blendings in this group might appear almost identical. Yet the practiced eye of each member of the Color Committee detects subtle differences of great importance from the angle of style acceptance. And so by the thorough, time-consuming process of elimination, *four* color combinations are finally chosen.

Sometimes far more than twenty-eight color blendings are created before the final selection has been made for just one style. There is no arbitrary limit placed upon their number. For, from the creation of design to the finished mill production, every phase in the making of Monito Socks is handled with that painstaking accuracy which has been responsible for Monito's accepted style leadership.

You'll notice a refreshing smartness in Monito Advance Styles for Fall and Winter—an appealing originality in color treatment. The trim fit will please you. So will the complete comfort afforded by Monito's specially selected yarns. And you'll find in Monito Socks a remarkable durability resulting from the perfect combination of quality materials and fine workmanship.

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MOORHEAD KNITTING COMPANY, INC., HARRISBURG, PENNA.

CREATORS OF ADVANCE STYLES IN MEN'S SOCKS

(Continued from Page 178)

of a British soldier. The significance of this presentation, therefore, is twofold. It comprises, in addition to the highest military tribute, a message of fraternity direct from the American people, through their chosen representatives in Congress, to the people of the British Empire.

"There were two soldiers. One was British. The other was American. They fought under different flags, but upon the same vast battlefield. Their incentives and ideals were identical. They were patriot warriors, sworn to the defense and preservation of the countries which they loved beyond their own lives. Each realized that the downfall of his own free land would presage the destruction of all liberty. Both were conscious of the blessings that had flowed from the English Magna Charta and the American Constitution.

"Well they knew that the obliteration of either would mean the extinguishment of the other. So, with consciences as clear as their eyes and with hearts as clean as their hands, they could stand, and did stand, shoulder to shoulder in common battle for their common race and common cause. There was nothing singular, nothing peculiar, about them. They typified millions so like to themselves as to constitute a mighty host of undistinguishable fighting men of hardy stock. A tribute to either is a tribute to all."

A Much-Needed Rest

"Though different in rank, these two soldiers were as one in patriotism, in fidelity, in honor and in courage. They were comrades in the roar of battle. They are comrades in the peace of this sacred place. One, the soldier of the Empire, made the supreme sacrifice, and, to the glory of the country whose faith he kept, he lies at rest in this hallowed ground, enshrined in grateful memory. The other, equally noble and equally beloved, is by my side. Both live and will ever live in the hearts of their countrymen.

"What more fitting than that this soldier of the great Republic should place this rare and precious token of appreciation and affection of a hundred millions of kinsmen upon the tomb of his comrade, the soldier of the mighty Empire!

"Proudly and reverently, by authority of the Congress and the President, I call upon the General of the Armies of the United States, fifth only in line as the successor of Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, to bestow the Medal of Honor upon this typical British soldier who, though, alas! in common with thousands of others, 'unknown and unidentified,' shall never be 'unwept, unhonored and unsung.'"

The death of President Harding was an unspeakable shock to Harvey. It did not, however, materially affect his official career. He had already decided to resign the ambassadorship in the fall of 1923. With the settlement of the British debt the great work upon which he had fixed his heart and his attention was completed. His health had been impaired by his strenuous labors and an unfavorable climate, and so, perhaps even more, had that of his wife. Moreover, his personal affairs were in imperative need of his direct attention. In the spring of 1923, therefore, he came home to Deal for a long and much-needed vacation. His intention was to remain there most of the summer; to go to Panama to meet President Harding on his return from his Alaska tour and come back to Washington with him, giving an account of his stewardship and discussing various matters with him on the way; and then to offer his resignation, afterward going back to London for a few weeks to close up his business there and take formal leave of the King.

His absence from his post was much regretted on both sides of the Atlantic; for there were several matters needing expert treatment. Particularly was the question of prohibition enforcement causing international concern. British vessels were engaging in rum running all along the Atlantic Coast of the United States, and the American Government was much aggrieved, but helpless. Chiefly on that account, Secretary Hughes wrote to him, at Deal, at the end of June:

"*My dear Mr. Ambassador:* I am most reluctant to disturb your well-earned rest or to make any suggestion that is not in accord with your wishes, but I feel compelled to say that in my judgment we need our ambassador in England at this time very badly. If there ever was a time when it was necessary to have the advantage of personal explanations, it is now, when apparently the British Government is laboring under misapprehensions. We need the sort of representation, discussion and explication which only personal contact makes possible. The fact that we have no British Ambassador in Washington vastly adds to the difficulty of our situation.

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES E. HUGHES."

The secretary had in mind, no doubt, the negotiation of some such treaty as that which, as already related, Harvey did secure in the closing weeks of his service, extending the right of search and seizure from the conventional three-mile to a twelve-mile line. Harvey pointed out in reply that it would be impossible for him to get back to London and effect anything before the adjournment of Parliament, and that the parliamentary recess would not be a favorable occasion for the work in view; whereupon the secretary acquiesced in his remaining here until the end of the summer.

In England, late in July, rumors were rife, to the discomfort of the King, that Harvey would not return; and one day at a royal garden party the King sent the Lord Chamberlain to bring to him Post Wheeler, the counselor of the American Embassy. On Mr. Wheeler's arrival in the royal presence, the King asked him directly, "What do you hear from your ambassador? I have seen several Americans lately who say that if he comes back to London at all, it will be for only a short visit." Wheeler replied that he had recently received a letter from him in which he spoke of returning to London in about a month. Thereupon the King said, very earnestly and with much satisfaction and relief: "Then he is coming back; so that's all right!"

A few days later, on August second, President Harding died, and that sad event precipitated affairs. If Harvey had not already determined to resign, he would then, on that account, have done so, in order to give the new President—really, Acting President—a free and unembarrassed hand in such reorganization of the Government as he might desire. So, on August sixth he wrote his formal resignation, according to the prescription of the State Department, and then put it into a pigeonhole of his desk. It occurred to him, after writing it, that it would be more fitting to withhold it until after Harding's funeral.

The New President

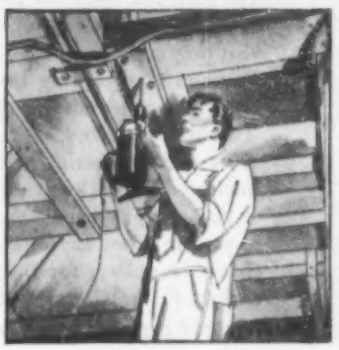
At that time Harvey had met Calvin Coolidge only once, and could scarcely claim to be acquainted with him. In Harvey's Weekly, in 1920, he had given him high rank among the candidates for the Republican nomination for President, and he rejoiced greatly when he was named for the vice presidency.

Their meeting occurred at an impressive time. It was in Washington, a few hours before they were both to set out for Marion, Ohio, to attend the funeral of Warren G. Harding. Let us have the story of it in Harvey's own words:

"The meeting came about in this way. On Monday—the day I arrived in Washington—Senator Brandegee had a talk with him by the President's request. In the course of the conversation he elicited the information that I was coming to Washington and was to stop with him—Brandegee—whereupon the President said that he wished to see me, and incidentally

Used
20 MINUTES A DAY
on truck maintenance
this SpeedWay Drill earned
300%

. . . and then the millwright borrowed it



THE trucks of a certain manufacturer had to be kept in perfect condition . . . not only the chassis but the bodies, too . . . because sand and other "leakable" materials were frequently hauled in addition to the average run of crates, boxes and machines.

The maintenance man was given a chance to prove his contention that a SpeedWay Drill would pay. He soon did . . . for he found use for the SpeedWay an average of 20 minutes every day . . . 20c worth of work—at 60c an hour. The SpeedWay Drill cost only 5c a *day* . . . 300% profit above all charges: the price prorated, interest at 6%, maintenance, the few repairs needed . . . *everything*.

One day the millwright noticed how handily the truckman could work underneath a body . . . borrowed the SpeedWay for installing a new lineshaft hanger. That started a running argument . . . "Who needs the drill most right now?" It was settled as it should have been. The millwright got a SpeedWay . . . made *his* pay 500%.

It is the same story in every plant. One SpeedWay on one job leads to their use on dozens of jobs . . . always at a profit, for SpeedWay Tools cost only a few pennies a day, and thus they, like telephones or adding machines, do not have to be used continuously to be worthwhile investments. They justify their purchase even on "occasional" use—pay huge profits on steady use.

A SpeedWay Electric Hammer, for instance, will cut holes in concrete twenty times as fast as a hammer and chisel. It has to cut less than 900 holes before it pays for itself. A SpeedWay Electric Saw . . . is from 5 to 25 times faster than a handsaw, depending on the work. The wide use of SpeedWay Electric Screw Drivers and SpeedWay Electric Wrenches throughout industry tells its own story of multiplied savings.

Be sure you *know* what SpeedWays can or cannot do for YOU before saying you do not need them. Ask a SpeedWay man to call. And write today for the interesting, inspiring booklet, "How to Save with SpeedWay Tools" . . . SPEEDWAY MANUFACTURING CO., 19th and 52nd Avenue, Cicero, Ill.

SpeedWay
Electric Tools
ELECTRIC DRILLS ELECTRIC SCREW DRIVERS
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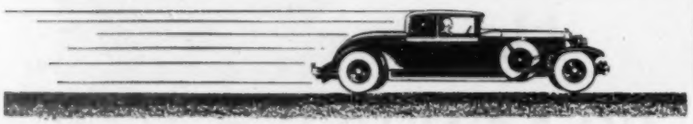
Used Once a Day They Pay a Profit

Ride ON CUSHIONS OF OIL



YIELDING cushions of fluid oil in the new Monroe Two-Way Hydraulic Shock Eliminator give a new conception of motoring comfort. For there are two of these cushions in each unit—one to govern the compression of the springs: so that they compress softly—the other to control spring "rebound," by letting them return to normal gently.

Unlike other shock absorbers, the new Monroe Two-Way *protects* your car from noise and vibration, since the connecting rod joints of the Monroe are anchored in blocks of soft, resilient rubber.

You can get these wonderful new shock absorbers anywhere from any one of over a thousand dealers. Sixty-five dollars for light cars; one hundred fifteen dollars for heavier cars, the set of four, installed.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY
1302 East First Street Monroe, Michigan

$65 and $115
the set of four installed

Dealers! Send this coupon!

MONROE
HYDRAULIC SHOCK ELIMINATORS

Please send me interesting information about the Monroe franchise.

Name.....

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9-21-29

asked the senator if he knew what my attitude was with respect to continuing as ambassador. Brandegee replied that he did not know, as he had had no communication with me since the death of President Harding. President Coolidge, according to Brandegee, remarked quite earnestly that whatever my disposition might be as to a long continuance, he hoped that I would go along with him for the present, at any rate, and he also asked Brandegee so to inform me.

"On Tuesday Senator Lodge arrived and saw President Coolidge, who said to him, as he had said to Brandegee, that he wished very much to see me and, as Lodge understood, though he was a bit hazy, that he expected to see me that afternoon. On Thursday afternoon, about half-past two, President Coolidge's secretary rang up Senator Brandegee and inquired what was the understanding about my seeing the President. Brandegee replied that he had told me that the President wished to see me, but that both he and myself assumed that I would be notified of the time when he would wish me to wait upon him, but that in any case I was there at the moment and that he could speak to me. He then said to me over the telephone that the President had cleared the decks for a conversation with me that afternoon and would be glad to have me come around immediately. I went over promptly, and after a very few minutes spent with Mrs. Coolidge, who was in the reception room, I was shown into the President's room, nobody else being present. He was most cordial, and began at once with a question as to how I regarded the general situation, as it applied to him. I replied that, of course, as everybody was saying, he had been inducted into a very difficult and trying position. Nevertheless, I felt that there were mitigating circumstances which might tend to ease somewhat his consciousness of the heavy task ahead of him—certainly, at any rate, as compared with the burden that Mr. Harding would have been obliged to assume if he had returned alive. Mr. Coolidge was greatly interested in this point of view and asked me to explain further. I replied that in the broad sense he had inherited all of the credit for the many and substantial achievements of the Harding Administration, because they were party achievements and he was the leader of the party. The opposition could not deprive the party or himself, as its leader, of public appreciation of the reduction of the debt, economies, the international conference results at Washington, and so on. On the other hand, he, President Coolidge, could not and would not be held in any degree accountable for the resentment and disfavor felt by various groups, such as the farmers, and the war veterans, and the low-tariff people, at President Harding. Nor would any of the general dissatisfaction at existing conditions be transferred to him. Consequently his burden, as a whole, though heavy, was nothing like as overwhelming as President Harding's would have been."

A Foundling for the Senate

"He said frankly that this view had not occurred to his mind, but he believed it was absolutely correct, and it afforded him much comfort at least, and some little encouragement.

"He then went straight to the World Court difficulty, saying that he was greatly in need of exact information. The fact of the matter was, he added, with the utmost frankness, that he had paid very little attention to the matter, following his custom of giving practically undivided attention to the things connected with his own job. He had read only casually the President's message and Secretary Hughes' report to the Senate, and he had glanced over the President's speech at St. Louis, but he really had not examined either of them closely enough to appreciate the differences between them. I responded that if it would be of any service to him I would prepare a succinct statement showing what these differences were and what they involved. He expressed great gratification at this suggestion, and said that he had had in mind to ask me to do that very thing, adding politely that he knew of nobody else so competent to put the whole matter before him in such a way as to make it unnecessary for him to give the time to a personal investigation. So it was left that I was to get up the document and let him know when it was ready, so that we could go over it together, in case he should wish to ask any questions.

"He then inquired what I thought of the World Court proposal in a general way. I replied frankly that I had not considered it on its merits, but had studied it at request of Mr. Harding in its political aspect only. The party was on the verge of disruption when I returned from Europe, and by the request of the President I had evolved the St. Louis plan, as doubtless he was aware, to prevent this disruption. For the time being, at any rate, the program had been successful, as the threatened break had not taken place. Further than that, circumstances arising from the development of public opinion would have to determine future policies.

"'Well,' he remarked rather grimly, 'that baby is not on my doorstep. It is on the Senate's doorstep. You agree to that, don't you?'"

Advice, Foreign and Domestic

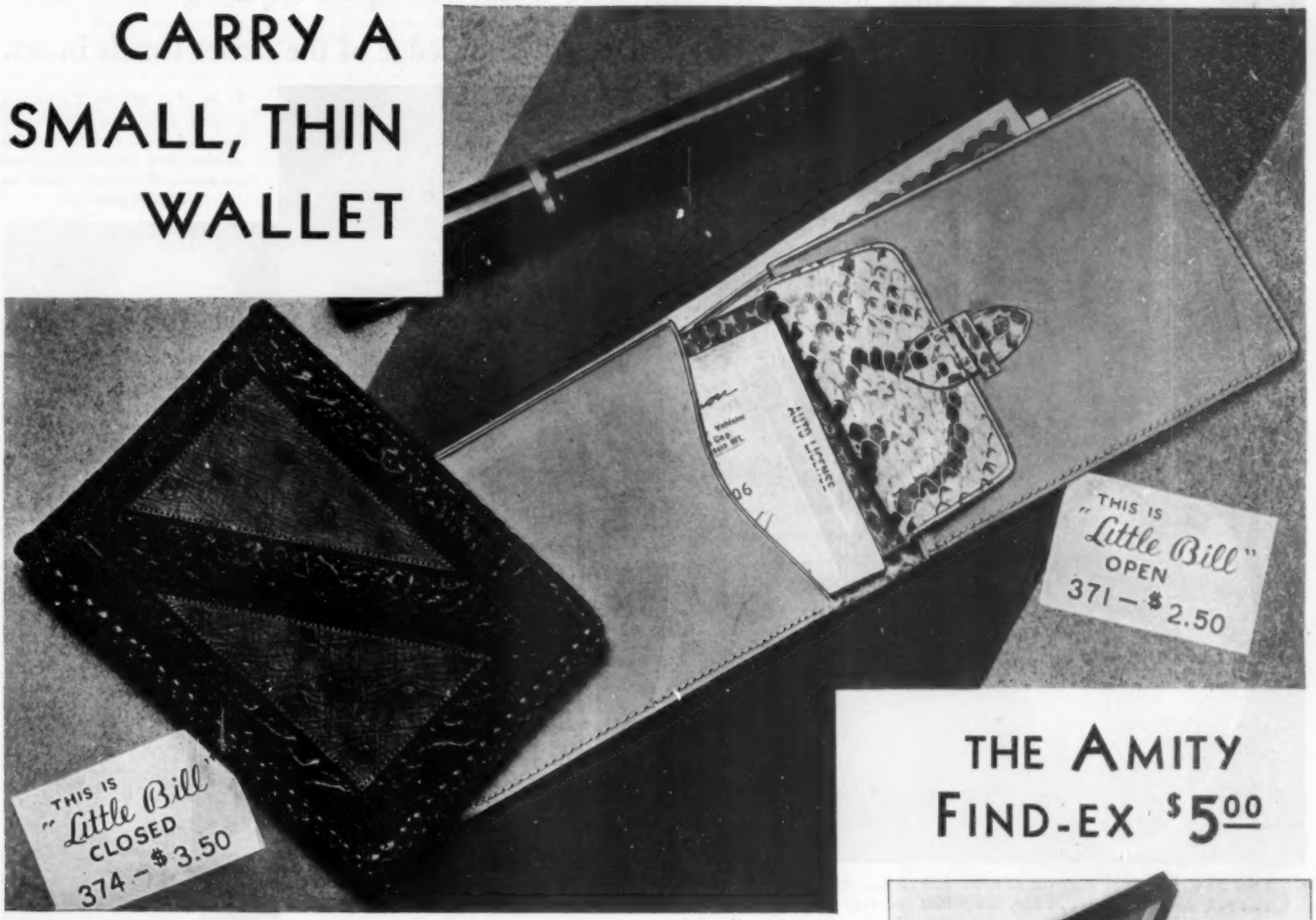
"I replied that of course that was technically correct, but that I was disposed to think that the question was one upon which at some time he would have to take a position in one form or another. He said that he recognized that. I added that, despite all the newspaper publication and hot air generally, I saw no reason why he should be rushed in the matter. There was nothing imminent or pressing in it. Congress would not meet, in all probability, until December, and I was convinced that the good sense of the country, instead of calling for immediate decision on his part, would wholly approve his taking his time without giving any indication as to what his final attitude might be. He said he was greatly relieved to hear that view, and he coincided and would act accordingly.

"He then jumped into the coal question. What did I think about that? I told him I felt distinctly ignorant on all domestic problems, necessarily, but from such little information as I had been able to acquire I was disposed to think that when all was said and done, he had the whip hand on that situation. As I understood it, the whole menace rested on the production of anthracite. Bituminous coal was produced over such large areas and by so large and varied a number of operators and miners that there could not be any effective holdup in any case, and that, in fact, the Government had been assured of the coöperation of the bituminous producers in their endeavors to safeguard the industries and households throughout the country. Anthracite was limited to a small area and, so far as I could learn, both operators and miners were selfish. They should be given every opportunity to settle their differences, and in the event of their failure to do so should be asked to submit the matter for adjustment by disinterested parties under his direction. In the event of their refusal there were several courses to pursue. I deprecated the suggestion of the Government taking over and operating the mines. It seemed to me that it would be quite as effective, in case they should be wholly unamenable to reason, to issue a proclamation to the American people, setting forth the facts and requesting them to accept, as a patriotic duty, all the discomforts, added expense, and all other undesirable features of substituting the use of bituminous coal for anthracite, and actually buy no anthracite coal whatever for a period of one or perhaps even two years. Of course, I should not issue any such proclamation at the

(Continued on Page 185)

YOU'RE CARRYING SMALLER MONEY....

CARRY A SMALL, THIN WALLET



Amity "Little Bill" is priced from $1 to $15

How did your old wallet look when you put it in your pocket this morning? Bulky . . . soiled . . . shabby around the edges? To carry crisp, new, small-sized Government notes in a pocketbook like that stamps you as behind the times. Up-to-date men from one end of the country to the other are putting their new, smaller money in the new, smaller wallet—styled for 1930—Amity's "Little Bill."

New features that only "Little Bill" provides

The new Amity "Little Bill" Fold is a single-fold wallet—slender, pliable—by all odds the most comfortable wallet you ever carried. Its expanding money compartment, for the new-sized bills, gives greater capacity and permits the wallet to fold without the slightest bulge. "Little Bill" weighs only a trifle over two ounces.

Regulation-size cards, auto licenses, passes, etc., are protected in removable transparent envelopes, and there are three roomy pockets (one of which can be used for old-sized bills) besides the bill compartment. "Little Bill" is magnificently made in the true Amity tradition. The finest leathers, chosen for beauty and durability, are used in its construction, and it can be had in many different styles, plain, hand-tooled embossed or with hand-laced edges.

Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it—it is a guarantee of quality.

A timely gift for any man

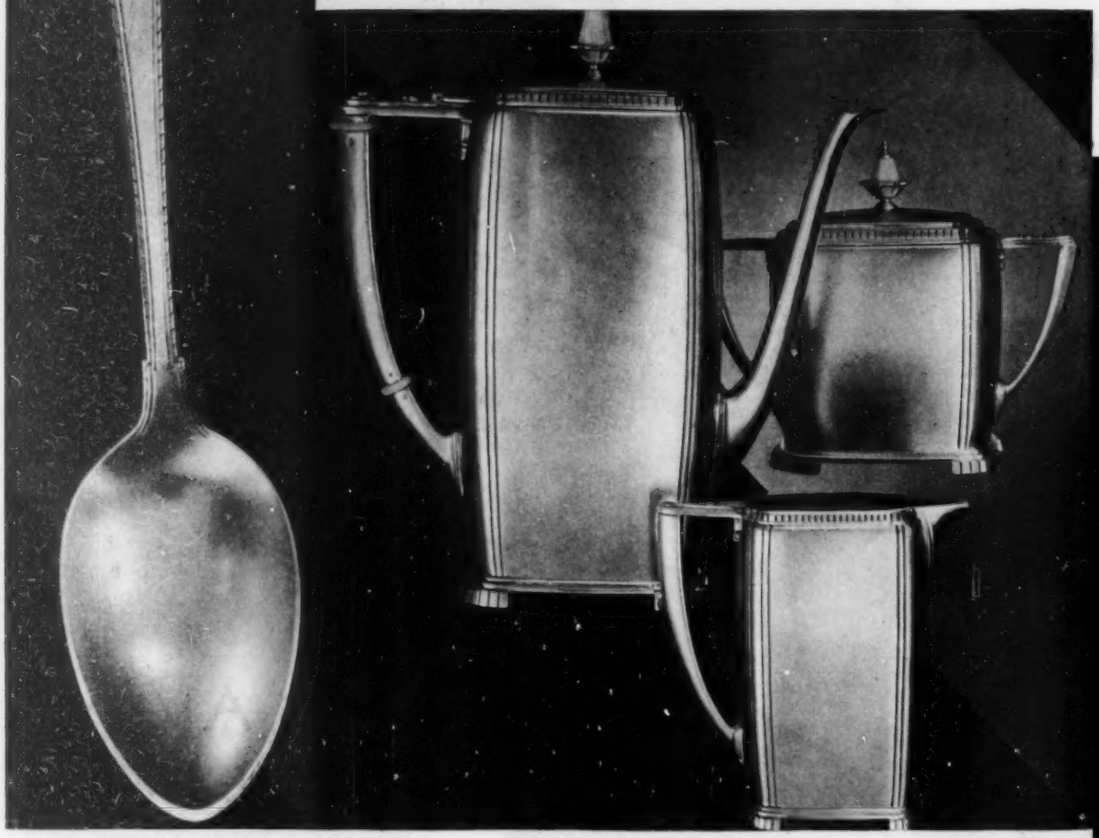
No gift could be more appropriate this year than a new, smartly styled "Little Bill." Today, at your luggage store, jeweler's, men's furnishing store, department store, stationer's or druggist's, stop and see the wide selection of "Little Bill" Folds, priced at $1 to $15—many attractively boxed. You will also find "Little Bill" in matched gift sets with Key Kaddy or cigarette case. You'll be tempted to buy one for *yourself!* Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

THE AMITY FIND-EX $5.00

FOR THE MAN who carries a large number of business cards, tickets, passes, auto licenses, photos, lodge cards and memoranda, nothing can take the place of Amity's famous *Find-ex*. This splendid, thin-model, singlefold wallet systematically files all the cards you want to carry in neat, transparent, removable envelopes, and brings them instantly into view at a touch. *Find-ex* is always flat and comfortable in the pocket. Automatic expansion feature prevents bulging. You can buy *Find-ex* wherever fine leather goods are sold, in a wide range of leathers and styles, attractively boxed, all at $5. Also combination sets of *Find-ex* with Key Kaddy, in gift boxes, $7.

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS

RHYTHM, the new Wallace Sterling design, interprets the gracious side of contemporary art with unusual sympathy and freedom. In its sweep of line and in its decorative motifs it shows that Wallace designers have a sincere respect for the glorious traditions of silver and a thorough knowledge of the newer trends in art.



In sets of six Rhythm Tea Spoons are from $9.50 to $13.50, Dinner Forks $25 and Dinner Knives with stainless steel blades, $22. There are many other lovely pieces in Rhythm flatware.

THE NEW RHYTHM TEA OR COFFEE SERVICE . . . *$280. Rhythm Service Pieces include Water Pitcher . . . $140, Vegetable Dish . . . $50, Sandwich Tray . . . $50, Gravy Boat and Tray . . . $70, Candlesticks . . . $80 per pair. See these and other charming Rhythm pieces at your jeweler's.*

Hostesses who follow the mode with discernment will welcome the refreshing originality of Rhythm. A table set with this new design achieves modern smartness and at the same time outstanding good taste. Originality in every art proclaims the master.

WALLACE Silversmiths

MEMBERS OF THE STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA

Designers and makers of tableware, dresser silver and trophies in Sterling; tableware and trophies in Silver Plate; Early American reproductions in Pewter. Founded in 1835.

R W & S STERLING

This book "The Modern Trend" suggests correct table service for every occasion. Beautifully illustrated by the new French water-color process. Free at your jeweler's or by mail for 50¢. R. Wallace & Sons Mfg Co., 19 Wallace Park, Wallingford, Conn.

(Continued from Page 182)

present time, but I should not hesitate to let the operators and miners understand that it could and might be done. Also I should see to it that they would realize that other methods of protecting the lives and property of the American people could be devised, and that in any case he should not fail to exercise any authority he might possess to the limit, to see to it that lives should not be sacrificed or industries paralyzed for lack of fuel.

"He nodded to this understandingly and, I should say, affirmatively. I then added that in this case, as in the World Court business, although this was far more imminent, I should again refuse to be rushed. I should take the time necessary to reach an appreciation of the situation, as of his own personal knowledge, and I believed that a certain amount of time thus taken would be vastly beneficial, in the light of his record of going to the extreme fearlessly in all matters pertaining to the safety and well-being of the public. When I had finished, he again remarked, 'Well, I guess we will let things stand as they are for the present.'

"He asked me about the conditions in Europe, probably because Brandegee and, I think, also Lodge, had told him that I knew more about that subject than the whole State Department and all others put together. I told him that things were in a state of flux for the moment, and that I could see no occasion or reason for the United States to inject itself into the situation, pending future developments. I said that obviously I could not inform him with respect to the exact conditions at the present moment. I could give him my diagnosis of the whole business with respect to each and all of the European nations as of the first of May, when I left there, but that as I had not been in receipt of inside information since that time, I could not fetch such a survey up to date. Nevertheless, it was quite clear to my mind that there was no necessity for butting in at the moment, if ever, and that while things obviously were working toward a crisis between England and France, I doubted greatly if there would be anything happening of a momentous character for a month or more. Briefly, I said, he would understand what I meant when I voiced the opinion that it was a good time to let the hen set. He grinned and said that he wholly understood and he concurred."

First-Hand Information

"I mentioned to him that a few weeks ago the Secretary of State had thought it desirable that I should return immediately to London to take up his twelve-mile-limit proposal, but that when I pointed out to him that I could not get there until Parliament had adjourned, and that it was quite apparent that Mr. Baldwin had appointed a commission to study the subject for the purpose of keeping it away from Parliament and wholly in the hands of the cabinet, which seldom functioned in the month of August or in the first part of September, he agreed that there was no pressing need of my hurrying back; especially in view of the fact that President Harding had asked me to meet him at Panama with as comprehensive a survey of the whole situation, both domestic and foreign, as I could prepare, for consideration on our way back, during eight days at sea.

"He manifested a very keen interest in this information and said that he would appreciate it very much if I would do the same thing for him that I had intended to do for President Harding and would generally take the same attitude toward him as toward his predecessor. I told him that I should naturally and most willingly do anything I could do that he thought might aid him in his Administration. I could not, however, with confidence make an exact survey of domestic problems until I should have opportunity to make further inquiries. He asked if such an investigation would involve personal visits to various parts of the country, and I replied in the negative—that I had never found any advantage in pursuing methods which, though essential to purely political managers, serve only to confuse one striving to interpret the psychology of the people. He again nodded to this with quick, and I should say approving, comprehension.

"All this, of course, took much more time than would appear from this hasty summary. Much more, naturally, was said than I could possibly set down, as it was a quite rapid-fire conversation. I had never met Mr. Coolidge but once, and then only to shake hands with him; but Mr. Harding himself was never more outspoken or frank. At about the point above noticed I had to leave to catch my train to Marion. Mr. Coolidge had supposed that I was going on his train, but there had been much confusion about the arrangements. No reference whatever was made in our conversation to my official relationship with the new Government. Doubtless there would have been if I had not been obliged to break away really in the middle of our talk. As a matter of fact, I was quite as well satisfied to have the matter left open and untouched, because it was a somewhat delicate situation and required rather thoughtful handling."

Tendered With Regret

After the funeral at Marion, Harvey returned to New York, and on August thirteenth he mailed his resignation, written and dated on August sixth, addressed to the President, but inclosed for transmission to him in a note to the Secretary of State. It was to take effect at as early a date as might meet the President's convenience. With it he sent a personal letter to the President, which also had been written and dated on August sixth, or before the interview with Coolidge which has just been related. It ran as follows:

"*Dear Mr. President:* In transmitting to you herewith my resignation as ambassador to Great Britain, I cannot refrain from expressing, with full sincerity, my earnest hope that your Administration will realize the fondest anticipation of all—and I can imagine no American imbued with a contrary desire—who wish for it every measure of success.

"For myself, I may say with truth unqualified that your inherited attributes, fortified by your unblemished record as a faithful and courageous servant of your state and your country, eliminate all misgivings and induce implicit confidence in both your well-meaning and your well-doing.

"Particularly, as also a native of the proud little commonwealth which has the honor of giving you to the great republic, I rejoice in the privilege of congratulating both state and nation upon acquisition of the universally acclaimed fidelity and sagacity which your accession to the presidency has brought to their aid and guidance at this time.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. President,

"Faithfully yours,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

Ten days later he wrote again, from Deal:

"*Dear Mr. President:* I inclose a somewhat sketchy synopsis of the two World Court proposals. It is quite inadequate, several aspects remaining wholly untouched, but it may serve as a basis for preliminary examination. . . .

"My wife and I may go to Washington next week to see Mrs. Harding. If so, I shall have conversation with Senator Brandegee. If not, he is to come here. I shall not fail to communicate promptly my impressions derived from the interview.

"Trusting that you will not hesitate to command me in any service that you think I may be able to render, I am

"Faithfully yours,

"GEORGE HARVEY."

Immediately upon receipt of this, President Coolidge wrote:

"*My Dear Mr. Ambassador:* Your two communications came a few days ago, but

Bert Acosta

Trans-Atlantic Flyer and President of the Acosta Aircraft Corporation, says:

"I think the Nockabout Reinforced Sleeve is a great idea and yet it does not detract from the style of the garment."

Bert Acosta

When you look at knit jackets, don't overlook Nockabout with the reinforced sleeves.

By choosing one of the new Nockabouts you are assured of much greater wear-resistance at the elbows, because Nockabout reinforced sleeves have extra yarn knitted in from armhole to cuff.

While this patented process costs the manufacturer more, it doesn't cost you one cent more. The extra service is a premium on your purchase. Look for the Reinforced Sleeve label sewed on every Nockabout knit jacket.

Take your choice of smart colors—all Nockabouts are popularly priced. See the Nockabout knit vests, too—they are certainly distinctive in style and fabric.

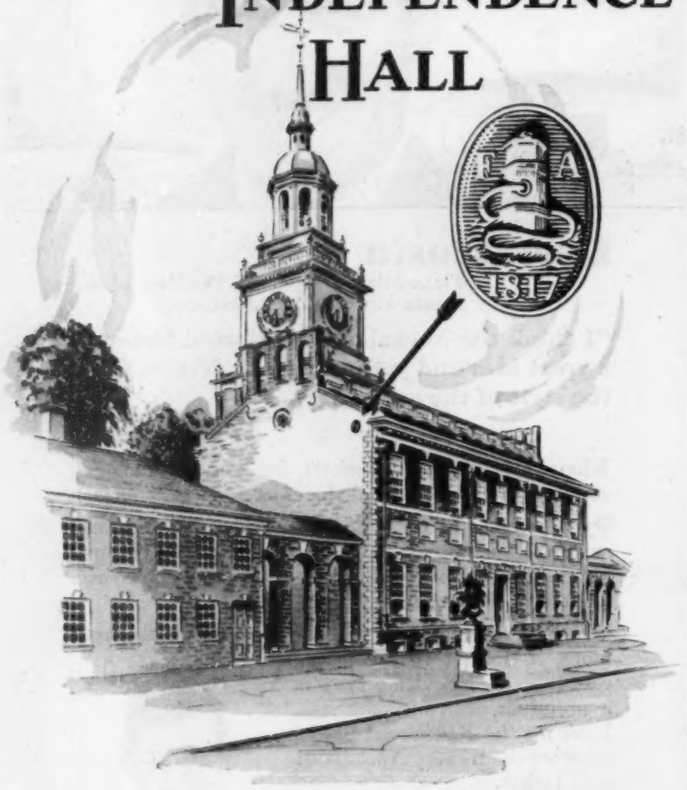
Send for this Booklet of Football Schedules

Contains a complete list of all collegiate games scheduled for this season. Sent free on request. Please mention dealer's name.

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL, Dept. S
Collom and Lena Streets
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOCKABOUT
TRADE MARK
KNIT JACKETS
with the Exclusive
REINFORCED SLEEVES

The COMPANY that Insured INDEPENDENCE HALL



is one of the great insurance organizations of the country today—The Fire Association of Philadelphia and its affiliated companies.

Thoroughly modern in its methods, proud of its century-old reputation for fair dealing, the Fire Association offers you the last word in service and assured satisfaction.

Representatives of the Fire Association Fleet are men of the highest type, imbued with the traditions of their company and supported by its 112 years of experience. It will pay you to make the acquaintance of the one in your locality.

The emblem shown in this advertisement is the old fire mark of the Fire Association of Philadelphia and iron plates of this design are imbedded in the east and west walls of Independence Hall. Fire companies in the old days set such marks in the walls of buildings which they insured.

The Fire Association Fleet

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Almost every kind INSURANCE excepting Life

The Reliance Insurance Co.
Fire Association of Phila.

Constitution Indemnity Co.
Victory Insurance Co.

EVERY JUST CLAIM PAID IN FULL SINCE 1817

after I kept thinking I was to hear further from you concerning the matter which we discussed together, I had delayed sending you any formal acknowledgment. I was very much pleased to get your kind and thoughtful note"—that accompanying his resignation—"and wish to tell you how much I appreciate the sentiment that prompted your sending it.

"The other matter"—Harvey's resignation—"needs only a formal acknowledgment, and concerning it you and I can confer later.

"I trust that you may be coming to Washington in the near future, after we are in the White House, and that you will come to see us there.

"With kindest regards, I am, very truly yours,

"CALVIN COOLIDGE."

"P. S. Your letter"—with the World Court analysis—"just came in. Do come down with Mrs. Harvey, as indicated.

"C. C."

Promptly upon receipt of Harvey's resignation, Secretary Hughes wrote to him most cordially.

"My dear Colonel Harvey: I confess that I was surprised to receive today your resignation, as I had supposed that you would be willing to continue in office at least for a time. As you had evidently reached a definite conclusion, and your request permitted of no alternative, I have forwarded your resignation to the President.

"Permit me to express my deep appreciation of the services, of inestimable importance, which you have rendered to your country in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, and especially the pleasure that I have had in our association in the effort to work out our postwar problems. I trust that, although you have decided to sever the official relation, you will not fail to give me at all times the benefit of your friendly counsel. I cannot bring myself to speak of the tragic experience through which we have just passed; I cannot realize that our beloved Chief is no longer with us.

"With kindest regards, I am, very sincerely yours, "CHARLES E. HUGHES."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Johnson.

The Poets' Corner

Midnight

OLD house, they say you're haunted. Is it so?
Pale lights at midnight flitting to and fro,
Soft sobbing underneath the lichened eaves,
Ghost fingers searching in the drifted leaves,
And in the attic, tinkling glass and shard
And creaking floors. . . . Your old eyes on the yard—
What do they see, when unseen footsteps pass,
Rippling the moonlight on the unkempt grass?

Do they come back, the dear home memories,
Or have they never gone? About her knees
I see the mother gathering her brood;
Then in another moment they are wooed
From your four walls, and scattered round the earth,
Far from the sheltering rooftree of their birth,
And only you are left. . . . The sagging gate
Creaks open. Up the path they hesitate—
Ghost feet among the grass. . . . Do they come back?
Your threshold yaws; your sagging doors are black;
Your windows, empty sockets, seem to stare. . . .
Old house, at midnight, what do you see there?

II

Old tree, I heard you whisper in the night.
The world was dark about your feet, and white
Your hoary head lay all among the stars;
Through your gaunt arms I saw long, spectral bars
Of moonlight stray, and all unheeded creep
Toward the ground, where young trees were asleep.

The young trees slept, nor dreamed of future fears,
The wrack and tempest of a thousand years—
Knew but the bounding of rich sap that leaped
Strong in their new green bark. The earth was heaped
About their feet with dust of those who grew
Long, long ago; exulted, just as you,
When you were young; and, just as you, grew old,
Creaked in the fierce heat, shivered in the cold,
Loved the dear birds whose nests their branches bore
Season by season, till birds came no more.
Now they are gone; those ancient trees are gone;
Their dust invites you, but you still live on,
While summers come and go, and winter sleet
Whistles about your head, and at your feet
The young trees smirk and giggle—"Listen, then;
Grandfather's talking to himself again!"

Old tree, at midnight, when the moon went by—
Who talked with you, up yonder in the sky?

III

Old man, they say you're senile. Is it true?
A careless pity taints their speech with you;
And yet, one night I heard you murmuring
Strange things behind your beard. . . . It was the spring,
And all the young were shouting nonsense, vain
As young cock sparrows vaunting in the rain.

And once I saw you listen well, and look
Beyond the dimness of your inglenook—
Whisper to someone! Can your eyes discern
Beyond our night another morning burn,
Red with new suns and golden with delight?
Or are you haunted? . . . When the leaves at night
Tremble and whisper on the livid ground,
And there's no foot, but only eerie sound,
Do your old eyes perceive the unseen creep
Back to the world? When Youth is fast asleep?

Your eyes are vacant as old windows are;
But, like old windows, can they see afar,
Where old heartbreaking memories have gone?
Can they behold these coming back at dawn?
And is your white head a deserted hall
Through which pathetic echoes creep and call—
A piteous temple to the loves and fears
And muted voices of forgotten years?

Old man, at midnight, when your dim eyes look,
What do they see beyond the inglenook?

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Crowded

HE GLORIES in the planets' ordered pace,
The fathomless profundities of space,
A boundless universe—yet, what is odd,
He hasn't any room in it for God!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

TRY THIS BLADE

Built for Your Razor by WADE & BUTCHER (Founded 1725)

3 times as thick as a wafer blade. Not an imitation—a Patented Blade

A SAFETY RAZOR is only as good as its blade. Here at last is a safety razor blade made from a piece of steel three times as thick as the ordinary wafer blade—hollow ground—and oil tempered to the same degree of hardness as our famous Sheffield barber's razor. Made of Wade & Butcher's special CARBO-CHROME steel—carbon for toughness, chrome to resist rust. Curved to fit your safety, it can't crack.

Wade & Butcher Curved Blades give you all the advantages of a straight razor edge in your safety.

Sharper Blades that Stay Sharp . . . Rigid, individual inspection insures uniformly good blades in every package. With 200 years of experience back of them, surely such blades are worth a 10c trial.

Pkge. of Five 50c—Twelve $1.00 .... at your Dealers

Wade & Butcher's 200 years of experience also assure the finest straight razors and Sheffield cutlery available today.

WADE & BUTCHER
SPECIAL
Curved Blades

WADE & BUTCHER CORPORATION, Jersey City, N. J.
Founded 1725
Factories: Jersey City, Paris, Sheffield, Toronto

Trial Blade 10¢

WADE & BUTCHER CORPORATION, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Address: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.
Enclosed 10c for one Wade & Butcher Blade for my razor.
Name.....
Address..... (S. E. P. 8)

"No Ma'am Like that DIRT AND GRIT WON'T LUBRICATE YOUR MOTOR"

This cut open Purolator cartridge was removed from a car after slightly more than 8,000 miles of normal driving.

"AND that is exactly why the manufacturers of most fine American cars equip them with Purolator Oil Filters; for not even frequent oil changes can keep the foreign matter out of the oil.

"Look at this *cut open* Purolator Cartridge. It has been operating a little over 8000 miles. See what a lot of dirt, grit, hard carbon and metal particles it has removed from the oil.

"If all this foreign matter had been allowed to circulate through the lubricating system it would have caused terrific wear to the pistons, cylinder walls, bearings and gears. It would have made the car loose and noisy in a few months of use.

"The Purolator prevents all this wear by catching and holding all of the harmful foreign matter. After about 8000 miles, however, your Purolator will have caught so much dirt that it can no longer continue to operate at full efficiency. So, unless you are willing to risk big repair bills and have a noisy motor to boot, you *must have your Purolator re-cartridged every 8000 miles.*

"When you have this done be sure it is done with a genuine Purolator cartridge, for no substitute is as efficient in operation. The maker of your car knows that. That's why he equipped your car with Purolator in the first place—and you're taking a long chance of injuring an expensive piece of machinery unless you accept his judgment and insist on a Purolator re-cartridge." If you want any other information about oil filtration just write to: Motor Improvements, Inc., 363 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

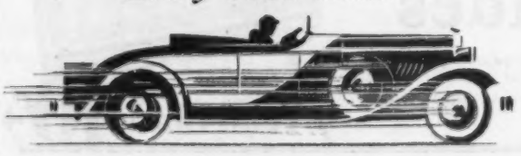
Licensed under Sweetland Patents

RE-CARTRIDGE YOUR

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

Every 8000 miles



PUROLATOR cartridges for replacement are self-contained. They are made without removable parts, and so have no gaskets or other points of possible pressure leakage—therefore they withstand *with certainty* the high oil pressure necessary for efficient operation. They require no attention except replacement every 8000 miles.

TRUSTS AGAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

counted. If there was the power to fix prices, it did not matter if the prices themselves were reasonable.

But gradually the courts have come to apply the rule of reason, to distinguish between good and bad trusts, to lay more emphasis upon motive, intent and methods, and less upon form, to say, as in the famous United States Steel case, that the existence of unexerted power is not an offense. Those who still swear by the Sherman Law are not quite sure of the wisdom of these more recent interpretations. Is it wise to trust cupidity where it has the opportunity to extort? Is not the scope of the agreement, the power to fix prices, the real test, rather than the self-restraint of the parties thereto? Should not the law be rendered in the light of fear of what may be done, rather than what is done?

To the average business man these fears seem foolish and unworthy, and yet public policy still clings at times to this seemingly strange philosophy. It veers and shifts with the attempt at concrete application in different courts. There are many decisions which cannot be reconciled, and even since the rule of reason was promulgated, there have been indications that the courts were not quite sure that size and power are not wrong in themselves. In one of the most recent decisions of the Supreme Court, in the Trenton potteries case, Justice Stone said that "it does not follow that agreements to fix or maintain prices are reasonable restraints and therefore permitted by the statute because the prices themselves are reasonable." Altogether the business man is in a complete daze and there is no test in advance of whether a combination is in restraint of the Sherman Law or not.

But we must not go too fast in our condemnation of the antitrust laws. Business men often denounce them on the ground that European countries have followed an opposite policy. England has no antitrust statutes and the ancient common-law provisions against restraints and monopolies are interpreted far more invariably than here in the light of reason. England is a free-trade country open to competition from all parts of the world, so that domestic producers cannot exploit the public for any great length of time. But with us industry is protected by tariffs. We do not have or want an open market, and so it has been held that the only safeguard against exploitation is free competition among domestic manufacturers.

Wastes of Competition

Another explanation of our antitrust legislation is the fact that railroads are privately owned and operated here. A country like Germany, which owns its railroad system, has a high degree of direct control over all kinds of commercial activity without resorting to antitrust laws. Besides the railroads, Germany owns many utilities and part of the coal industry. Before the war its policy was all in favor of producers, with little regard to consumers. Moreover, the greatest opposition to trusts here comes from the agricultural Middle West, whereas predominantly industrial countries like Germany and England have no such large farming areas.

Back of all this lies the undoubted fact that unhampered competitive effort has played a large part in the rapid development of this country. The theory of the antitrust laws is to allow the little fellow with ability to rise to the very top unhindered either by trusts or by trade agreements. The German cartel, which is merely a name for agreement, is much extolled by American business men, and the cartel does promote a policy of live and let live among the smaller business men. But that is its very fault, say those who favor the antitrust laws. It maintains the existing status, it keeps third-raters alive and gives them a fixed quota. With our antitrust laws, the idea is to let competition kill off the third-raters, but permit the able little fellows to become big.

"The preservation of the inefficient by trade agreement is a form of industrial waste," says the Federal Trade Commission in a recent report, "and the policy of the United States is to accept the wastes of competition rather than the wastes of monopolistic control. The theory of the former is more consistent with industrial progress."

Finally, even the most doughty opponent of the antitrust laws must admit that they have proved a powerful weapon in the hands of the public against economic oppression. If we had time to examine in detail the entire history of prosecutions and court decisions, we would find, it is true, cases which should never have been brought, and in which, in the light of reason, the defendants were unjustly accused and even punished, or in which the results obtained were too meager for the effort. Much ridicule has been directed at the dissolution of companies like the Standard Oil and American Tobacco. But critics cannot have it both ways. They cannot at once emphasize the ineffectiveness of the Sherman Law in dissolving trusts and also object to it on the ground that it shackles business.

Power and Its Abuse

It is only literal truth, however, to say that the application of the Sherman Law has resulted in a large measure of modification, if not revision, of unfair business practices. It is an offensive sort of thing to admit, but there is a cynical, yet solid, reality in the fears of those who say the law should prohibit the power to do wrong, rather than its performance. At least, that has been too often true in the past. In case after case where corporations were prosecuted, it developed that their methods were highly questionable. Espionage, threats or institution of spurious patent infringement and other lawsuits, tying contracts, rebates, boycotting of competitors, the employment of subsidiary companies in the guise of independents—all these and other ugly practices strew the pages of this litigation and blacken the history of otherwise respectable and useful enterprises.

These are facts of common knowledge, spread on the record, and even the most outright apologist for big business must agree with Prof. M. W. Watkins, a close student of the subject, when he says that "some business leaders prefer an assured victory achieved by questionable means to a dubious victory gained by well-approved means." Even Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, who always can see the advantages of big business, declares that even today there are many trusts which aim to secure a competitive advantage "not by means of attaining an efficiency greater than one's competitors through lower costs, but by means of raising their costs of production and distribution by putting artificial obstacles in the way of their effective functioning."

Despite the almost revolutionary changes in business, it is not 100 per cent pure as yet. Size gives power, and there is always a temptation to abuse power. To call a trade association an institute does not alter the fact if its practices are harmful to the public. Conspiracy to mulct consumers is none the less conspiracy because a high-priced lawyer keeps shouting the word "coöperation."

Every now and then these days a combination is formed in the crude and reckless spirit of the trust era of long ago—a combination which somehow defies public opinion and which shows an ignorance of psychology and a bluntness of perceptions on the part of promoters who are blind and mad with greed. Such combinations are sure to fall to pieces sooner or later from their own inner weakness. But is it not wise for the

For the Man who Cares

SOONER or later, every man who cares about his appearance acquires a decided preference for FLORSHEIM SHOES. Once he has seen their well-bred style, he wants to wear them. Once he has felt their comfort, he keeps on wearing them.

THE RAYMOND . . . *Style* M-366

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Most Styles $10

BOYS!

Ask at the nearest hardware or sporting goods store for a free copy of the Daisy Manual, or send us your dealer's name and we will mail you a copy.

A Master Marksman Tells How Target Practice Helps Your Boy

LIKE many other outstanding Americans who have written to the makers of Daisy Air Rifles, Major John W. Hession advises your boy to practice target shooting because it sharpens his senses and helps to make him think quickly.

"The manly boy takes to shooting as naturally as he takes to football," writes Major Hession. "I believe that target practice is more than good fun—it helps to make brain, vision and muscles work in happy unison."

Major Hession knows the benefits of marksmanship. Hundreds of trophies are his! A keen eye and steady nerves. Member of nine U. S. Olympic Rifle Teams, honored with many world's records, Major Hession is today a leading authority on firearms.

Let your boy know the thrill and advantage of shooting a Daisy Air Rifle at a target. Enter your boy's point of view—be his companion—get him a Daisy—and have an occasional shooting match with him! You will be surprised by his enthusiasm and skill after he has owned his Daisy a while. Your sporting goods or hardware dealer will show you the Daisy Pump Gun illustrated, and other Daisy models, from $1 to $5. The Pump Gun shoots 50 rounds—it's the most efficient air rifle of today. Ask your dealer about its features of safety, accuracy and durability—or write to us for information.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

public to retain a powerful tool which it can use swiftly and surely when the need arises?

Unfortunately we are only at the beginning of our subject, and many complexities lie ahead. It is so difficult to say which combination is monopolistic and which is not. The percentage required to give strategic control over the market, to constitute an undue proportion, varies enormously. "It is always a matter of judgment," says Professor Watkins, "whether a particular consolidation signifies an approach to a trust or merely a judicious expansion of facilities."

In a study of trade associations, the Federal Trade Commission says that trade-association ideas are mostly good and bad, "and the two elements shade into each other regardless of what theologians, and sometimes lawyers, may think as to the ease with which the line between good and bad may be drawn. It is well established, for example, that an agreement on prices is contrary to law. But the standardization of terms of sale and of elements in the sales contract appears to be entirely desirable, and at least as beneficial to buyer as to the seller; and yet it is hard to arrive coöperatively at such standardization without an agreement on some element in the price paid."

It is not surprising, however, that this whole subject of public policy toward trusts, monopolies and large combinations should be both complex and confusing. We do not know, for example, what is the best size for a business enterprise, economically speaking. It varies from industry to industry and from time to time, according to changing technology, altered markets and the relation between the cost of capital and the cost of labor. In fact, there is a wide range of size even in a given industry at a given time throughout which the advantages are about equal.

Even those large companies which were or are considered trusts and which at one time have been very successful owe their success to many varying factors. There are cases, like shoe machinery and cameras, where patents have played a great part. Companies dominant in the aluminum, borax, diamond and chewing-gum fields are or were based on the control of a natural resource.

The successful working agreement in anthracite coal is essentially due to the geographical concentration of a limited natural resource. Other companies have secured or held a dominant position by virtue of unfair tactics or the fact that the most efficient units were in the combine or because of exceptionally able but temporary management. The Corn Products Company did not really progress until it was able to secure one particular competitor, the New York Glucose Company, managed by men trained by Standard Oil.

Impossible Monopolies

Then, too, if we talk about trusts and monopolies we cannot discuss industry in general, because there are many lines which simply cannot be trustified and monopolized. A very foolish capitalist once tried to organize a bakery trust. It is an inherently futile idea to try to control the prices of bread, because, if necessary, any housewife can bake and bring down prices. Besides, how could any bakery or bread trust ever prevent the hotels, restaurants and clubs from doing their own baking? In the same way, I do not see how any trust can be formed in the manufacture of ice cream or candy or in the conduct of tea rooms.

What is to prevent Mrs. Atwood and myself entering any of these lines of business? How could any trust keep us from serving tea to our friends and charging for it? But could we buck the United States Steel Corporation in making steel rails for the New York Central Railroad? The question is quite too absurd, but it illustrates how fundamental are the differences which exist in industry and how difficult it is to generalize. One might expect to find an approach to monopoly in the steel business, which requires vast amounts of fixed capital, and not in the conduct of tea houses, whose successful management requires but slight capital, and that is precisely what one does find.

Another conflicting circumstance, already referred to very briefly in passing, is the tendency of Congress to make exceptions or exemptions to the Sherman Act from time to time for specific industries. As already stated, the bulk of industry still comes under the law, but the number of exemptions is steadily increasing. Those who believe in the antitrust law say this fact merely proves its vital as well as practical character. The whole subject, they assert, is an objective rather than a theoretical one, and these exemptions to the law merely make competition more effective and do not prove it to be an outworn doctrine.

Railroads, utilities, banks and insurance companies have been exempted from the law because they are subject to government regulation, either state or Federal. When the Sherman Law still applied to the railroads, one of the combinations which the Government was most determined to break up was that between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, although since the exemption law, known as the Transportation Act, was passed in 1920, the combination of these two roads was the first one scheduled under the new permissive feature.

Fear is Still Present

Then, too, we have export combinations especially exempted from the law, as well as farmers' coöperatives and certain types of labor combinations. With the regulatory authority over packers and stockyards recently conferred upon the Secretary of Agriculture, a certain amount of leeway is given these interests also. The theory is clear enough. As forms of government control are devised, it is not considered necessary to require unlimited competition. But the fact that these exceptions to the antitrust law must be made shows that such a law and the ideal of competition upon which it is based are not as widely applicable as many persons seem to think.

Besides, there is the practical and serious question of devising forms of regulation which are of any value. Consider the utilities. It does not seem sensible to require competition in a given community in the distribution of electric light and power. This is what economists accurately term a natural monopoly. Any plant in a position to supply part of the market can supply the whole market at slight or perhaps no additional expense. Two companies supplying the same market cannot have as low costs as one. Every consideration points to the economic desirability of monopoly in this case.

Yet no one knows just how far we can push this idea of natural monopolies being permitted under government regulation. In actual everyday discussion there is more mention of a power trust than of any other kind, with the implications of fear and possible danger which the word "trust" carries with it. One may say that this attitude is foolish, but there it is. Despite all the talk of people having lost their fear of big corporations, it is still a factor to be reckoned with.

But if we turn to such natural resources as oil and soft coal, and such manufactures as textiles, where independent and unrelated action have led to an overdevelopment which constitutes an almost criminal waste, we can find almost no reason or defense for the antitrust policy. The Standard Oil Company was dissolved because it was regarded as a monopoly, but what the oil industry needs today is some sort of trade agreement or combination to prevent the outrageous waste of a valuable natural resource. In the case of soft coal, it has been urged even by a member of the cabinet—Secretary of Labor Davis—that joint selling or pooling arrangements to handle

(Continued on Page 193)

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THE SILENT Revolution

WHENEVER you happen to drive through the countryside, nowadays, you are struck by the pronounced changes in the American farm picture. The radio aerial on the roof, the automobile in the drive, the gay cretonnes in the windows are the flaunted banners of a new regime. Yet these are but outward symbols of a vast upheaval throughout the farm lands of America.

Today, thanks to good roads, the farm and the city are neighbors. New contacts, new viewpoints have aroused new wants . . . plumbing, electrical equipment, comfortable furniture, modern clothes. Today, millions of progressive farmers are making substantial incomes. Crops have been increased by scientific soil treatment. Farming costs have been lowered by modern machinery. With adequate farm legislation an accomplished reality, the American farmer is at last coming into his heritage.

These changes have increased the sales opportunity of every nationally advertised product. An eager and increasingly profitable trade is pouring in from our countrysides. To the manufacturers who are willing to establish aggressively their products, to put their brand names in the farmer's mind and on his tongue, this silent revolution is worth millions of dollars.

With the largest out-of-town coverage of any publication in America, *The Farm Journal* goes to the best farming sections—where the bulk of farm money is made and spent.

The writers who make *The Farm Journal* are the leading authorities in their lines—names of national and international prominence. Its editorial page is quoted the nation over as a decisive voice on all farm questions.

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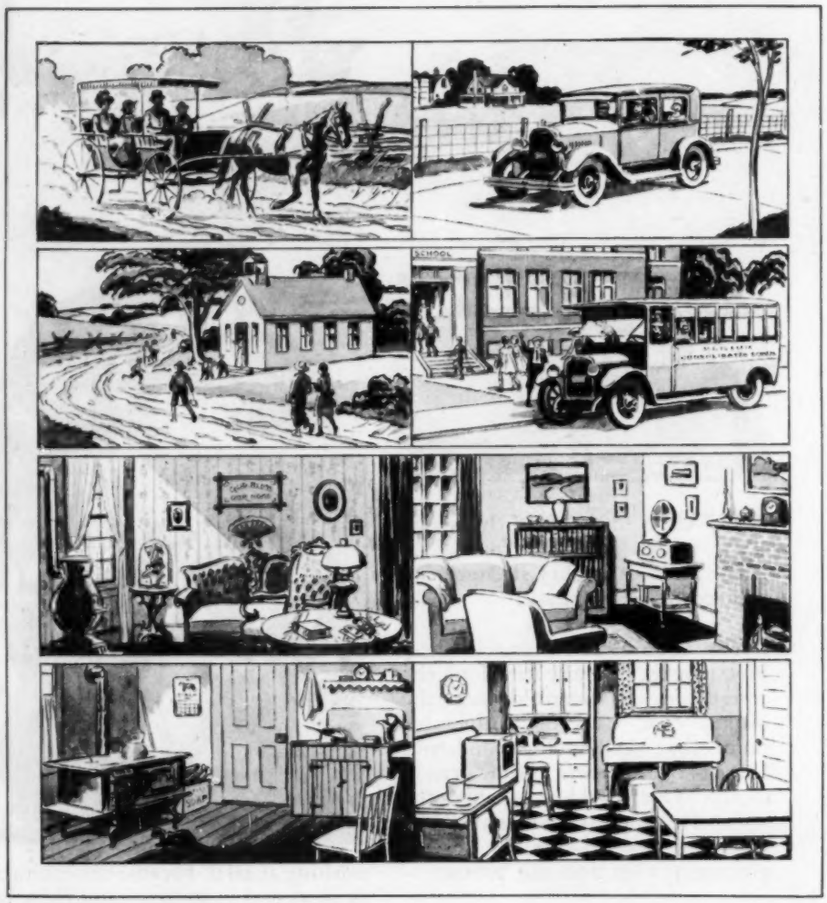

The farm market furnishes a rich avenue of profit for manufacturers of toilet goods. The farm family use annually more than 50 million cans or tubes of tooth powder and paste, and some 167 million cakes of toilet soap. Every year the farmer buys nearly 700,000 safety razors, some 82 million safety razor blades and 22 million sticks or cakes of shaving soap. Yet these figures represent only a small percentage of the potential market.

Other manufacturers have similar opportunities. The farmer needs clothes, shoes, paint, automobiles, furniture, household appliances in million quantities. His purchases run into billions of dollars.

We can furnish many illuminating facts about the farm market. We would welcome the privilege of making a study of its purchasing power as applied to your own product. There is no charge for this information. Nor will our representative call unless you particularly request it. Write to *The Farm Journal*, Washington Square, Philadelphia.

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coal of like character would mean a great improvement.

Nothing could be more severely and effectively prohibitory than the Sherman Law in preventing territorial apportionment among competitors, and yet that device actually might serve the public welfare in soft coal and oil.

There seems little doubt that while the Sherman Law was not aimed originally at trade associations, but rather at large corporate combinations, it has hit the former harder than the latter. It is true that trade-association activities have increased amazingly despite the antitrust law. But the all-important factors of price agreement and division of territory are anathema. To legalize them might be too fundamental and revolutionary a change in public policy. But as the situation stands, the antitrust laws place a premium—strange as it may seem to those who have never studied the subject—upon the corporate combination, even upon the unnecessary combination. The merger movement is certainly due in part to the more severe legal restrictions upon other forms of combination. A moment's explanation will make this clear.

If the Ford, Studebaker, Chrysler and Hudson companies entered into a price agreement, the Sherman Law would be invoked against them in a jiffy, even if the prices were reasonable. But no man in his senses would suggest that there is anything either unreasonable or even technically illegal in some sort of agreement or, at least, understanding concerning prices, among the different divisions of the General Motors Corporation.

Except as a few industries, like the railroads, have been exempted from the Sherman Law, the only changes to bring our antitrust statutes up to date and in conformity with modern conditions were the Federal Trade Commission and Clayton acts, passed by Congress in 1914. The former was aimed at unfair practices in business, and to the extent that the commission exercises its powers wisely, this legislation was a great forward step, but it does not come within the scope of this article, as it does not affect combinations, mergers and consolidations as such. But the Clayton Act was intended apparently to strengthen the Sherman Law, and provides that no corporation engaged in interstate commerce shall buy stock in another like corporation where the effect may be substantially to lessen competition.

Too Many Opinions

But the Clayton Act does not apply to a case where the physical assets and not the stock are acquired. Thus we have more confusion than before, as might be expected from a history of this law. It was born from a clash of conflicting interests. Some wanted the Sherman Law strengthened and others wanted it modified. The result is merely more uncertainty than ever. The whole situation is well described in a passage in a report of the National Industrial Conference Board, which I take the liberty of summarizing thus:

Under our system of government, with its separate divisions and forty-eight states, there are a multitude of authorities to enforce these laws, and a multitude of interpreters. One court says there is restraint of trade and another disagrees. An administrative commission does one thing and a court does another. A prosecuting attorney does not like a particular feature of a trade agreement and it takes four years and three courts to persuade him he is wrong. His successor attacks the same agreement again because the decision of the highest court was not unanimous and because a new judge has been appointed since the first case was brought. This time the prosecution wins. Meanwhile, the business world has been at sea, afraid to cooperate, with the community losing, or else the business world has been secretly defying the law.

Is the Millennium Here?

"Only within the last few months," said W. E. Humphrey, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, in addressing a group of business men, "four cases of very great importance have been decided by the Supreme Court in which the justices were divided four to five as to whether certain facts constituted a violation of the antitrust laws. Indeed, it rarely happens that the decisions of this court are unanimous in antitrust cases. If this great court—the greatest the world has ever known, with men whose integrity is above suspicion, men of great ability who have devoted their lives to the study of these questions—if these men cannot always agree upon what facts constitute a violation of the antitrust laws, how can any sane and honest man say that a business man must always know with certainty when he is violating these laws?"

Benjamin A. Javits, a lawyer who represents various trade associations and who is a leader of the movement to repeal the antitrust laws, insists that the people should not be criticized for compelling the passage of the Sherman, Clayton and other similar laws, because their purpose was to keep big business from grabbing too much, which it was then engaged in doing. This was the intent of the law, and the courts must always keep intent in mind. But we are now playing one game under the rules of another, declares Mr. Javits. The goal of business now is to supply human wants, not the chasing of profits. Industrial leaders are more concerned in making the masses rich than in making themselves rich. Such, at least, is the way the argument runs. It sounds rather too much like the millennium, a little previous and a little visionary.

But is there no way out of the extraordinary confusion and complexity which this article has sought to depict? I do not know, and I doubt whether anyone knows. But one need not idealize business or business men to say that the conditions which led to the Sherman and other antitrust laws are changing, and mostly for the better. The whole business scene, in fact, is shifting.

It might be well to look more closely into what the experience with trusts, combinations and mergers teaches. As well stated in a recent report of the National Industrial Conference Board on mergers in industry, these antitrust laws were passed before the questions concerning trusts had been answered in the light of experience. Laws are expressed social policy, but it is not uncommon for them to lag behind changes in such policy. I cannot promise to produce any one single satisfactory solution, but we cannot examine facts and theories in the light of experience without coming closer to the realities of a desirable public policy.

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PAYING FOREIGNERS

(Continued from Page 31)

Begin, for example, with that item of nearly $1,500,000,000, face value, of foreign bonds floated in this country last year. Some of the bonds were sold below par. American underwriters took their commission on all of them, and inquiry shows that part of the proceeds of the new bonds was used to pay off old investments held by Americans. These three items come to more than $350,000,000, offsetting to that amount the $1,500,000,000 of new foreign securities floated here.

In fact, nearly every item in our foreign trade has its offset and backwash. Most of the items work on both sides of the ledger. For another instance, we are now a creditor nation, holding about $14,000,000,000 of long-term foreign investments, exclusive of war debts. This is a new position for the United States, and we are so proud of it that we generally overlook the other side of the ledger; even talking as though we had a monopoly of lending money abroad. It will perhaps surprise most readers to learn that, by the department's inquiry, those impoverished foreigners, whose final inability to pay us moves many sympathetic hearts, already own at least $4,000,000,000 of long-term investments in the United States. In addition, we owe them, in round numbers, $3,000,000,000 on short credits, nearly two-thirds of it consisting of bank balances due to them in New York and other American cities, and the remainder consisting of American bankers' acceptances, call loans in New York, United States Treasury certificates of indebtedness, and like paper that can, generally speaking, be turned into cash overnight. It should be noted here that the total of $22,000,000,000 of foreign trade mentioned above does not include the flow back and forth of these bank deposits and other short-term credits, but takes into account only the net change in that item at the end of the year as compared with the beginning.

Here we must again note the offsets and backwashes, for though foreign banks, at the end of the year, could draw nearly $3,000,000,000 from us by calling in their bank balances and loans, and so on, in New York, our banks had a similar call on foreign money centers to an amount exceeding $1,250,000,000. Net, we owed something more than $1,500,000,000 of short-term funds. But that is considerable.

Bonds Across the Sea

The department, after due inquiry, estimates the value of American stocks and bonds sold to foreigners in 1928 alone at more than $1,500,000,000. But it also estimates that in the same year we bought back from foreigners more than $1,000,000,000 worth of American stocks and bonds which they had previously purchased. To go further into details—and there are plenty of further details to go into—would simply heighten the impression of a constant complicated ebb and flow of values across frontiers in which goods are relatively far less important than the usual summary treatments of foreign trade would make them.

We have bought great quantities of foreign bonds because they offered higher interest than domestic bonds of the same general sort. On the other hand, many American stocks the past five years have been more profitable investments than foreigners were likely to find at home, and without doubt a good many foreigners have sought American bonds as an anchor to the windward. In short, some Americans buy foreign bonds for one reason while some foreigners buy American investments for another reason. Now there is no reason whatever why this huge international flow of short-term and long-term credits should ever come to an end, or why, in a peaceful and increasingly prosperous world, it should not rise in volume.

To be sure, at a threat of war or other serious trouble, all this fluid short-term money especially would scurry home like a covey of frightened birds. But with peace, confidence, stable governments and growing prosperity, it will be a dependable item in foreign trade.

So firmly is the goods idea rooted that some readers may be inclined to object that this stuff isn't really trade at all. But, in fact, it is exactly as much trade as anything else is. On net balance, at present, it is one of our imports. We are buying the use of foreign demand and short-term money, for which last year, according to the department's estimate, we paid $107,000,000 interest. To be sure, we pay back the money, but the use of it, during the time we have it and pay for it, we use up, just as we use up the foreign wool and potash that we pay for. The one is as veritable as the other.

At So Much a Look

Much the biggest single item in our imports consists of just looking. American tourists will probably spend $1,000,000,000 abroad this year. That is an import. We send the animated containers over to Europe, and elsewhere across our borders, where they are filled up with sensations of various kinds and shipped home again, for which we pay a round billion, just as we pay some $300,000,000 yearly for foreign tea and coffee that yield us sensations of different kinds, but are no more essential to sustaining life than foreign travel is. This tourist import has grown steadily every year since the war. It now just about offsets the amounts that foreigners pay us on account of war debts and interest on our long-term foreign investments. There is no inherent reason why we might not lend foreigners another dozen billions and take our interest in looking at their cathedrals, without a pound of physical goods crossing a frontier. There would be no trouble whatever about exchange. As interest on the bonds fell due foreign banks would place the amounts to the credit of New York banks, and New York banks would issue letters of credit to tourists which would use up those interest credits.

It is only since the World War that this item of tourists' expenditures has assumed first-class importance in foreign trade. As estimated by the Department of Commerce, expenditures of American tourists abroad have doubled since 1923; but by the same estimates, expenditures of foreign tourists in the United States practically doubled from 1922 to 1928, rising from $87,000,000 to $168,000,000. This trade, in its present importance, obviously depends directly on peace and prosperity. With continued peace and rising prosperity there is no assignable limit to it. As foreign peoples have more money to spend, they will travel more. So will our people. The trade may cut a larger figure in international balances than any of the big staples. No tariffs hamper it. No country attempts to restrict it. It is a signal illustration of the potential importance of nongoods transfers in a peaceful and prosperous world.

Discussions of our transfer problem usually make much of the war debts. The United States Treasury holds obligations of foreign governments to an amount exceeding $11,000,000,000. How can so huge a sum be paid? Most of these obligations, however, consist of debt-funding bonds, running sixty years or more and bearing a low interest rate, especially in the earlier years. Total payments on account of them the past two years have run little over $200,000,000. Now immigrants in the United States are constantly sending small sums back to the old folks at home. The total of their remittances last year came to more than our receipts from foreign governments on account of war debts. Remittances from the United States in support of foreign missions and for charitable purposes came to a quarter of our war-debt

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"My last bottle! girl, put that down!"

A young Californian and his wife were cruising recently in the Mediterranean.

"Go get a shave, for goodness' sake!" she ordered, as he climbed out of the water one lazy Sunday morning.

"I can't," he complained. "Someone's taken my last bottle of Lilac. And this climate tears the life out of my face without an after-shaving lotion." Then in amazement—

"Stop," he commanded. "So you're the bold burglar"...

But she kept right on... Lilac on arms, legs, face, neck ..."Best thing in the world after a bath, old boy. And it's great for golf and tennis too—times when I don't want to reek of strong perfume—or of anything else!"

... of course, it didn't really matter to the resourceful young couple on the left: they put in at Naples next day and, naturally, found Pinaud's Lilac at every smart shop.

Why is the story significant, then? Simply because it is one more tribute to the genius that is Pinaud . . . one more instance of a vogue that is international . . .

150 years ago a certain French specialist decided that masculine Smartness, feminine Beauty, were two of the most important things in civilization... that the care of the skin, the health and beauty of the hair, the problems of personal fastidiousness involved in various types of perfumes and lotions, deserved really scientific investigation—

And so from the very beginning the House of Pinaud has felt that no research was too costly, no pains too great, to make the products bearing its name *surpass* . . .

In Tokio—and New York; in Spain—and South Africa; in London—and Los Angeles—discerning men and women in every quarter of the globe invoke the aid of Pinaud every day. And from the vast Pinaud plants outside the walls of Paris, from the great Pinaud Laboratories in New York, new and amazing discoveries issue year by year:

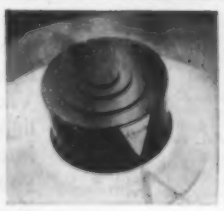
New lotions... new fragrances... a new Cream that is cleanser, astringent, powder base in one... a powder blended with scientific accuracy to the user's individual type of skin... inseparable companions now of the smart people of this world!

SINCE 1848, Pinaud's Lilac (Lilas de France) has been famous not only after shaving—but with women too: as a light, delicious Sports-perfume—and as an after-bath lotion, deodorant and astringent.

SINCE 1850, Pinaud's Eau de Quinine has been perhaps the world's most famous formula for the health of hair and scalp. Checks dandruff, keeps hair lustrous, thick, exquisitely clean and easy to arrange.

SINCE 1876, Pinaud's Eau de Portugal—the hair tonic prepared especially to protect all the glinting lights of precious blonde loveliness. Famous in Sweden, England, all Northern Europe.

SINCE 1927, Pinaud's Cream—the famous face Cream that washes away in water—has been displacing whole shelves-full of treatments . . . a complete scientific "facial" in 30 seconds!



SINCE 1929, Pinaud's Powder—specially blended for the user's individual skin! Two Types: Type 1 for the skin inclined to oiliness, Type 2 for the skin inclined to dryness. Six flattering shades.

SINCE 1923 Pinaud's Shampoo—a rich, luxurious shampoo used by the most famous hairdressers in Paris today. Note how completely it rinses away—how soft and brilliant it leaves the hair.

FREE: Pinaud will send you a free trial package of any three of these famous preparations. Simply check on this coupon the product (or products) you wish and mail with your name and address to Pinaud, Dept. S. 9, 220 E. 21st St., New York, or in Canada to 560 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

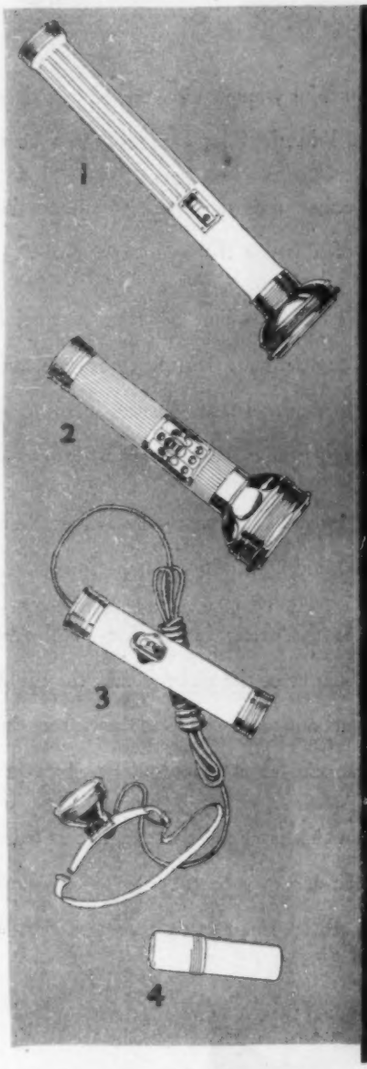
Please send me, free, a trial of the Pinaud products checked herewith:

☐ Pinaud's Lilac ☐ Pinaud's Eau de Quinine ☐ Pinaud's Eau de Portugal ☐ Pinaud's Shampoo ☐ Pinaud's Cream ☐ Pinaud's Powder (Please indicate whether your skin is ☐ oily ☐ normal ☐ dry; also underline the shade of powder you desire: WHITE · FLESH · FLESH-RACHEL · RACHEL · INDIAN TAN (light) · MOORISH TAN (dark).

Copyright Pinaud, 1929

*Your Name*_____ *Your Address*_____

THOROUGHBREDS!



Besides the regular 2-cell searchlights, the Ray-O-Vac line includes these unusual lights:

1 The Ray-O-Vac 5-cell 1500-foot-beam searchlight. Its dazzlingly brilliant pencil of light pierces the gloom for a surprising distance. $5.

2 The Ray-O-Vac 3-color signaling light. Independent switch for each color; combination switch for all; permits signaling or may be locked. $3.50.

3 The Ray-O-Vac Head-Lite. Elastic band holds light on forehead. Battery case slips in pocket; 42-inch cord. A boon to camper, motorist, mechanic. $3.

4 The Ray-O-Vac Flasher. A really practical, low-priced flashlight. Comes in bright colors—blue, green, red. 39c.

WE TRIED and tried, and we can think of no better descriptive word for Ray-O-Vac Flashlights than "Thoroughbreds." There's a word that stands for family pride, for thoroughgoing excellence, and most of all, for *performance*. Ray-O-Vac Flashlights come of an old family (we are pioneers in the flashlight business) and they are built to *perform*. There's a Ray-O-Vac Flashlight for every conceivable use. Long-range searchlights, brilliant glow-lights, the handy head-light, the tiny but intensely practical Flasher. You'll get a lot better idea when you ask your dealer to show you the Ray-O-Vac line. And *—you'll find your own personal light amongst the dozens of styles.*

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY

Factory: Madison, Wisconsin Sales Office: 30 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

RAY-O-VAC FLASHLIGHTS

ROTOMATIC

The famous Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic line is equipped with the equally famous Rotomatic Switch . . . the switch that won't light till you want it; that always lights when you want it. Lifetime service from the Rotomatic Switch . . . and it protects your flashlight from accidental battery discharge.

(Continued from Page 194)

receipts. Foreign countries paid us in royalties on American motion pictures a third as much as foreign governments paid us on account of war debts. No one suggests that our movies are going to upset foreign exchange, but they are an indication of how much the trade among nations already consists of things that you cannot weigh on a pair of scales. Probably these war-debt payments will always be an inconsiderable item in the international balance sheet.

With peace and rising prosperity, more purchasing power in the hands of Western peoples generally, constant rise and spread of new interests, like travel and movies, confidence among the nations and free flow of credits, the imponderable part of foreign trade is quite sure to increase faster than the goods part. It is fatuous to declare now how international balances will be settled when even a quarter of the term of our foreign war-debt bonds has run out. But unless the world gets a great setback, they will not be settled merely by handing over goods or gold, as much of this foreign-payments discussion assumes.

In fact, they may never be really settled at all. International balances in peacetime are not settled. A fatal defect in the transfer arguments referred to is that they assume a final settlement of foreign accounts—a sort of profane Judgment Day, when debtors will be called on the carpet and told, "You owe so much. Now hand over the goods or the gold; only we don't much care for your gold and don't want your goods at all." But no such day ever arrives. In order to present a report, accountants draw an imaginary line through the year, at midnight, December thirty-first or June thirtieth, calculate all transactions up to that line and then stop. But the transactions themselves do not stop, any more than the Mississippi stops when engineers calculate that from midnight to midnight it discharged a certain quantity of water. In both cases the stream keeps right on. Even the tremendous head-on collision of a world war did not bring a final settlement and liquidation of foreign accounts. There is no "finally," when Germany will have to hand over goods or gold to her creditors, or our debtors will have to hand over goods or gold to us. It is a forever-running account.

A Piece in the World Puzzle

A case in point arose last year. In six months, from July first to December thirty-first, our excess of merchandise exports over imports increased $452,000,000. At the same time our purchases of foreign bonds decreased by $610,000,000. We thus quite abruptly—for in this trade six months may be called abrupt—thrust upon foreign countries the problem of transferring to us another $1,000,000,000 and rather more. If there had been a specific day of settlement much inconvenience might have arisen, but there is no such day. The stream flowed on. Dollar exchange rose somewhat, but the pull was distributed over the whole foreign-trade stream, something yielded here, something there; and in the United States and Europe alike only some bankers knew that anything in particular was happening. Nobody handed over to us more goods or more gold worth mentioning.

If you should look over the balance sheet of our foreign trade as compiled by the Department of Commerce, you would doubtless be struck by its immensity and complexity; but then you would have to bear in mind that it presents but a piece of the whole picture. Every other commercial nation has its own balance sheet, showing a great flow of nongoods values across its borders. They are all equally available for foreign payments. If you ride on a Japanese boat your passage money may be used by Japan to make payments in any other foreign country as well as in the United States. Now, to pick any particular item or items out of this great complex pattern—such items, for example, as German reparations, or our long-term German bonds, or our war-debt bonds—and say, "Finally this must be paid in goods or gold," is to go quite off the track. No particular item need ever be paid in any particular way.

As to long-term debts, with some exceptions, they are never paid, and nobody wants them to be. Our most flourishing railroads, like the Pennsylvania and New York Central, began by borrowing long-term money, and have been borrowing more ever since. I suppose both of them still owe the first long-term dollar they ever borrowed and every long-term dollar they have borrowed since. They don't pay; they refund. So, generally speaking, do governments, states, cities and many other large borrowers of long-term money. France borrowed most of the money to pay her war indemnity to Prussia in 1871.

Credit Without End

Already the Western world produces every year an enormous surplus income available for investments—in the United States alone, probably $10,000,000,000. With rising prosperity this fund will rise. The demand for investments is as staple a fact in the world as the demand for steel. Of late years Germany has been an exporter of investments, or importer of capital, as the more familiar phrase is. There is no inherent reason why she should not continue in that position indefinitely. Not only the United States but a large part of the Western Hemisphere quite steadily exported investments, or imported capital, for two centuries. It is generally said that they paid the interest by exporting goods. But it may be said equally well that in a great many cases the creditors simply let the interest accumulate, increasing their American investments. Exporting investments is very much the same as exporting anything else. It depends primarily on how attractive an article the exporter can offer in the competitive foreign market. German export of investments to the United States has fallen off sharply of late, because with a decided rise in interest rates at home, and consequent larger yields on home bonds, her goods are less attractive. But if she can use foreign capital profitably for the next fifty years, there is no inherent reason why she should not keep on borrowing it. There is no dead line here any more than anywhere else in this field.

Germany might not have to pay even the interest. The creditors might very well let it accumulate, increasing their German investments. Where would that land her finally? But there is no "finally" this side of another great war or like calamity. The total exchange of values across national boundaries will increase not only in extent but in variety. Any particular item will have more and more other items to fall back on. You cannot pick out any particular items and say, "Aha! In eighteen years and a half these will upset the apple cart."

Without doubt, goods, merchandise, will continue to receive the greatest consideration in foreign trade. Every nation will strive to increase its exports of them. Probably every nation will succeed. That is pretty sure to happen if prosperity increases generally. If any 120,000,000 people in Europe had the purchasing power of the same number here, consumption of imported goods would certainly increase. But goods are only part of the picture. It is not necessary, in any given case, that goods should be paid for with goods. Nongoods means of making payments are already very important, and will probably increase faster than goods increase. To look only at goods or gold is to shut one eye.

In the nine years ending with last December our favorable balance of trade on the merchandise movement amounted to $9,750,000,000, and we bought about $14,000,000,000 of foreign bonds and other long-term investments. But not by any means does it follow that we have "finally" got to increase our merchandise imports by some $10,000,000,000 or else give up trying to collect on the bonds.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM INFANCY TO COLLEGE AGE

Brown Shoe Company
MANUFACTURERS
ST. LOUIS

THE MIDLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Founded 1906 *Columbus, Ohio*

$100,000,000.00
INSURANCE IN FORCE

Offers a plan which "carries on" with both cash and regular income after earning power ends as the result of death, old age or total disability. Free periodic health examination.

4 ***Net premiums consistently low because of high net interest earnings, low mortality rate and economical management.***

We invite Requests for Complete Information from insurance applicants and prospective agents.

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THE MIDLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO
Without obligation, send me information regarding { Policies ☐ / Agency ☐
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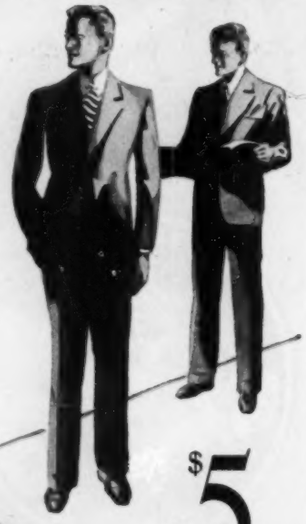
FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES



When you notice a particularly well-shod man it is quite plausible to assume that he is wearing Friendly Five Shoes, for everywhere, men are finding that five dollars is sufficient to buy style leadership, foot-free comfort and unquestioned quality.

Trade Mark

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY,
Manufacturers,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

$5

The "Delmar"
Genuine Calfskin
Combination Last

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

ALLIGATOR

ALLIGATOR is one snappy outergarment—*and* you can slosh around in it all day and never get wet. Turns rain, wind, dust.

Models for men and women, $7.50 to $25.00. Boys and girls, $5.00 to $15.00. Sold only at best stores

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, St. Louis

New! ALLIGATOR STEPPERS (Pat. App. for) protect trouser legs—keep boys' stockings dry. $2.00 and $3.50 a pair. *Ask to see them.*

KEEP DRY FROM HEAD TO FOOT

HOUSE GUESTS

(Continued from Page 54)

"Gophers," he said, shaking the rifle and removing a shell. "Place is full of 'em. Take the ladies inside and Murch'll show you your rooms—that is, if you're going to stay."

"We certainly are," I said, thinking it odd a man should spend his afternoons shooting at gophers; for in shooting circles it is considered next to impossible to hit a gopher. You might as well shoot mosquitoes. There was no further conversation at the moment and we went within. Servants popped up, all wearing startled looks. The interior was even more impressive than the outside. Elegant tapestries and brocades decorated the walls, and the rugs were inch deep. Murch appeared immediately. He was the butler, a stout fellow with no hair and a friendly manner.

"This way, sir," he said, seizing my bag and heading for the stair, which was a cascade of marble.

"Murch," I said, "see that the ladies are comfortable."

"Yes, sir."

"What time is dinner, Murch?"

"The moment the master stops shooting, sir."

"Oh, yes. And, Murch, would you mind saying why the master is out there popping gophers?"

"He don't like 'em, sir."

"Does he ever hit one?"

"No, sir. Very difficult to hit a gopher, sir."

"You see," I said, turning to Aunt Amelia. "It's quite simple. Uncle doesn't like gophers. I can get along without them myself."

Daphne and her aunt were assigned to the blue room, and I was tucked away amid the elegance of the red room. Both were splendid apartments, equipped with every device that ingenuity of man has produced for man's comfort. The beds were feathery dreams. Paintings from Europe adorned the walls, and there was a special tap for one's toothbrush. Murch unpacked my bag.

"Is there anything else, sir?" he asked.

"You might give me a few salient facts, Murch. I am Mr. Daniels' nephew, Joel Daniels."

"Yes, sir," he said respectfully.

"Quite an establishment here?"

"One of the finest estates in America, sir."

"And my uncle—nice man to work for?"

"None better, sir."

"Bit unusual, isn't he?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Shooting gophers? Come now, Murch; a man doesn't sit around shooting gophers."

"He has a very excellent reason, sir."

The amiable fellow expanded. It seems the estate was overrun with the little pests and that Joel was quite bitter about them. There was the crack of a rifle coming from the outside.

"That will probably be the last for the evening," said Murch, glancing at his watch. "Dinner will be served in an hour."

"Thank you, Murch," I said.

The dinner was absolutely perfect. Uncle Joel put aside his grim manner and entertained us with tales of life in the Andes, where he had gone after his wife abandoned him. Aunt Amelia listened with interest, coupled with suspicion. Following the dinner, my uncle retired to consult with his foreman, and I wandered with Daphne in the moonlight. It was increasingly obvious to me that she was the only girl in the world, and I told her so repeatedly and with fair success, probably due to the moonlight.

In the morning, at an early hour, I was awakened by the clangor of a gong, a terrific bombardment of metal upon metal. The din seemed to be coming from a southwesterly direction, and I rose up hastily and drew aside the curtain, which was of old French lace. In the morning breeze, servants were running rapidly to a central point. There appeared to be dozens of them, menservants, maidservants, hostlers, chauffeurs, farm hands and kitchen workers. The central point was my Uncle Joel, who was seated upon a red Turkish cushion at the edge of a marble bathing pool, which I had previously noticed.

At intervals, he seized a hammer and whacked the gong with a gesture of impatience. The arriving menials formed a military line, stood at attention and saluted the lord of the manor. Murch entered, bearing towels.

"Fire drill or morning inspection?" I asked.

"Neither, sir," the butler answered with a smile. "The master's been having a bit of grog. He does sometimes."

"Uncle Joel full this morning?" I asked in wonder.

"Just mildly, sir. We don't mind it. Every man has his weakness, sir."

I learned that my relation, usually a sunny man, was subject to periods of melancholy, as who indeed is not? These sad spells were caused by memories of the wife who had long since put him aside like an old shoe, as he described it. On a morning when he awakened with thoughts of the fair woman who had passed from his life, it was his custom to sit at the edge of the pool with his pitcher of grog, his feet hanging over the lip, and despair in his soul. Nobody, Murch said, ever thought of taking a bath in the pool.

Meditating upon life and his own personal worthlessness, it was Joel's habit to bog himself down into a state of profound debasement, thinking gloomy thoughts, superinduced by the grog and the fact that a woman had set him aside as too contemptible to live with. Upon reaching the very bottom of these gloomy meditations, he reached for his hammer and struck the gong and his employes dropped their work, ran rapidly into line and remained at attention.

This little ceremony restored my uncle's self-respect. It banished the inferiority complex brought on by the grog and introspection, for it proved to Joel that he was still a man among men, a commanding personage, who retained power over his fellows and was not a worm. His wife had said that he was a worm.

"Well, what are they waiting for?" I asked, looking out at the rigid line.

"For orders, sir."

"Does he ever give any orders?"

"No, sir. The master doesn't really want anything. On rare occasions he falls into the pool, but not often. I doubt if he will fall in this morning, sir."

I then descended and partook of a hearty breakfast, after which Daphne and I toured the grounds and were surprised with their immensity. The lodge was simply too huge for words, followed no known architectural form, and they were still adding to it. We came upon Aunt Amelia, who was staring at workmen. They were busily laying the foundation for another wing, and certainly the place required no further wings. An Irishman named Cassidy was in charge of construction and we interrogated him.

"No," he said, scratching his head. "He don't really need any more rooms. This house has enough rooms. Anybody can see that."

"What's this new wing for?" I asked.

"He just wants it, and it's my business to build wings. He has some funny ideas, and one of them is that he won't die until his house is finished. You can imagine that this house isn't going to get done if he can help it."

"What an odd fancy," Daphne murmured.

"Yes, ma'am," said Cassidy. "I have a new job here every year. I built all this stuff around here."

We walked on together, the three of us, and saw nothing more of Uncle Joel until

(Continued on Page 201)

Steinite

SUPER SCREEN-GRID RADIO

The Set *and* the Price that are *thrilling* America

Again—Steinite thrills America with a great new set—and a startling price! The set is the product of a research department years ahead; of an organization which has the ability and experience to anticipate public preference in radio—*and meet it at a price!*

THE price is the result of tremendous facilities, of modern mass production methods made possible by an overwhelming public demand . . . a demand which grows and grows because Steinite has consistently offered America's greatest value! And the price is, also, the result of one-profit manufacture—from cabinets down to the smallest unit, the Steinite is *made complete in Steinite's own factories!*

Steinite presents a SUPER screen-grid radio which embodies all that is new and fine in radio engineering, combined with an electro-dynamic speaker of glorious tone, in Steinite's own inspiring console—at $118!

When Steinite sets a price it sets a standard. Here is the price which creates a new standard of radio value, because you can *get no more by paying more,* and you *cannot match Steinite features if you pay less!*

The chassis of this new Steinite Radio fairly sparkles with new conceptions of radio design. Not merely screen-grid, but SUPER screen-grid! A new, thrilling, humless tone of infinite charm and beauty. Sensitivity which rounds-up those distant stations and brings them trooping in! Selectivity which enables you to hear the station of your choice, clearly and definitely separated from all others!

Read—carefully—the features of the new Steinite listed in this advertisement. Every outstanding improvement of modern radio is among them. The things all radio buyers are talking about—and asking for. *Check these features before you buy any radio!*

The Steinite organization is tuned to achievement. Years ago, it gave the first low-priced electric set to America. Today, Steinite's new set—and Steinite's amazing price—are flashing, brilliant stars in the radio sky. Go to a nearby Steinite dealer at once—and accept the verdict your sense of values will render. Learn the thrill which comes with Steinite ownership—a thrill which millions have discovered!

You Can Get No More Than This At Any Price!

1. Three screen-grid tubes—a total of 7 tubes.
2. Four condensers.
3. Linear power detection with automatic grid bias.
4. Push-pull audio power stage, using the newest "245" tubes.
5. Real humless reception.
6. "Battleship" chassis construction; completely shielded.
7. ELECTRO-Dynamic speaker.
8. Glorious tone.
9. Magnificent consoles.

(Licensed under the patents and patent applications of Radio Corp. of America and associated companies and the Radio Frequency Laboratories.)

DEALERS! *Protect yourself now by making application for your franchise at once*

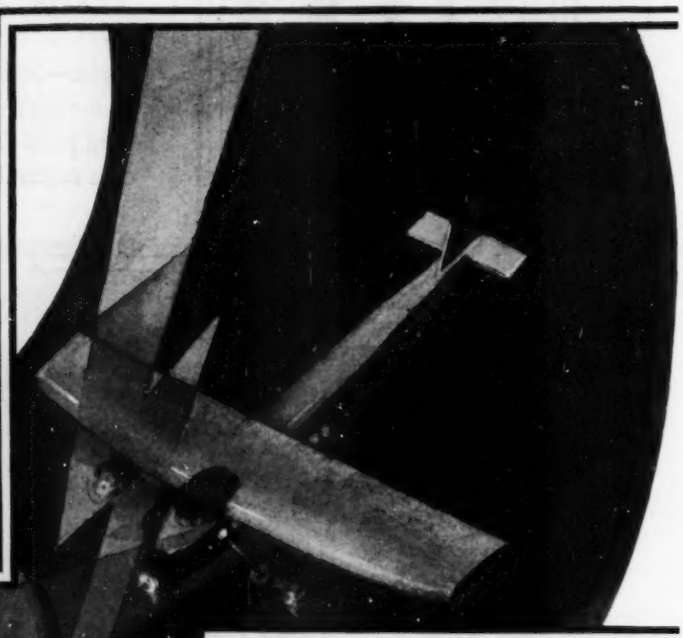
STEINITE RADIO COMPANY
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Now—MORE THAN EVER—
"AMERICA'S GREATEST VALUE!"

WHAT WILL THEY CALL IT...

"THE SPEED AGE?"

That's one thing at least we, of this generation, must leave to the next. Bronze Age, Reformation, Napoleonic Era, Gay Nineties — succeeding generations named them all. Our children's children, in turn, must characterize us. To them, then, a suggestion — "The SPEED Age"! ¶ And what could be more appropriate, when a great ship traverses the Atlantic in four days (S. S. Bremen) — when San Francisco is brought within 48 hours of New York (Transcontinental Air Service, Inc.) — when a speed boat makes 93 miles an hour (Miss America 7th) — and Segrave drives an automobile nearly 4 miles a minute (Golden Arrow). ¶ Science has made enormous strides in this "Age of SPEED" — in radio, perhaps, the greatest of all. Miracles have been wrought; miracles that have their beginning in a little globe of glass and metal — the radio tube. Crude at first — today you can have tubes for your radio that represent all that is known to date, that incorporate the contributions of many men and years of experimentation. They are called SPEED Tubes — "SPEED" — for the age that gave them birth.



SPEED Radio Tubes are definitely superior. Incorporating remarkable new construction features, they

MAKE A FINE RADIO APPROACH PERFECTION
MAKE A GOOD RADIO EVEN BETTER
MAKE A POOR RADIO GIVE ITS BEST.

Can you ask more of tubes than this? Quiet, natural, accurate reproduction is the goal of radio. This, **SPEED** accomplishes. Be insistent on getting **SPEED** Tubes with your new set or for your old.

SPEED
CABLE RADIO TUBE CORPORATION
84-90 N. 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sylph-Apollo

The Mechanical Masseur

Just Out!

A new compact, efficient, lightweight, portable exercising and massage machine. Simple construction permits *a price everyone can afford to pay.* Smooth and vibrationless in operation. Gently manipulates the anatomy like a skilled masseur.

Improves Health—Reduces Weight

Oxidizes excess fat. Removes toxic poison from the system by gently stimulating the liver, kidneys, bladder, stomach, spleen and intestines. Aids digestion. Beneficial in the treatment of rheumatism, nervousness, insomnia, stomach trouble, anemia. Many osteopaths are using "The Mechanical Masseur" in their private practice.

Promotes Perfect Circulation

Corrects constipation. Tones the entire system. Builds up under-weight persons; reduces over-weight ones. In fifteen minutes without effort you receive the benefits of hours of strenuous exercise with this new low priced "Mechanical Masseur." Send coupon for details of both trial and easy payment plan.

Representatives Wanted

In every city and town. Write or wire for liberal proposition by which *real money* can be made.

THE SYLPH-APOLLO CO.,
Dept. 31, Toledo, Ohio.
Send descriptive folder and details of free trial and easy payment plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Now! The MANDARIN BRIDGE SET

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
2355 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

AFTER A SHAVE

BOOTT TOWELS

LOWELL, MASS.

ARE SOOTHING

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book, "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our *Inspection and Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 198)

mid-afternoon, but plenty of evidence of his active nature. He appeared toward sundown, followed by the estate foreman, a sad-looking man called McHone, who carried a camp stool and a rifle, and wore a beard which in no way improved the property.

"Ah, uncle," I said pleasantly. "Going after the gophers again?"

"I am," he said shortly.

"No use into it," remarked the foreman, who seemed more a friend than an employe. "I'll always say they ain't no use shooting gophers with a rifle."

"Do keep still," commanded Uncle Joel, and he continued on his way, followed by McHone and the camp stool. It was a lovely afternoon and we enjoyed our stroll, noting the peculiar absence of trees where one would naturally look for trees. As one strolled and gazed, one was conscious of a certain baldness of the terrain, no trees anywhere, in a country famous for its lordly monarchs. Ever and anon we heard the distant crack of my uncle's weapon, and Aunt Amelia seemed nervous, but kept up with us. We presently mounted a small hill, and there he was in the foreground, sitting on the camp stool, blazing away at gophers which were wholly invisible to the rest of us.

"You can see there ain't any use into it," McHone complained, as we joined them. "Nine million gophers on this land, and he shoots one of them."

I smiled and said that the foreman seemed to have logic on his side.

"Can't let them run us off the place," Uncle Joel said grimly. "Have to do something."

"I told him what to do," the foreman declared. "Oughtn't to be any gophers around anyhow."

"Well, they are around," Joel argued, firing at a distant speck. "No use talking about what ought to be. Look at 'em."

"Never get anywheres with a rifle," McHone continued gloomily. "You got to gas 'em. Only way to get rid of gophers is to gas 'em, and I'll always say so."

"I know," my uncle said. "We'll get around to that."

Mr. McHone was eminently correct. There never would have been a gopher problem at Providencia Lodge if my uncle had accepted his foreman's advice. Months before, they had quarreled bitterly and McHone had all but resigned. Dissension arose over the relatively simple matter of growing beans on the estate, which then contained hundreds of the finest trees. Uncle Joel had made one of his lightning decisions.

"This is a great bean country," he had announced dogmatically. "I am going to grow beans."

"You can't grow beans," McHone had replied. "Not on this ranch."

"I can grow beans," the owner insisted. "Who is going to stop me?"

"It ain't a bean country."

"It is a bean country. What do you know about it?"

"Ask the government," McHone suggested scornfully, and my uncle immediately communicated with the state agricultural department at Sacramento, inquiring into the prospect of beans on Providencia Ranch.

"Sir," the department replied, "you cannot grow beans on your ranch because they will not grow on your ranch. See reports A, B and D."

This ultimatum annoyed Joel, as it naturally would. Had he never intended to grow beans, the report would have started him off. He immediately ordered in two tons of dynamite and blasted up, root by root, the lovely trees of which Providencia's former owners had been so proud. When the last stately monarch had been upheaved, my uncle gave orders.

"Plant beans," he commanded, and an army of workmen donned their bean planters and fared forth into the denuded fields. The ranch was planted with the finest grade of McKinley Queen Lima beans, which will grow enthusiastically in any good bean land.

"Let them tell me," Uncle Joel muttered and sat back, waiting for his harvest, which arrived in due time. It was not beans. The department was correct. It was a handsome crop of gophers. Hearing of Joel and his bean project, they moved in.

"Dang if I ever saw so many," McHone commented in describing the invasion, "and I come from a gopher country."

The beans, as forecast, did not grow or produce a leaf or a rootlet or any other form of herbaceous activity indicating life. They lay inert until eaten, and the gophers came from as far north as Medicine Hat, for gophers are wild about beans.

"Just nine million of 'em," McHone said again. "They've et up everything. Don't do no good whatever to sit here shootin' at 'em one by one."

"The gassing begins tomorrow," Uncle Joel announced. "You and the ladies better stay a while, Joel."

I replied that we would be happy to do so. In a nervous way, Aunt Amelia was enjoying the visit and Daphne was radiant, declaring she wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

That evening, the head of the house actually dressed for dinner, and amused the company with imitations of an English lord whom he had encountered at Monte Carlo soon after his wife had cast him off. We played auction bridge and about ten o'clock Joel hurried Aunt Amelia out to show her a new silo, though a silo is about the poorest thing a person can look at. I slept splendidly, rose early and was eating a solitary breakfast when Daphne's aunt walked in, accompanied by my loved one. I saw at once something had happened.

"Joel," said the aunt, "I am ready to go home. I wish to go now. You may require further evidence, but I have seen enough. Your uncle is as wild as a pelican."

"Aunt Amelia," I cried, "what has happened?"

"Did you notice the morning arrivals?" she asked coldly.

"No, indeed."

"Automobiles," she continued. "Twenty-four of them. Two dozen bright new motor cars, fresh from the factory."

"Well," I said, wondering at her sudden repugnance to motor cars, "why shouldn't he order twenty-four automobiles if he wishes? He's wealthy."

"These are for gophers," she said stonily.

"What are for gophers?"

"This fleet of vehicles. Your uncle has just purchased two dozen automobiles for his gophers."

"You must be mistaken, Aunt Amelia. To begin with, Joel doesn't like gophers and wouldn't even buy them a motorcycle. Furthermore, gophers do not like to ride in automobiles, so I am certain you have been misinformed this lovely morning."

"Come and see for yourself," she said.

She motioned irritably for me to follow and I did so, leaving my eggs to grow cold. Daphne took my arm and tried to force a smile, but I could see she was losing her courage. We emerged. There came to my ears the sound of a distant hum, purring as of a giant swarm of bees, and upon passing the west wing, where Cassidy was building, Aunt Amelia suddenly stopped and pointed with a dramatic gesture. There being no trees, vision was unimpeded and one could see for miles.

"There!" cried Daphne's aunt, and I gazed. Automobiles were everywhere, scattered carelessly, like crumbs on soup. They were standing still, but their engines were running briskly and each one seemed to have a small tail. This tail, on nearer examination, proved to be a length of rubber hose attached to the exhaust pipe. Uncle Joel came along, followed by McHone, who was carrying an armful of rubber tubing and looked cheerful for the first time.

"Got 'em now," my uncle said in a hearty voice, waving his hand at the humming fleet.

"Got who?" I demanded.

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"Gophers. Can't you see what we're doing? Come over here."

Taking me by the arm, he led me hurriedly toward the nearest automobile, which was chugging evenly and shivering like a rabbit's nose. Tubing was attached to its exhaust pipe, the other end running into a gopher hole.

"Makes it very tough on the gopher," McHone explained proudly. "The one thing a gopher can't duck is automobile gas."

Uncle Joel was in an amiable mood and, chuckling, he spoke to Aunt Amelia.

"You know how come the Grand Canyon of the Colorado?" he asked.

"No," she said briefly.

"A Scotchman dropped a dime in a gopher hole," he told her. Aunt Amelia turned my way and made significant motions. Presently we departed.

After lunch a Mr. Henry Murray arrived, representing the dignified motor corporation which had built the cars and was proud of them. He came prepared to take down statistics, such as miles to the gallon, wear on tires and probable depreciation, and when he discovered his twenty-four pets gassing a mild form of farm rat, his distress was pitiful to see.

"That's a fine job for the world's best car," he complained to McHone.

"They are good cars," McHone admitted. "We're getting about twelve gophers to the gallon and will do better."

In spite of strong reluctance on her part, Uncle Joel conducted Aunt Amelia on a tour of inspection and I sat down in a veranda hammock and gave myself over to prolonged meditation, coming to a quite definite resolve. I decided to hurry Daphne and her aunt back to Pasadena without further delay and to take my medicine.

Daphne Hunter was, as anyone could see, the world's sweetest girl, and she was fond of me. Yet my course was clear. It was my duty to retire immediately as a suitor for her hand, for it was now plain that Aunt Amelia was right and always had been right. The Daniels family was mentally shell-shocked. The evidence was plentifully before me, and it would not do for a Daniels to marry a Hunter.

"Daphne," I said, when she finally came trotting up the steps for afternoon tea, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes, Joel," she murmured. She was smiling and swinging an old-fashioned sunbonnet, and if there is any one thing I love, it is to see a beautiful girl swinging an old-fashioned sunbonnet. I steeled myself and arose.

"Daphne," I continued in an even tone, holding myself in perfect control, "your aunt was right. You have seen my family, or what remains of it. I now formally withdraw, and will pass out of your life forever. We will forget everything."

She paled and sank upon a marble bench in the sun.

"Joel," she said brokenly, "what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Gaze about you. Your intelligent aunt feared that we Danielses had lost our buttons. We have."

Daphne turned paler still and shuddered.

"I love you too much to marry you, considering the plaintive state into which my family has fallen. Uncle Joel, as you must have observed, is a man under a cloud, and perhaps under two or three clouds. I can see now that we Danielses have our hallucinations. Personally, I know that I cannot look down from a high building without feeling impelled to jump off, and you certainly could not bear a bridegroom who went around jumping off high buildings. It is a tragic situation, Daphne, but it cannot be helped."

She was weeping gently, wiping her eyes with the sunbonnet.

"My people being literally full of streaks," I continued brutally, "we must be brave and give each other up, even though our hearts are breaking. Think of the possibilities!"

Daphne sobbed openly and I placed my arm around her shoulders and tried to be comforting.

"You may be right, Joel," she said, like the courageous girl she was, and a few moments later, Uncle Joel drove up with Aunt Amelia. They were talking earnestly, and Joel was making furious gestures. He disappeared into the castle and Aunt Amelia came toward us.

"Now what?" she asked, coming to a halt and staring. "You two been quarreling?"

"Far from it," I said sadly. "This is a dark day for us, Aunt Amelia. You were entirely right about my uncle."

"What about him?" she demanded, in what I took to be a belligerent tone.

"He is as addled as an egg," I said simply. "Look around you. The Daniels breed suffers from delusions and tendencies to incoherence. Therefore, as an honorable man, who still retains a mere shred of sanity, I have given Daphne up forever."

Aunt Amelia stared harder than ever.

"Don't be a fool," she said sharply. "Your Uncle Joel is the salt of the earth. He is one of the most remarkable men I have ever known, and, furthermore, he has a kind heart."

It was my turn to stare in astonishment at the president of the North Pasadena Humane Society.

"Do you know where I have been?" she inquired. "I have been looking, with your uncle, at his horses."

"Horses," I said. "What horses?"

"Race horses," she replied, and I then remembered that I had noticed horses upon the distant horizon and had taken them to be common farm plugs.

"Race horses," Daphne's aunt repeated. "Dozens of them. What a man he is!"

"Sit down, Aunt Amelia," I urged, "and let us hear about the horses."

"What a man," she said again, adding that nobody but a humane and kindly soul would send about the country, buying up disappointed race horses.

"What kind of race horses?" I asked, a little puzzled.

"Ones that never won a horse race," she said, her eyes shining with admiration. "Do you realize how many horses there are that have never won a race?"

I said I did not. She had just learned that my uncle, an ardent follower of horse racing, had often stood in the grand stand at a race course, filled with melancholy as he contemplated the finish of a race. He had seen scores of triumphant winners led back to the shouting, cheering populace, to receive friendly pats, bits of sugar and a garland of roses, the coronal of victory. And he had always been overcome with sadness as he beheld the horse that finished last, maybe with eight or nine lengths of daylight between him and the next best. Race horses, my uncle told Aunt Amelia, are frightfully sensitive and actually suffer when in defeat.

(Continued on Page 206)

Paul Hauck
Nebraska

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(Continued from Page 202)

"So," continued the lady, "your uncle, whom you do not seem to understand, buys up all the race horses that come in last, no matter where they come in last. He has a race track on this very estate, and every so often he holds a regular meeting, to which people come for miles around, and the meeting goes on and on until every one of those poor horses has won. After he gets his wreath of roses, he goes back to the hills. Indeed, your uncle has a kind heart."

"How very extraordinary," Daphne said.

"And what this place needs," the aunt continued, "is a woman's touch."

I arose and leaned against the wall.

"You think my uncle is all right?"

"Certainly he is all right. But no man should live alone with all these responsibilities. Your uncle is much misunderstood, inclined, of course, to sudden extravagances and so needing the restraining hand of a helpmeet."

"A wife!" I said, astonished.

"He has asked me to marry him," Aunt Amelia continued quietly, "and nothing could give me greater pleasure than to take over the management of this neglected household."

Uncle Joel hove into sight at this instant and Aunt Amelia left us. I stared dumbly at Daphne Hunter.

"Sweetheart," I said, "you have heard everything and seen all. Are you still inclined to marry a Daniels?"

"Why, Joel," she replied, laughing, "of course I am, if you mean you."

"Very well," I said resignedly. "If you wish to take a long chance, I am not man enough to prevent you."

Two hours later we prepared to depart for Pasadena in our rented motor car.

"We shall miss Aunt Amelia," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed," Daphne agreed. "Perhaps after we are married, we can live with them a while."

"Daphne," I said, taking command at the very start, "the Danielses may be incoherent, but they are not that incoherent."

"Just as you say, Joel dear," the sweet girl replied, and Murch came down the steps and began loading our bags into the car.

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EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Take your pick of all the stations

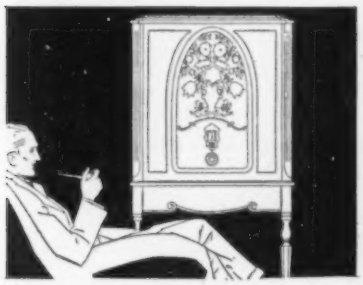
No "ifs" or "buts" about it . . . the new Graybar Screen Grid Radio brings you *the* station you want.

And such *tone* as this radio has! Such fidelity . . . Such exciting "color" . . . Mighty few sets, at anywhere near its moderate price, can hold a candle to the Graybar.

The reason? The Screen Grid tube which does the work of *two* tubes better than ever before!

A lovely tapestry gives the cabinet unusual character. The wood is of particularly delicate grain.

THE SCREEN GRID CABINET



MODEL 550 is priced moderately indeed at (less tubes) $179
And this price includes an improved electro-dynamic speaker!

. . .

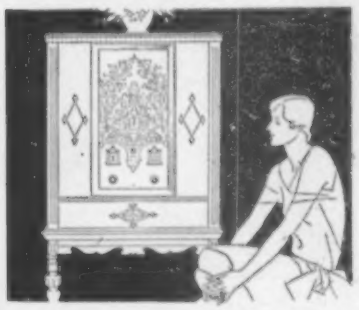
The Graybar Superheterodyne Radio looks expensive. It sounds expensive. It costs slightly more than most other good radios.

But it's a radio that people enjoy owning as they do a lovely jewel!

Absolutely unique in its capacity for sensitive interpretation, the Superheterodyne is almost invariably chosen by music lovers who need not "count the cost."

It's the circuit of circuits!

Graybar is particularly proud of it . . . and upon it Graybar would willingly stake its reputation as oldest electrical distributor in the world, and outfitter-complete to many leading broadcasting stations in this country. (Coupon below.)



THE SUPERHETERODYNE MODEL 600, shown above, is priced at (less tubes) . . $225

An electro-dynamic speaker reproduces faithfully the deepest bass and the highest treble notes (so difficult to re-create perfectly). The cabinet is made of exquisitely-grained 5-ply walnut veneer.

You really should see and hear it.

. . . .

In addition to radio, Graybar has a splendid line of appliances. A word about two of them:

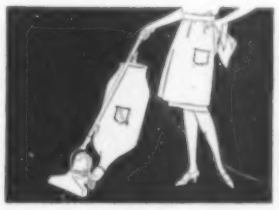
WHERE THERE'S A STIMULATOR there's a way . . . a pleasant, *easy* way . . . to keep slim!

Simple construction. Varying gradations of massage. Modestly priced at $59.50.*

free

. . . along with your Stimulator, the very useful Stimulator Table shown at the left.

FOUND: A BEAUTIFUL VACUUM CLEANER! The moment you lay eyes on the new Graybar "Golden Jubilee" Cleaner, you'll surely agree!



It's maroon-silver-and-black . . . simply *stunning!*

Of course, handsome is as handsome does . . . and from this point of view, too, the Graybar leaves nothing to be desired. And its price is less than you'd expect . . . $27.50.*

Other appliances? There are so many! The Two-Speed Washer, Ironer, Cleanerette, etc. Backed by a 60-year-old reputation! Here's the coupon.

*These prices slightly higher West of Rockies.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

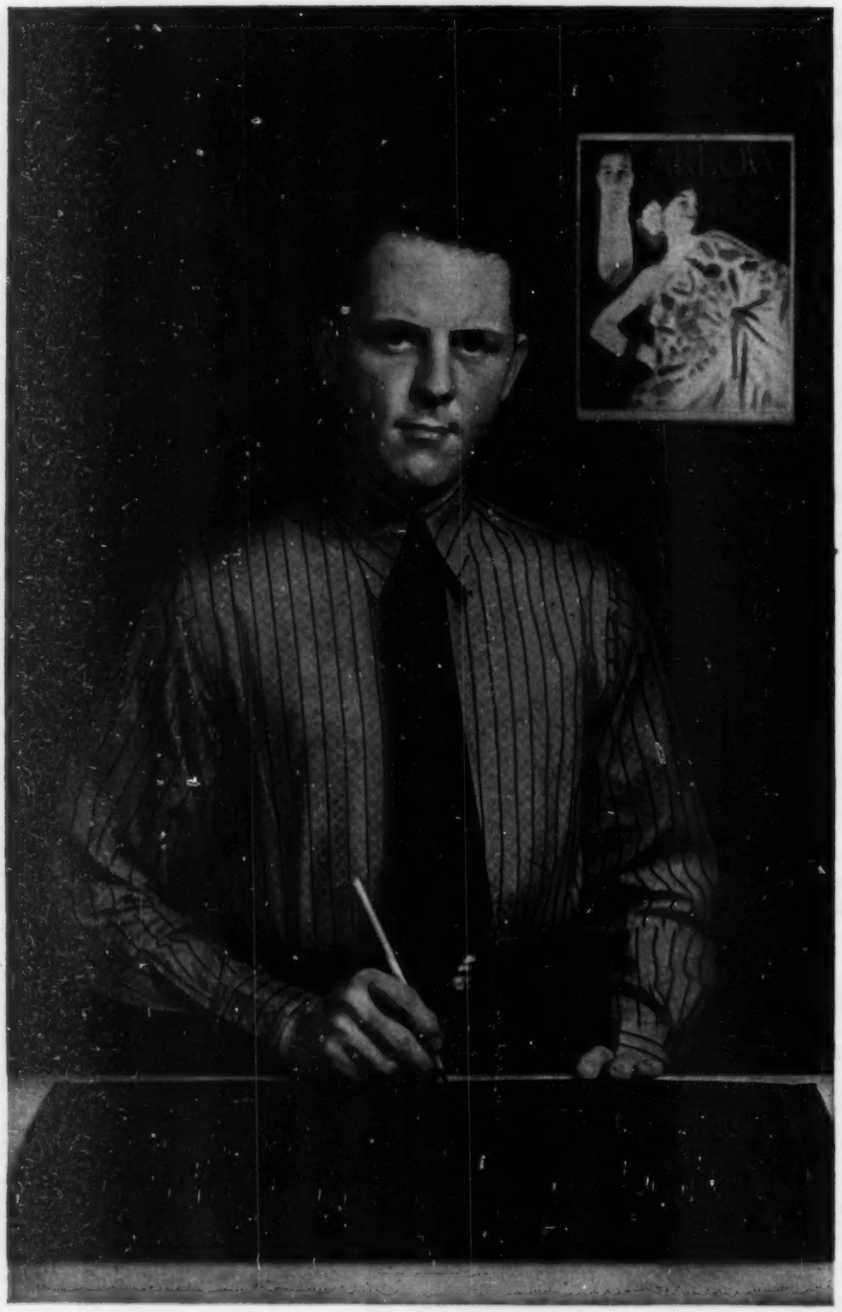
Gentlemen: Your products interest me. Send details on:

☐ Screen Grid Radio — Also on these appliances
☐ Superheterodyne Radio .....
☐ Stimulator (with free table) .....
☐ Vacuum Cleaner .....

Name .....

Address .....

Tune in on the Graybar Hour, 9 to 9:30, New York City time, every Saturday night . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.



For autumn: BLUE! so take your choice of ARABLUES

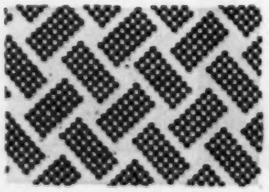
at $1.95 everywhere

Every good tailor will tell you that we are on the eve of the liveliest, bluest autumn in history . . . so ARROW offers a brilliant collection of special blue fabrics to harmonize with the infinite variety of handsome blue suiting-textures. Only ARROW SHIRTS have ARROW COLLARS. And only ARROW, as America's foremost men's linen house, could spread this blue collection before you so reasonably.

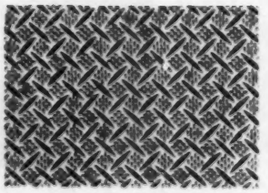
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N.Y.
Makers of ARROW B-13
Collars . . . Handkerchiefs . . . Shirts . . . Underwear

ARROW SHIRTS

Fine, light, alternate stripes of white on a cool, solid "field of azure."



Basket-woven masses of tiny sapphire-diamonds on a white ground.



An intricate small-pattern mosaic —rich blue on a pure white ground.

Each Arablue is available in two distinct styles: (1) *with* ARROW COLLAR *of the same fine fabric attached;* (2) *with two* ARROW COLLARS *starched to match, Hempstead model.*

The collars in both styles are keenly up-to-date in tailoring. And ARROW *introduces in all Arablues a freshly interesting shape of cuff.* (*The fabric shown in the major illustration is a fine pale diamond, overlaid with sapphire stripes.*)

FOR HER

A richly decorated metal package filled with candy goodness ❧ ❧ That's Johnston's Cavalier Box . . . the gift supreme ❧ ❧ Bespeaking the giver's good taste while complimenting that of the recipient. The Cavalier is unique in its appeal to the eye and to the palate ❧ ❧ Five dollar . . . three dollar . . . dollar and a half sizes. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Old Dutch Cleanser
leads the way with
Healthful Cleanliness

THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN MODERN CLEANING EFFICIENCY AND YOUR MOST VALUABLE HELP IN HOUSECLEANING

The high standard of quality and ultra-modern efficiency of Old Dutch make its general use one of the greatest helps in the home. Millions of housewives have found that it pays in more ways than one to use Old Dutch.

Old Dutch is safe. Contains no acids, no caustics and is entirely free from sand and grit. It doesn't scratch. Surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch not only look better, but are more easily kept clean. Old Dutch is kind to the hands, too.

Economical; because of the marvelous efficiency of its minute flaky, flat-shaped particles, Old Dutch does more cleaning. A little goes a long way.

Old Dutch is perfect for porcelain and enamel, snow-white or gayly colored, as well as for floors, painted woodwork and furniture, tile, windows and window sills, marble, mirrors and metal fixtures, kitchen utensils, steps, refrigerators, pantries, etc.

Helpful, because cleaning tasks are accomplished in less time and with far less work.

A Health protection, which is the greatest reward of all; because Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness... searches out, captures and banishes dangerous invisible impurities in ADDITION to removing all forms of visible dirt. Old Dutch leaves everything scintillating, spick and span...every nook and corner HYGIENICALLY CLEAN.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. There is nothing else like it for conserving energy, reducing cleaning expense, protecting the modern beauty of the home and for safeguarding your family with Healthful Cleanliness.

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